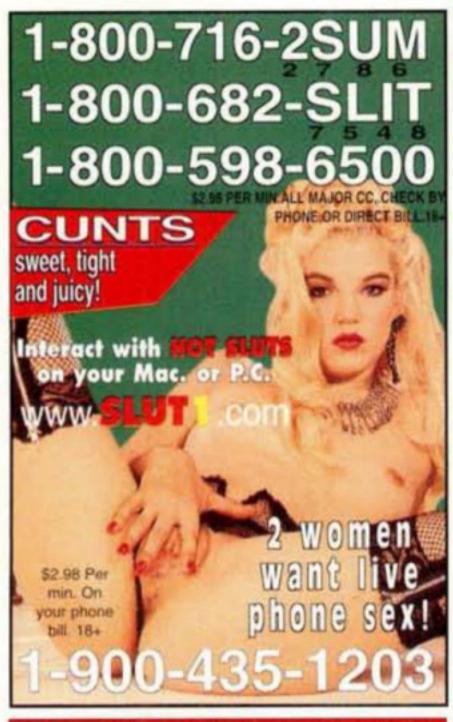
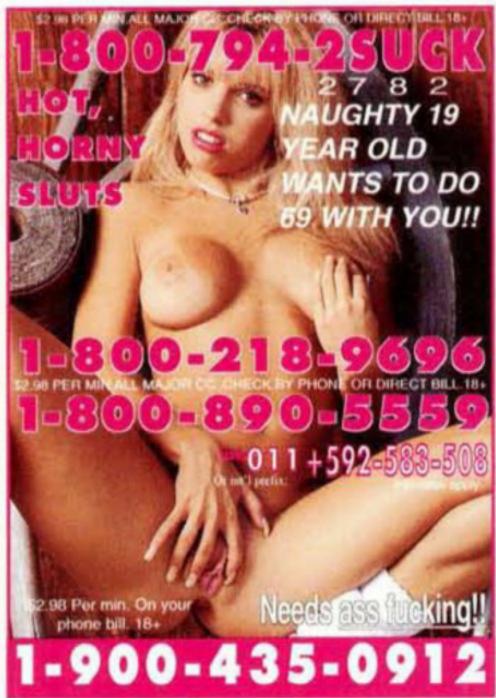
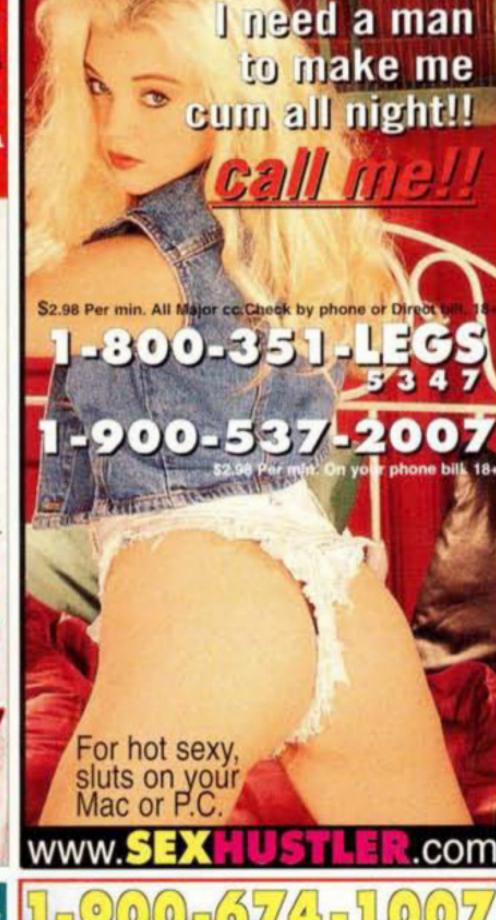
YOUR BEST RESOURCE FOR HARD-CORE ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD **MAY 1998** PROMISE KEEPERS **26** INFILTRATED **Cartoons That** One HUSTLER Bad Apple Spoils the Bunch Make the First Amendment TAKE Shudder HIS WIFE, **Swinger Couples Need Single** Men DUMP HER OR HOLD HER? Ten Signs That You're Done With a Woman **MAY 1998**









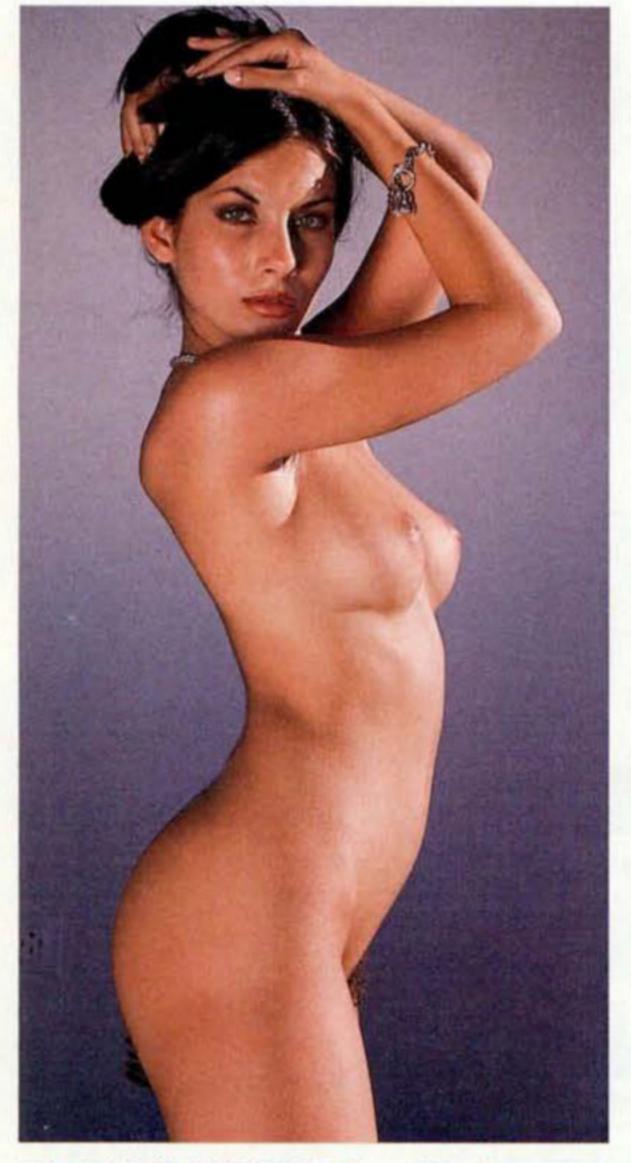






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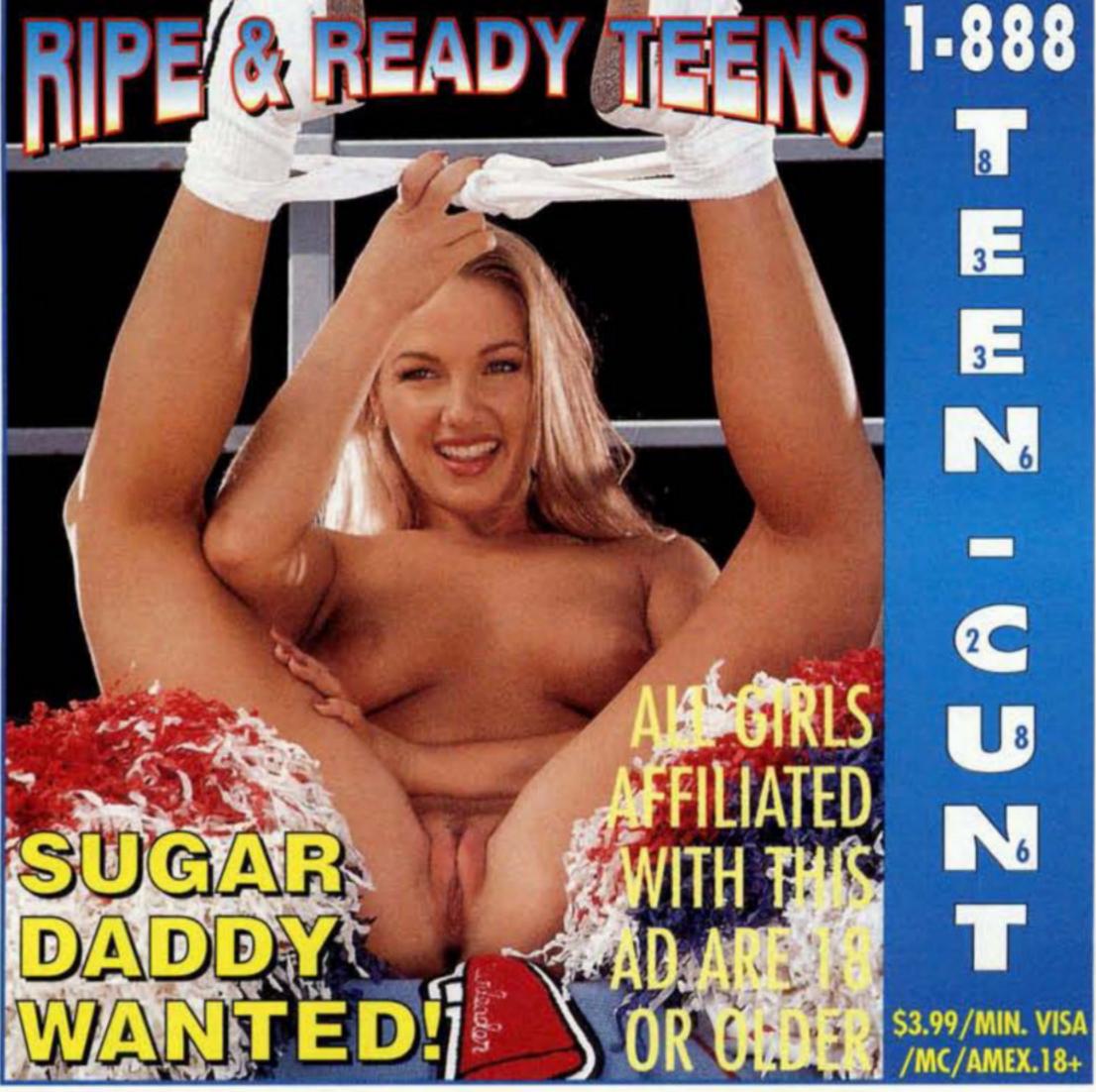
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All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Cover photo by Clive McLean



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

The world is full of sanctimonious suckers. Society has a surplus of self-righteous saps who, in their own small minds, see themselves as moral giants. These falsely superior dolts are distinguished by the smug set of their lips as they suckle on the smarmy set of sphincters that is known as Dr. Laura Schlessinger, a siren to soft-headed suckers and HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for May 1998.

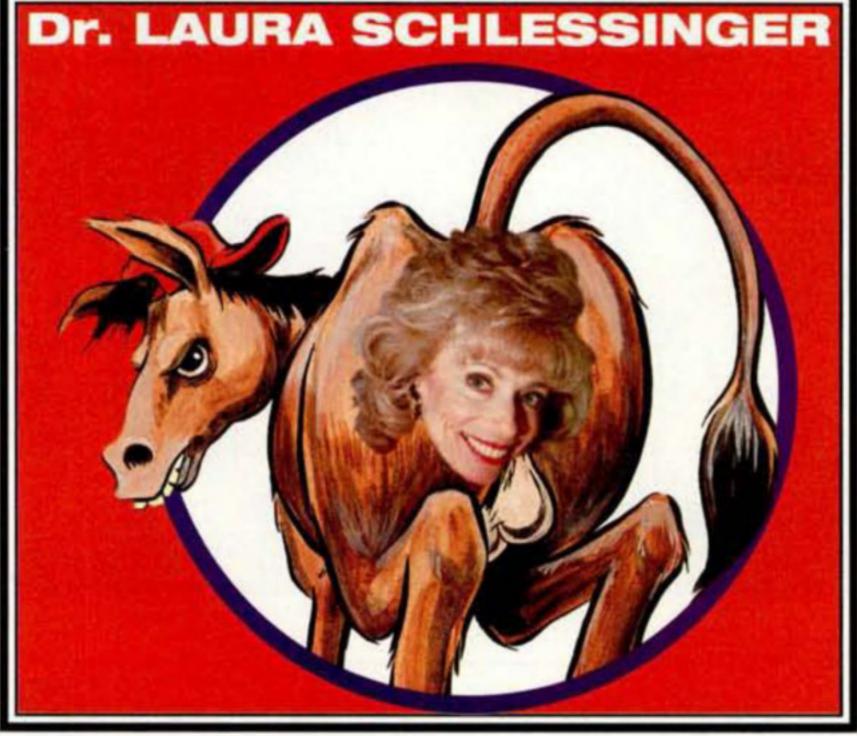
Laura Schlessinger has been cashing in as a radio personality for the past 20 years. Some people would think that makes her an entertainer. Those people would be wrong.

"I am a priest," says 51-year-old Dr. Laura, a recently born-again Jew. "My mission is to help God perfect the world."

Dr. Laura disregards the traditional priestly vows of poverty. Her radio show, *The Dr. Laura Schlessinger Program*, was sold to Jacor Communications Inc. for an ungodly \$71.5 million. On top of this windfall, Schlessinger's salary is estimated to be in the mid-seven-figure range, and she commands up to 30 grand as a speaker's fee. Dr. Laura's signature topic is what is wrong with whoever is listening to her.

Only a fool goes under the knife with Dr. Laura. The *Doctor* in Laura refers to Schlessinger's Ph.D. in physiology, a study of biological functions. Her favorite biological function seems to be to shit on anyone who veers from the stringent moral code by which she believes other people should live.

Dr. Laura delivers her three-hour shit storms daily from more than 450



radio stations nationwide, with 30 more in Canada. The show is a phone-in advice dispensary, a format in which losers with nothing better to do wait on hold for 30 minutes to place their dilemmas at the mercy of Schlessinger's scalpel tongue.

She labels one caller greedy for working off the books as a busboy. A woman phones to complain about an adult sister who has sex. The good Dr. refers to the sibling as, "That darn slut."

Schlessinger chortles like a hyena in menopause. Her voice is shrill and tight. Her rectitude is the rigid, angry pride of a bitter spinster who's gone too long without a bone in her ass.

"I am my kid's mom," she says, again and again, mantralike, as if

motherhood is her job number-one and elevates her to the pedestal from which she spits down at the rest of us.

Aside from full-time motherhood, a daily radio show, a newspaper column that appears in 60 markets, a demanding speaking schedule, a monthly magazine and a Web site, Dr. Laura also cranks out books.

"I am a prophet," she says, using the Biblical sense with no trace of irony. "I'm not a part of a movement. I am a movement." The titles of her two most famous tomes, Ten Stupid Things Women Do to Mess Up Their Lives and Ten Stupid Things Men Do to Mess Up Their Lives define the target recruits for the Schlessinger movement:

messed up and stupid people.

"Guilt is good," says Schlessinger.

"We need to reestablish the concept of shame."

The guilty parties she wants to shame are not murderers or radio charlatans. These people had sex or divorced or are raising a child out of wedlock. Their crime against Laura might be nothing more than taking a job and leaving the kid at day care.

"Everything I say is true," claims Dr. Laura. She brags that she put her career on hold for her son's infancy. She doesn't reveal that she had three incomes during the boy's childhood. She preaches Honor Thy Mother, but has been estranged from her own mother for 15 years and has never introduced the woman to her son. She frowns on interfaith marriages. Her husband, raised Episcopalian, has not converted to Judaism. She talks of being poverty stricken while her husband was out of work. He cannot remember an extended period of unemployment. She castigates people who divorce and leave children. Her husband was a married father of three when she met him. She has no patience with anyone who complains of poverty, but her show runs ads for Italian vacations and BMW 7-Series sedans. She preaches procreation over career, but waited until she was the age of a grandma to drop her one kid. She flaunts family values and societal structure, yet sticks her kid with the surname Schlessinger instead of the name of her husband. "I am judgmental," she boasts. The Bible cautions, "Judge not." These are just ten of the stupid things that make Dr. Laura an Asshole mess.

O. J. Simpson: Let's say O. J. did do this crime. Of course he would try to evade conviction and punishment. Any man is entitled to save his own neck. But once he's slipped the noose and caused one of the most divisive trials in this country's history, shouldn't an escaped murderer be happy

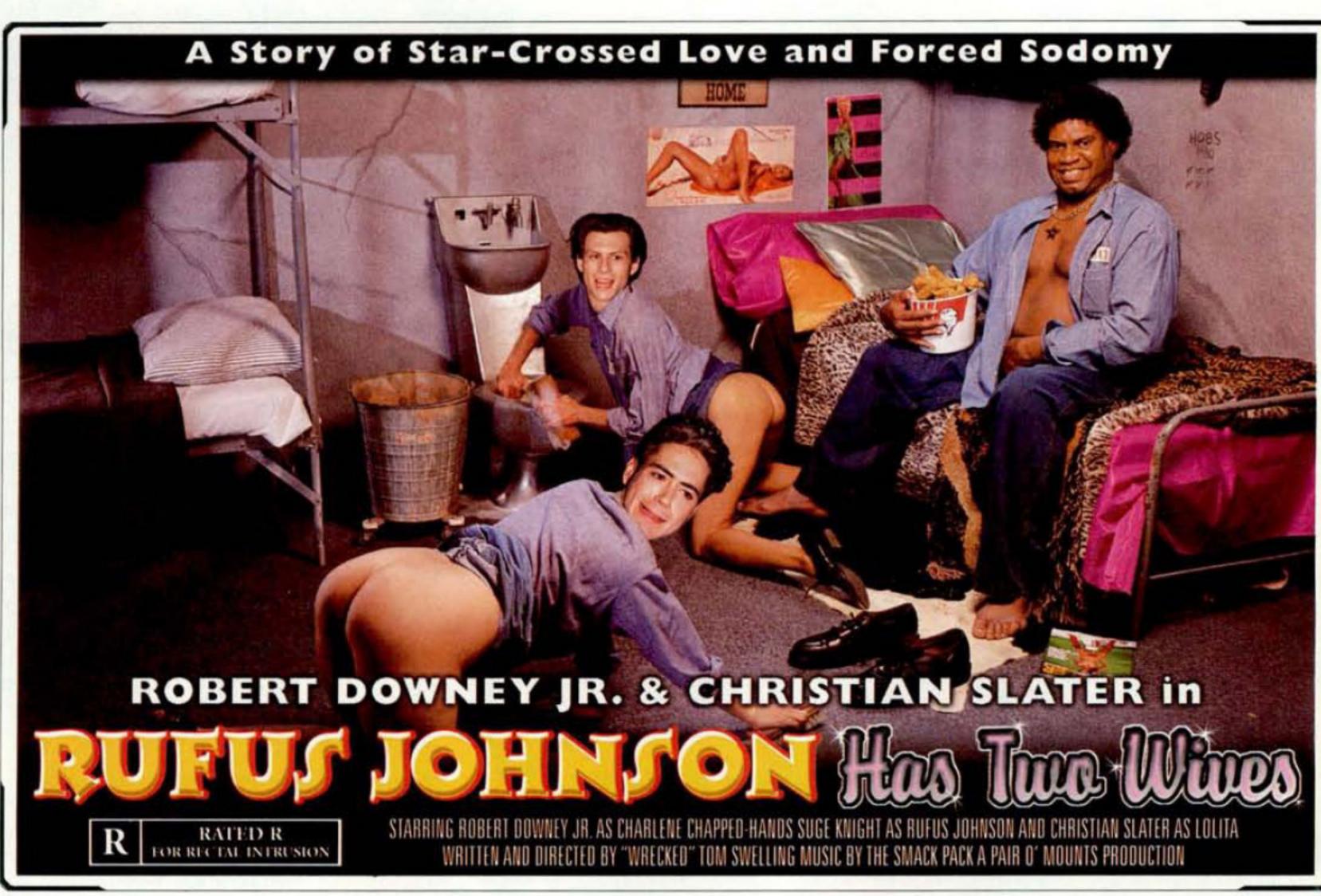
Farts in the Wind

to live out his days playing golf and banging all the freaky chicks drawn to his notoriety? But no, our hypothetical killer is compelled to plead his case on magazine covers, to speak of his Bible studies on national television and compare himself to Jesus, Moses

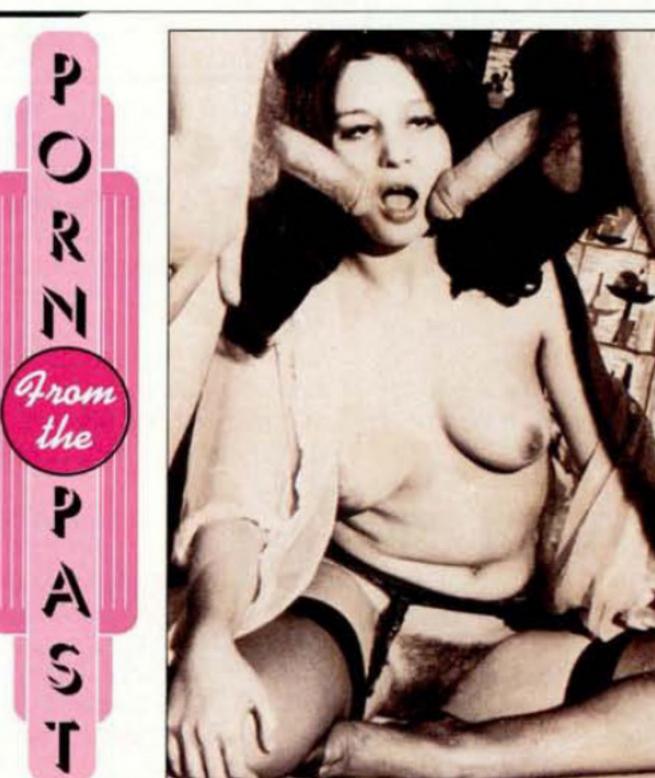
and Job. Isn't being taken for a murderer bad enough without being an Asshole too?

Charles Spencer: Princess Diana's brother secures his place in infamy by selling tick-

place in infamy by selling tickets to view his sister's grave for \$15.60 apiece. Spencer claims proceeds will go to a charitable fund. Save the Assholes?



MOST. TASTELESS CARTOON SERIAL KILLERS ANONYMOUS ** ** Chene Chene Chene



When two men park their dicks inches from a tasty piglet's face, squealing "Cheese" wasn't always her most polite response, as this historic photo proves. Oh, to live in a time when lacy garter belts and double-dick blowjobs were de-rigueur etiquette.

Thanks for the memories, and enjoy the \$150 for your submission, T. Bottone. Send yesteryear sucklings to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the photos returned.



Obedience School Graduate.

Valedictorian.

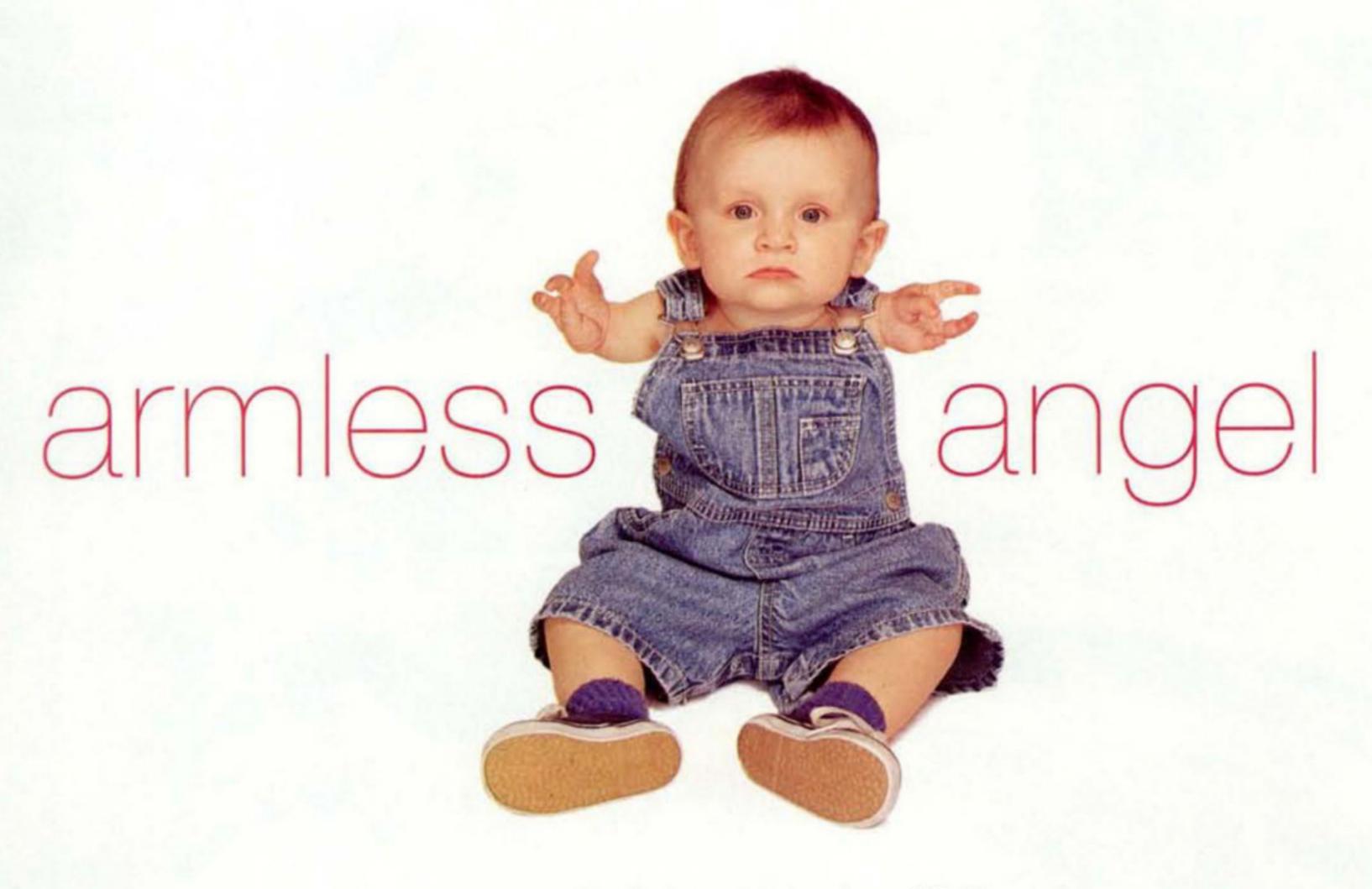
"The Dream Is Over, Barbie"

The word from Mattel is that Barbie, the chesty, eight-inch standard for female beauty, has an appointment with the plastic surgeon. Apparently, her 38-18-34 proportions are too ambitious. A more "contemporary" (i.e., flatter, chubbier, less made-up) Barbie is in the works. This news prompted HUSTLER's manufacturing department to tinker with a few more "contemporary" Barbie prototypes of our own—ones that better reflect the ambitions and ideas of the young girls of the '90s. In a testament to good taste, our Barbees' boobs were untouched...or at least unchanged.



HUSTLER S&M Barbee





armless overalls: \$29.95

two-toe shoes: \$19.95

thalidomide b a b y A D



Chump Charity

On December 18, 1997, I happened to catch 48 Hours on the CBS network. The entire hour focused on nightlife in Las Vegas. Dan Rather hosted the show. In the Hilton Casino, they interviewed Larry Flynt while he played blackjack with \$25,000 bets. Obviously, Mr. Flynt, you have money to throw away. Please toss \$20,000 to me. The amount would translate to about 20¢ to you. I will use the money to obtain an attorney. Would HUSTLER be interested in a feature story about a failed bank robber? Mr. Flynt, please. Invest in a brother.

—L. G.

Susanville, California

High roller Larry Flynt gambles with large amounts of money because he avoids bad bets. If you had continued to watch the program, L. G., you would have witnessed Mr. Flynt winning a measly million dollars, which by your math, translates to a single sawbuck.

Lusting for Lydia

January's covergirl, Lydia, is so sweet (Lydia: Table Service, January '98). I'm wondering if Lydia is the same woman I know as a dancer named Candy. Maybe they are twin sisters? Candy strips in Tampa. Could you please publish a little background?

—R. C.

Quincy, Florida

Twins? Improbable. Lydia is certainly one of a kind. After bribing health inspectors with her tuna taco, lunch lady Lydia disappeared into the bush, reportedly catering for the rebel insurgency in Chiapas, Mexico.

Down With Black

After reading Robert Black's interview ("Porn Auteur Robert Black: Disgusting, Shameful, Successful," *Erotic Entertainment*, February '98), I felt like throwing up. That guy's a joke. Robert Black is full of shit. His movies abuse women and claim to have a message. Who does he think he is fooling? This spineless, brainless, sick fuck



CONSUMER ALERT: When ordering merchandise through any mail-order supplier, minimize your risk of being disappointed by dealing only with mail-order merchants who accept credit-card payment and have a working phone number in their ads. Any offer that seems too good to be true is probably untrue.

pretends to bring a creative edge to adult movies? What crap! His sad movies of spitting and hitting women make me puke. Unlike Michael Ninn, Michael Zen, Jim Holliday and Paul Thomas, this guy has no talent. Black's empty-headed comments about the adult-video industry smack of ignorance and hypocrisy. Robert Black is nothing more than a jumped-up, preten-



Lydia: Table Service

tious jerk with the brain of a lobotomized chimp. If he ever wins any awards, I'd like to stick the trophy up his ass and slap and spit in his pudgy face while my friends film the beating. What a self-righteous prick!

> —D. V. Norfolk, England

Amen, Brother D. V. HUSTLER would never insult our readers' delicate sensibilities with information about obtaining Robert Black's shameful, hard-core smut, unless our readers are...

Down With Black 2

How do I go about buying Robert Black videos, the smut director featured in the February 1998 Erotic Entertainment interview?

—K. C.

Charlotte, North Carolina

For a complete listing of Robert Black titles, contact Elegant Angel at 1-800-597-1537.

Porn Again

I recently rented *The People vs. Larry Flynt*. I refused to see the movie in the theaters. I hate HUSTLER. My ex-husband subscribed while suffering from a serious addiction to drugs, alcohol and sex. I lumped HUSTLER in with my bad memories of the abusive marriage. After watching the film, I realized that there is more to Larry Flynt as a man than his

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DEMI MOORE'S Old Flames

Bill Cosby
Is This Silly Negro
Better Than a
Cuban?

MAY 1998

David Letterman's Top Ten Symptoms of Mouth Cancer

George Burns Ashes to Ashes?

PARODY. CIGAR ASSHOLE DOES NOT EXIST, AND ALL HEADLINES ARE FICTITIOUS.

MANY CIGAR SMOKERS ARE ASSHOLES, AND MANY CIGARS ARE BROWN, SMELLY AND FILLED WITH CRAP, BUT THESE TRUTHS COULD NEVER SUPPORT AN ENTIRE MAGAZINE

FEEDBACK

pornographic magazine. His love for his wife, brother and parents is commendable. I hope the new spinal discoveries will find Mr. Flynt walking soon.

—C. C. Chicago, Illinois

Erotic Entrepreneur

I'm starting my own adult-movie company. I want HUSTLER's opinion on the name that I've chosen, Raunchy Rob. Does any other company use the name? I also want to know the best way to start. I plan to write, direct and produce all videos.

—R. N.

Hendersonville, Tennessee

Raunchy Rob sounds a bit tame, R. N. If you are serious about starting your own porn series, HUSTLER suggests you follow the two-step plan for a memorable porn moniker. First, select a part of a woman's sexual anatomy. Second, add man to the end. See you at the AVN Awards.

Six-Million-Dollar Mams

Where does HUSTLER find the beautiful women for your magazine? I've traveled around the world, and I've never seen such women anywhere.

—M. B.

Bronx, New York

Of course you haven't, M. B., because HUSTLER models aren't really women. On a secret island off the Ivory Coast, HUSTLER conducts android experiments, creating an army of <u>über</u>-female foot soldiers. The plan: world domination. An enemy soldier with a boner in his hand cannot shoulder a rifle.

Screwing the Viewer

A few months ago, I ordered videos from Bonded Mailing Service. I've read warnings to distrust unestablished, cash-only companies, but this fly-by-night company seemed legitimate until they suckered me with the old bait and switch. The cheats never sent me what I ordered. Please warn your loyal readers of this unscrupulous company. Put them out of the business of scamming money from poor jerks like myself.

—D. J.

Bremerton, Washington

Pouting Polygamist

I want President Clinton to invite polygamists in the United States to the White House for a conference on ending discrimination against men with more than one wife. Clinton invited lesbians Anne Heche and Ellen DeGeneres to Washington. Do gays have more rights than polygamists?

—L. P. Detroit, Michigan

Who's ever heard of polygamist chic?

Planet of the Oprahs

I'm keeping HUSTLER posted on current events that are not mentioned in America's Magazine. The slithering, ugly, fat bowel movement known as Oprah Winfrey has convinced the U.S., mostly heinous, married women, faggots and liberals, to contribute their hardearned money to help the youth of America. Don't believe her fat, lying lips. Your money goes only to the blacks. Where is your strength, HUSTLER, in voicing the truth about this bloated, ape parasite Oprah? Does this primate have more money and power than America's Magazine? —T. C.

Duluth, Minnesota

The answer depends on your outlook on economy, T. C. Most people would not pay \$5.99 to jerk off to Oprah.

Pissing Against the Wind

You guys are losers and cowards at HUSTLER. I am a firefighter, and I

know all about bravery. HUSTLER has become a weak sister. Many years ago, HUSTLER was big and strong, but now you guys play second fiddle to most adult magazines. Several months ago, you printed one picture of a hot babe peeing. Since then, HUSTLER has chickened out. Redeem yourself as the best.

—R. R. Cleveland, Ohio

Keep your galoshes buckled, R. R. Weather experts at HUSTLER forecast spring showers in the June '98 issue with <u>Daisy:</u> Fetish Peddler.

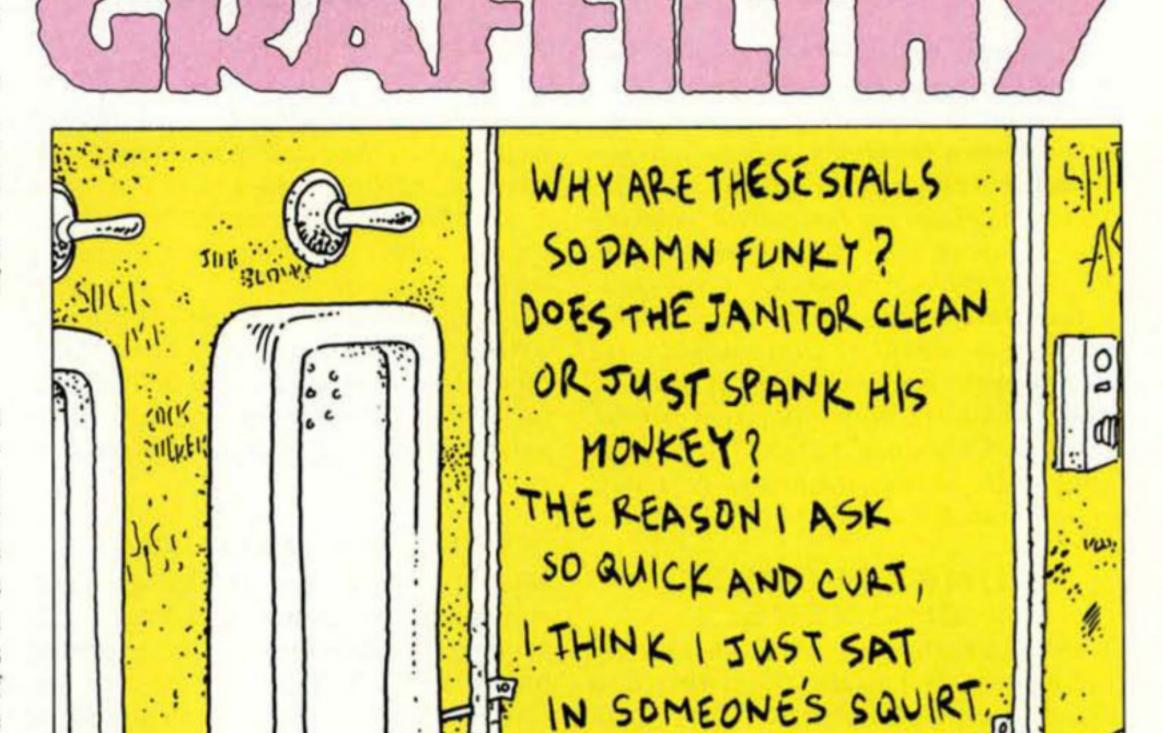
Fantasies Fulfilled

Could you tell me if I can subscribe just for HUSTLER's *Hot Letters*? —P. C. Shirley, Massachusetts

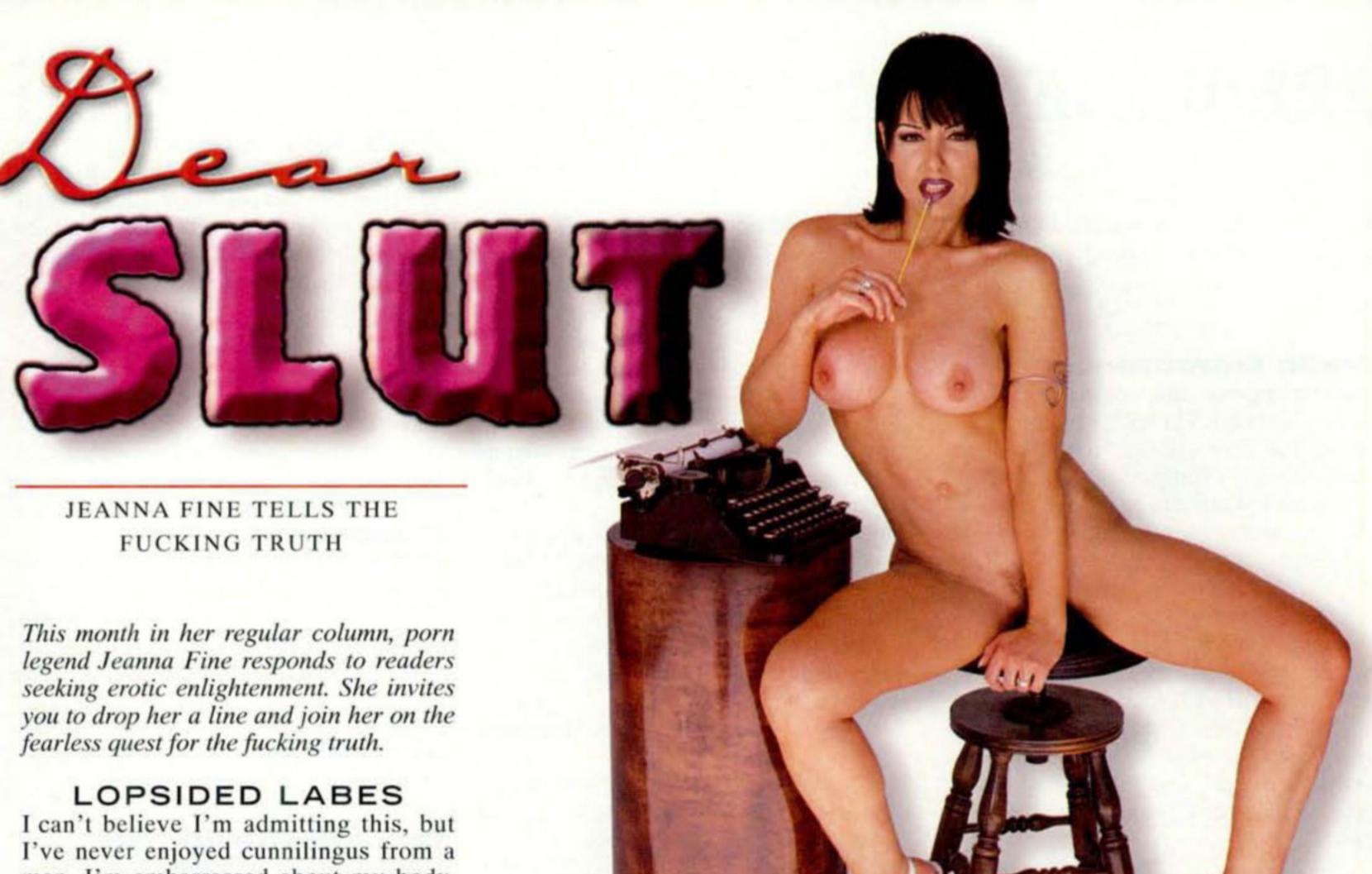
For those hankering for hot letters, sprint to your local newsstand for <u>HUSTLER</u> <u>Fantasies</u>, a monthly publication boasting more than a dozen first-person accounts of fantastic fucking.

Dead-Fag Gratitude

I loved the naked picture of Andrew Cunanan (Bits & Pieces, Holiday '97). I wish more magazines shared the open(continued on page 29)



THANKS AND \$50 GO TO DANNY D.



I can't believe I'm admitting this, but I've never enjoyed cunnilingus from a man. I'm embarrassed about my body. My right labia minora appears much bigger than the other, making one lip hang lopsided. Is this secretly a turn-off to men?

—D. C.

Daly City, California

Exploring my cunt as a teen, I was horrified to see that my pussy lips looked nothing like the flesh fenders on other women in adult magazines. When I started fucking in the business, my insecurities about my body made relaxing and enjoying cunnilingus impossible. Having the pleasure of examining quite a few female flaps over the past few years, I now realize that vaginas are like flowers and come in all shapes, colors and sizes. Men love pussy, period. If you feel calm and self-confident when your man heads south, the rest will come naturally.

UNEXPECTED

I've had a normal sex life for a 24-yearold woman. But lately, right when I'm
about to climax, I urinate. Guys freak
out. I'm grinding on top, and suddenly I
squirt pee all over their thighs and stomach. Most guys think I wetted them on
purpose. What could be causing this
problem?

—K. S.

Bremerton, Washington

You may not be peeing. The briny liquid gushing from your vagina may be a healthy orgasm, mighty rain woman.

Nevertheless, you should see a doctor. Urinating at the brink of orgasm sounds like a condition called stress incontinence. The leakage can be brought on by any strain on the pelvic muscles, such as laughing, sneezing, coughing or coming. Stress incontinence occurs in women of all ages, usually after child-birth. The spillage can also be congenital. Kegel exercises will strengthen the pelvic muscles, affording better bladder control.

RUMP RAUNCH

My new girlfriend is the greatest woman on the planet. She lets me do anything to her in bed. I fuck her mouth, pussy and ass. Once I tied her up, whipped her butt cheeks with a copy of *Cosmo* and jerked off on her face. Regardless of all the freaky sex, she still won't lick my asshole. I ask her to toss my salad, and she says she's scared of the croutons. How can I convince her to give me anilingus?

—D. B.

Silverton, Oregon

Congratulations. Your woman sounds like she's willing to experiment sexually

to satisfy your needs. Be a tidy sweeper and scour the soot out of your chimney. Lick her asshole so she understands how wonderful a rectal tongue massage feels. If anilingus still completely overwhelms her, dedicate your life to yoga and pray your tongue grows.

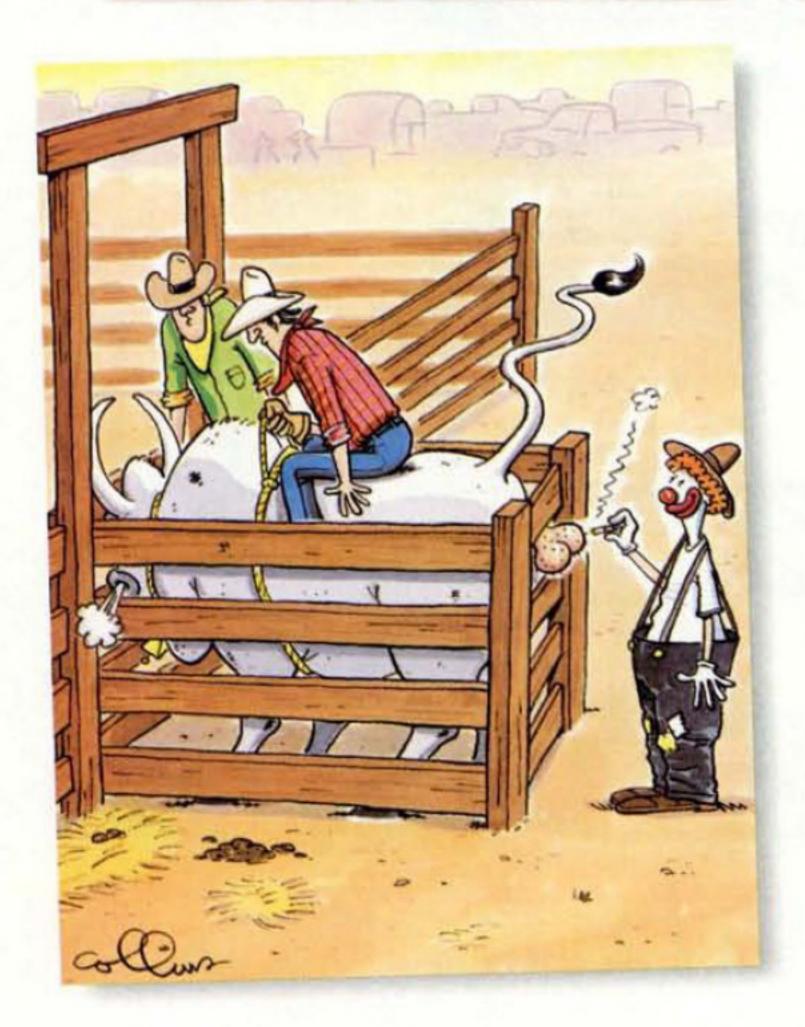
BOSS-LADY BOFFER

I am 20 years old and a clerk in a video store. My boss is an attractive, divorced woman in her late 30s. When we were closing the store two weeks ago, she asked me to share a bottle of wine with her. We got drunk and fucked in the storeroom. The sex was rad, but now she's always touching me at work and calling me at my parents' house. I can't exactly take her to party with my friends. She's almost as old as my mom. But I want to keep fucking her, and I don't want to lose my job.

—Rich via Internet

There is an old adage: Don't shit where you eat. Tread lightly, young buck. You could lose your job no matter how you deal with this predicament. You need (continued on page 18)

HISTLER ONL

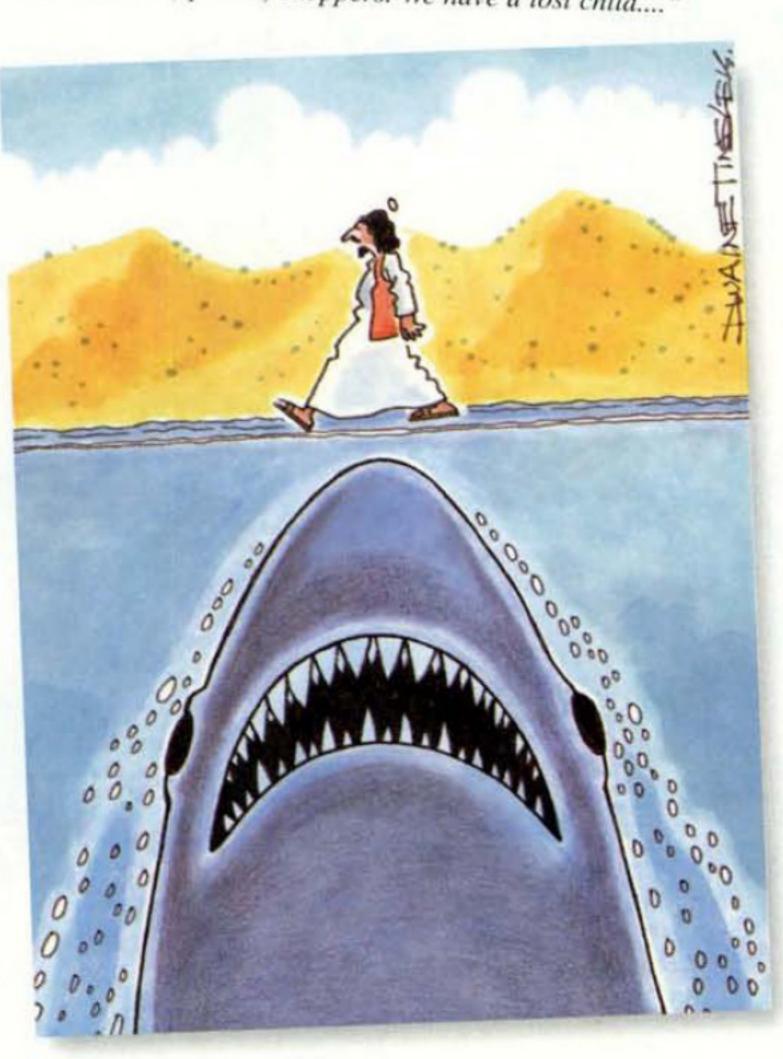




"Your attention, please, shoppers. We have a lost child...."



"Lamar, wha'd I tell you 'bout sticking your sister to the window!"











(continued from page 14)

Dear Slut You need to think about your lifelong relationship with Sis. The threesome with your sibling seems to be your husband's whim, not yours. Social taboos aside, blood is thicker than cum.

to decide what is more important to you-your boss's cunt or your bank account. You won't have both of them much longer. Patient young men can learn a lot from an older woman's sexual wisdom. The unemployment line is full of blowjob betties with no teeth. So take your pick.

TWISTED SISTER

My husband and I have a special relationship. I let him fuck my 18-year-old sister. In return, I sometimes screw his friends when we're out partying. But he wants to take our agreement a step further. My man wants to watch as I lick my sister's pussy and then fuck the both of us. I'm a little uneasy about eating out my sister, but I'm not totally against the idea, and neither is she. Is a ménage à trois with your sister illegal? -C. H. Are we sick?

If your sister is 18 and consenting, I'm not one to judge what you do in bed. In my experience, some fantasies are better unrealized, like sex with relatives. You need to think about your lifelong relationship with Sis. The threesome with your sibling seems to be your husband's whim, not yours. Social taboos aside, blood is thicker than cum.

Port Orange, Florida

BEDROOM FOUL

After we have sex, my boyfriend enjoys farting and pulling the covers over my head while screaming, "Dutch oven." He laughs until he cries when I gag on his foul gas. I tell him to stop, and he says he's joking and not to be such a bitch. I'm thinking about breaking up with his stinky ass. What do you think?

> -M.Z.Pine Bluff, Arkansas

Inhaling noxious fumes is unhealthy for your sex life, M. Z. You should feel desired, appreciated and fulfilled in the bedroom, not nauseated.

CALL ME SLUT

I used to get off when my boyfriend fucked me and called me "slut" and "sperm-gurgling whore." He'd act very aggressive in bed and demand that I spread my pussy and asshole for his cock. Now he's in college and taking some stupid feminism class. He claims obscene name-calling degrades women. All I know is his filthy mouth made me come. How can I convince him to talk -T.O.dirty to me again?

Boston, Massachusetts

Name-calling only degrades women

who allow themselves to feel subjugated by vulgar words. If obscene language turns you on in the sack, your boyfriend needs to pull his head out of the books and put his thinking cap back between your legs. Feminism has helped women to become more politically and socially independent, but womyn's progress has put a grinding halt on freedom of expression in bed. Sometimes I want to be dominated sexually by a lover. Fantasies about submission, humiliation, power and control are normal to a woman's psyche. If your boyfriend is more interested in receiving an A than making you come, maybe you should send the dumb prick back to school.

POP AND STOP

I am a college football player and in pretty good shape. I don't drink very much and work out regularly. When I was single, I was able to jerk back-toback nuts. Now, when I'm with my girlfriend, I come once and stay limp for the rest of the night. I perform oral sex before and after I ball her to make sure she comes. She has sucked my cock after I ejaculate to raise me again, but I feel embarrassed that I'm not hard; so I push her face away. I think my problem is psychological. What do guys in the industry do when they know they have the juice, but can't become erect? —J. W.

Limp dicks don't work in the porn industry. If a newcomer in adult video needs to drop a knot during a scene, he announces loudly that he's going to blow so the orgasm can be captured on camera. The cocksman then hopes he can sport wood again soon, or else the editors will be very busy. Never equate your sex life with porn, J. W. Videos and magazines are not accurate standards. You're doing your job making sure your girlfriend achieves orgasm. If you want the sexplay to last longer, I simply suggest not coming. Keep the heat going by changing positions or lapping the kitty. Most women prefer a single session of prolonged sex to frenetic, five-minute bunny humping.

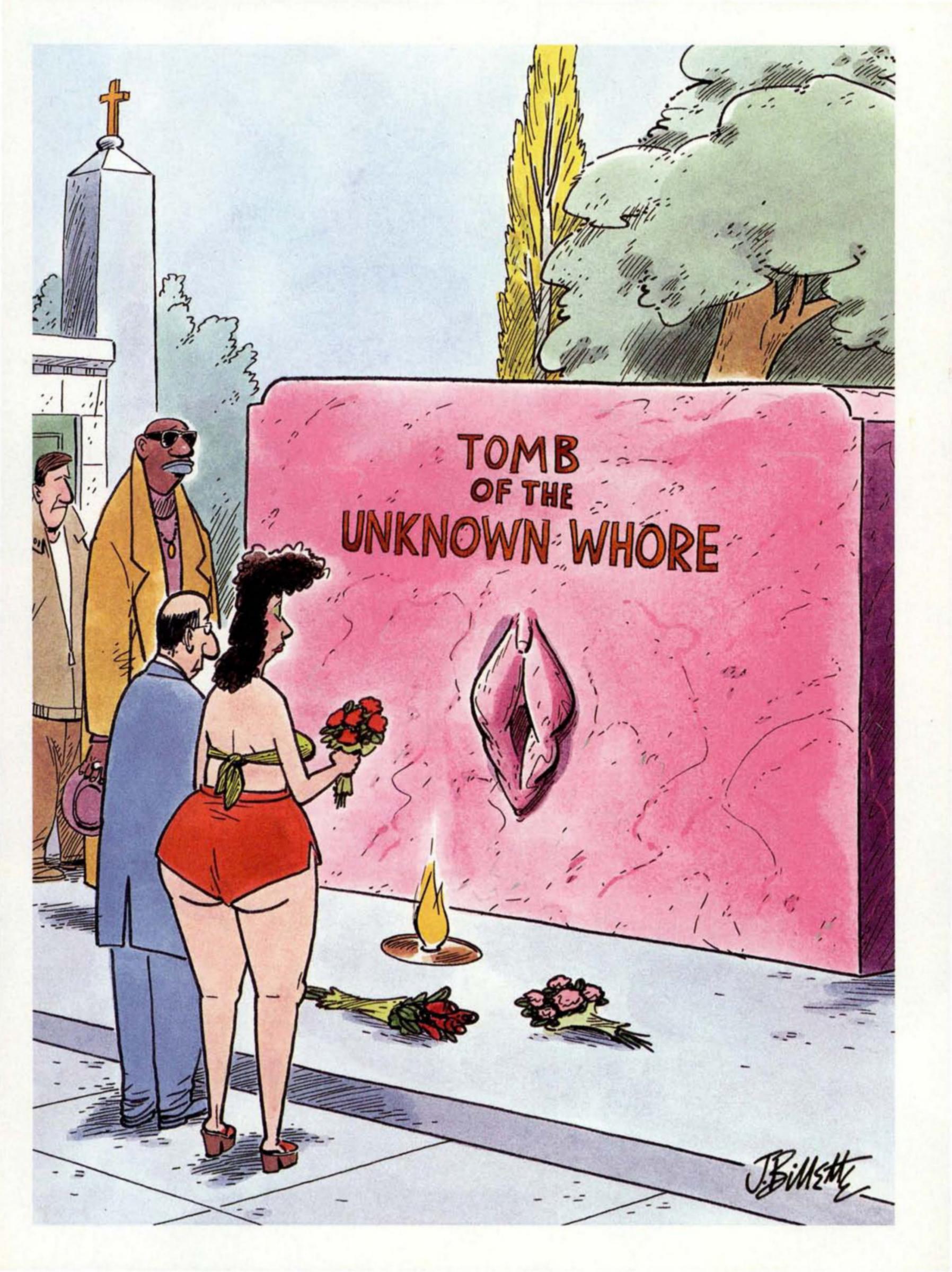


Do you have a question for Jeanna? Write to Dear Slut, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail at slut@lfp.com.



IWAINE INSTERS.

Nampa, Idaho





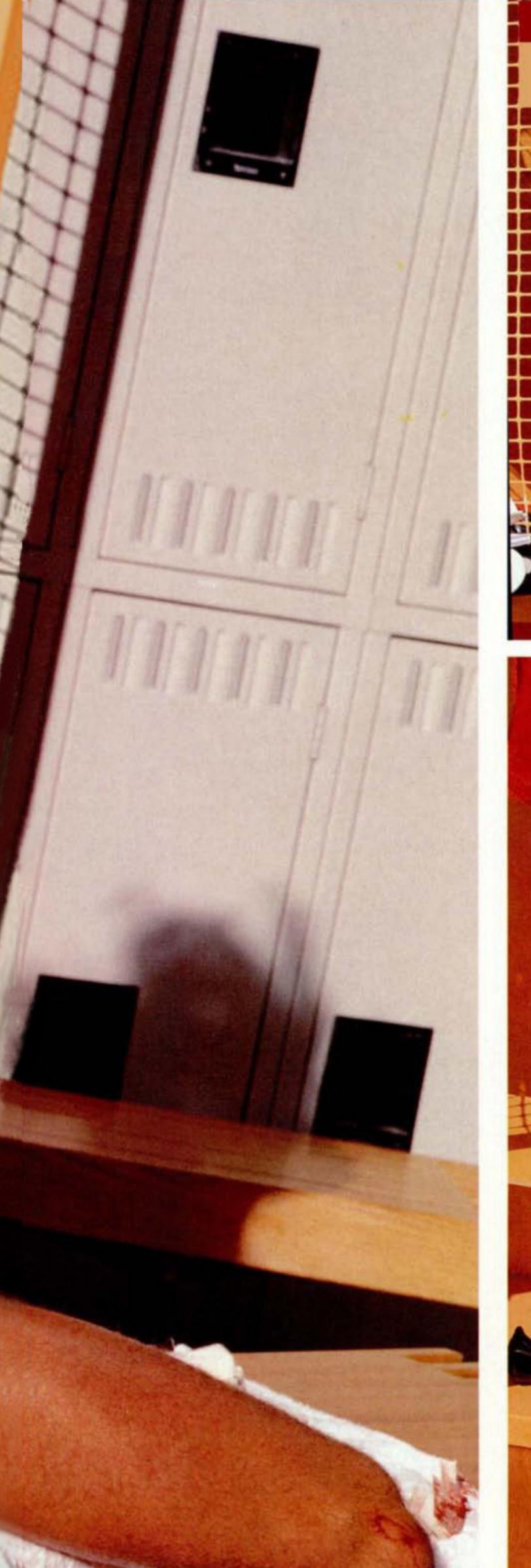






























FEEDBACK

(continued from page 13)

mindedness of HUSTLER. Keep up the great work, and I'll remain a fan.

-M. S. Robson, West Virginia

Bend Over, Rover

I am replying to the letter in the February '98 Feedback ("Roast-Beef Beef"). I thought I was the only one who really paid attention to the shapes, sizes and colors of pussies. In the Big Apple, they call the hanging lips roast beef. In northern Arkansas, we call them puppydog ears. I can answer S. M.'s question. I've learned from years of chasing snatch and reading HUSTLER, CHIC and BARELY LEGAL that girls with puppy-dog ears are more likely to be exhibitionists and appear in adult magazines and videos. A woman's pussy reflects her personality. Girls with tight lips are shy and like to have sex with the lights off and the blinds closed. Girls with puppy-dog ears love to fuck. They can have several orgasms by rubbing their sensitive clits that poke out like a little finger above their dangling drapes.

—D. J. Bastrop, Texas

Interesting insights, D. J. HUSTLER takes your theory one step further: The majority of men with meat dangling between their legs are sex fanatics.

Red and Ready

In the January 1998 issue of HUSTLER, Beaver Hunt's Sadie from Philadelphia was awesome. I love her red bush! How about a pictorial with her sticking a dildo in her hot box and spreading her pink lips?

—M. C.

Van Nuys, California

Hunt for your red-haired beaver in future issues, M. C. Spots remain for this year's Beaver Hunt Finalists.

Hootchie Guccione

For many years, I read *Penthouse*, although I never understood the pictorials involving ridiculous hats, feathers and masks. They featured pretty ladies, but I couldn't see them. I discovered HUSTLER in the late '80s. I quit buying *Penthouse* immediately. There was no comparison. HUSTLER was superior. I purchased *Penthouse* last month. The covergirl looked sexy. The couple's pictorial featured straight oral sex and penetration with no funny camera angles, hair or

hands obstructing the view. HUSTLER is losing to competitors, and I hate to see it.

—T. P.

Knoxville, Tennessee

You're spitting feathers, T. P. For in-depth penetration, minus Guccione's foofaraw and flummery, check out June '98 HUSTLER's Holly and Heather: Crimes Against Nature and Trey and Teresa: Holistic Hootch.

Applauding Asshole

I'm so fucking sick of do-nothing, egotistical, overpaid, bumfuck politicians in Washington, D.C. Keep roasting those white-collar shitheads in "Asshole of the Month." Hell, with so many of those pricks in office, HUSTLER could make an Asshole magazine. —R. J.

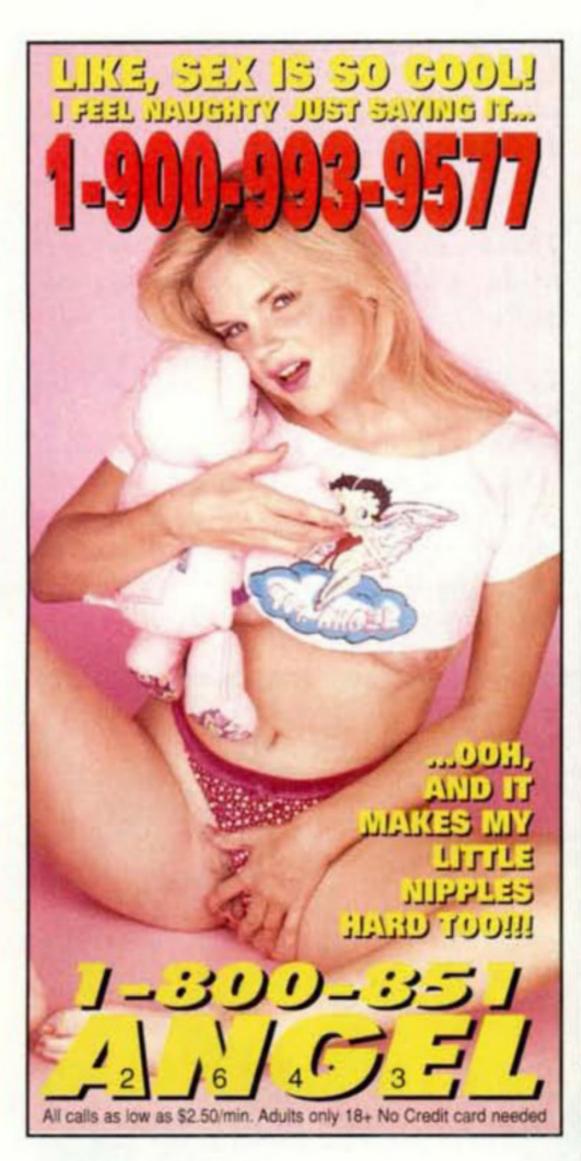
Trenton, New Jersey

Thanks, but no thanks. With all the shit in this world, one Asshole a month will suffice.

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail to hustler@lfp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.





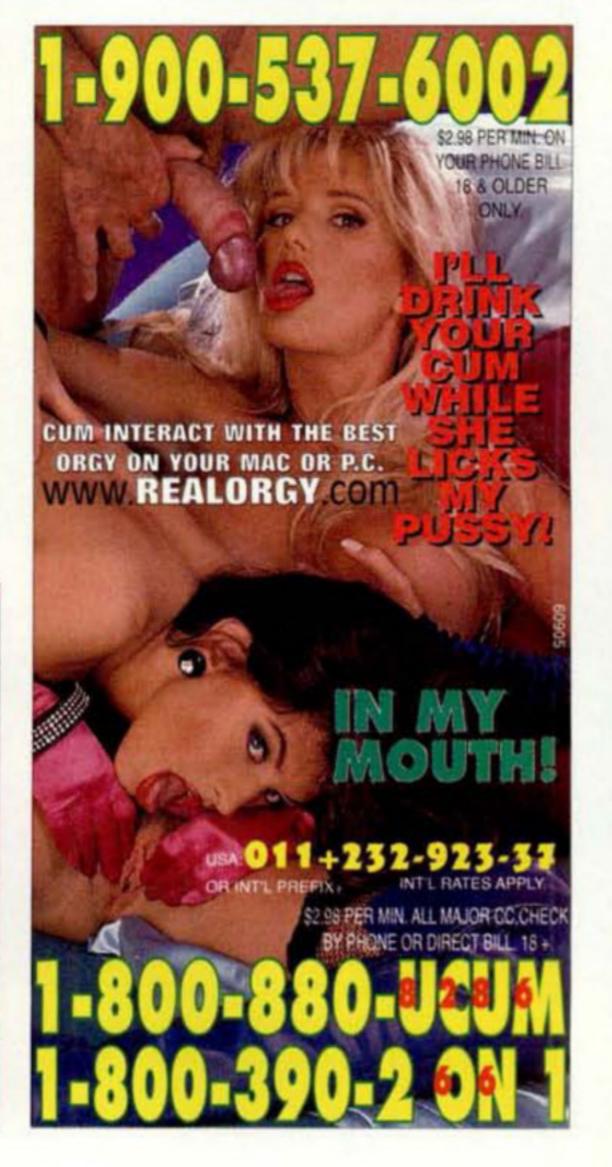














CLEAVING LAS VAGES

Fuck my husband! Better yet, don't fuck him; I never do. The boring creep is a lousy lay with a tiny wiener and a great big checkbook. If it wasn't for my \$5,000 weekly allowance, I'd go out of my mind living with the old fart.

At the breakfast table, he rambles about stocks, bonds and Geritol while I play the bullshit role of dutiful wife and scramble his egg whites. If that codger only knew how often I diddle myself under my KISS THE COOK apron while he prattles...he'd probably drop dead on the spot. Tragically, I know all too well he won't leave me a plugged nickel in his will.

One way I keep my sanity is by planning regular trips to Las Vegas. Hubby accompanied me on the first few jaunts, but he's far too much of a workaholic to keep up with my party schedule. These days, he simply hands me a stack of hundreds and tells me not to place any stupid bets. Little does he know that I only gamble on a sure thing: young, fresh cock!

On my most recent Vegas free-forall, I stayed at a circus-themed hotel. From the moment I checked in with the clown concierge, the burning hoop between my legs demanded a jump from a lion-size dong. I headed straight for the casino. Vegas sex fiends are notorious for hanging around the freedrink areas, looking to play a softer, wetter type of slots.

A one-armed bandit occupied the attention of the first stud I spied. The

hunk's name was Vincent, and he looked quite rakish in a rumpled tux. I realized my ultra-tight, pink-sequin microdress was less than formal. Thankfully, after three or four hot toddies, Vincent threw decorum out the window and palmed my firm ass.

"Son of a bitch," slurred Vincent, sliding hand under hemline. My pantyless clit
was brushed by his cufflink. "I'd love to
bend you over the stool I'm sitting on. But
I've been playing this same machine for
four hours, and I'm due for a win." I
unzipped Vincent's pants and untucked
his shirt. That way, I could massage his
massive lump right where he sat. His eyes
grew large as I ran my open fist up and
down the impressive length.

I whispered, "Well, you're not going to find any cherries in my slot. Maybe if I pull this baby's arm enough times, you'll shoot a jackpot down my throat." To Vincent's shock and delight, I stuck my head below his waist and swallowed the tip of his rod. He gasped and adjusted his coat to further hide my fellatio fix.

Of course, bending over next to a slot machine meant a peekaboo glimpse of my bare snizz for any passersby. Most of the tourists were too zombified by the promise of a payoff to notice my pudenda. At least one gambler copped a feel, but even he was simply looking for a cheap thrill on his way to a very expensive poker match.

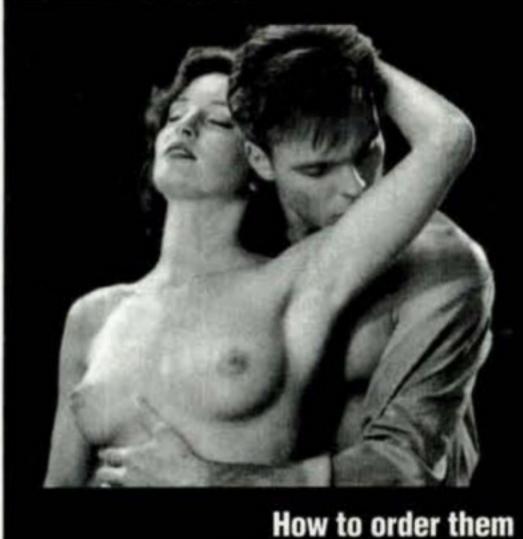
"Let me lend a hand," offered Vincent. He adjusted his bucket of coins in one arm and reached the other around my exposed fanny. I felt him pull away the last centimeters of fabric that hid my ass from the smoky casino air. This was the sleaziest, sluttiest moment of

(continued on page 41)



THETTERS

Sexual Aides



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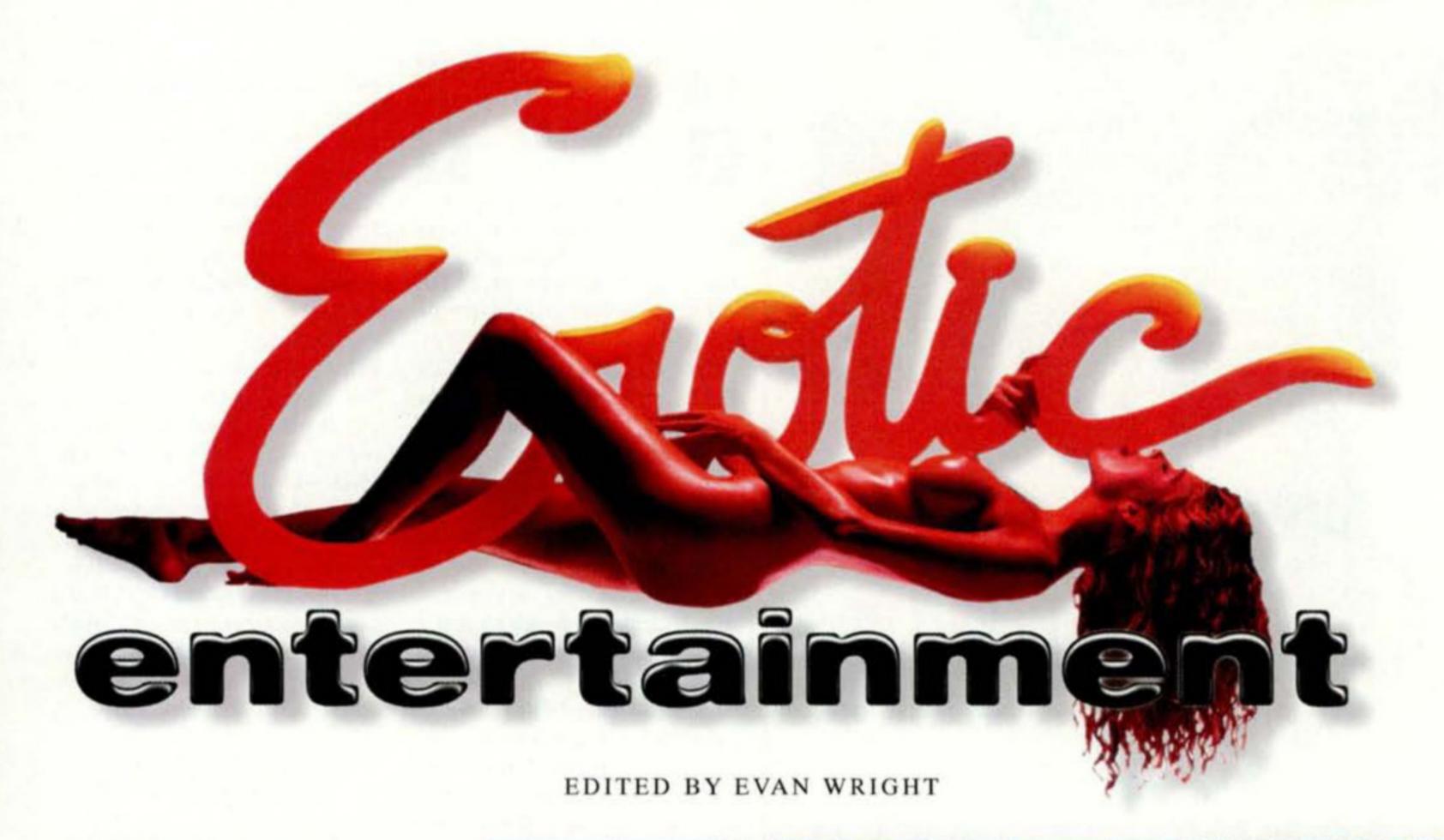


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HUSTLER Presents: The World's Luckiest Man

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FULLY ERECT



Directed by Jon Dough; starring 101 various female porn stars and Jon Dough.
Videocassette: Vivid Video.

HUSTLER Founder and Publisher Larry Flynt introduces The World's Luckiest Man with a reminder: "By watching this tape, you are supporting free speech and the Constitution of the United States." Jon Dough porks 101 sluts in one cunt-packed afternoon, making this maiden joint production between Vivid Video and HUSTLER a most vigorous exercise of Constitutional rights. Corralling the firm-teat fuck cattle into groups of 20, Dough pumps each mooing honey into a reasonable state of orgasm before squirting dick butter on the entire herd-impressive in any context; miraculous when repeated five times in one day. Dough's Christlike endurance is unquestionably inhuman and alone worth the sticker price. By film's end-when the sunreddened and exhausted actor/director/sex fiend spills his droplets on the belly of his 101st fuck partner-an experienced viewer harbors no envy, only respect and gnawing curiosity of the mathematic implications of the safe-sex adage, "When you have sex with one person, you are having sex with all their partners." Beautifully overcasted, efficiently photographed and athletically inspirational, The World's Luckiest Man is a star-studded studding that will launch sticky beads by the -Steve Slauson gajillions.



THE WORLD'S LUCKIEST MAN: Randi Rage in the cock seat.



THE WORLD'S LUCKIEST MAN: Tramps await sperm shower.



THE WORLD'S LUCKIEST MAN: Dough robo-reams Montana Gunn.



Hairy Raunch Classics From the '60s and '70s Available Today

Before there were porn stars...before there were silicone breast implants... before video cameras made every two-bit would-be pimp an adult director... before widespread pussy shaving deforested the nation's stock of cunts... there were anonymous sluts who fucked in stag films shot in garages and Haight-Ashbury love pads.

Although self-styled porn historians mark the release of *Deep Throat* in 1972 as the dawn of modern hard-core history, a XXX-film underground flourished throughout the '60s and early '70s. Thousands of films were made. Until recently, these perverse relics moldered in obscurity.

Today, Something Weird Video, a Seattle-based mail-order company, functions as the nation's premiere archeologist of cinematic trash. Unearthing and transferring hundreds of XXX titles to tape, the Something Weird catalog represents the most comprehensive collection of prehistoric triple-X raunch available. Most of the fabulous, furry fuck tapes sell for \$20 each.

Viewing an adult entertainment made in the '60s or '70s is like entering a time

machine. The fuzzy, unshaved beaver was a staple of yesterday's smut, along with implant-free boobs and spacedout hippie chicks enthusiastically balling in pot-smoking orgies. Hitler's Harlots presents blond Nazi bitches tonguing twats beneath a swastika flag while, inexplicably, a Dionne Warwick song blares on the soundtrack. Interrogation scenes are rife with nightstick vaginal penetrations and simulated rape. In School Girl, a big-bush brunette with gravity-defying, all-flesh floppers explores San Francisco's sexual subculture for a college sociology project. She simultaneously humps a pair of leering goons playing a father and son. Just before they goo, Junior turns to Dad and chuckles, "The family that plays together sticks together." Dozens of XXX-loop compilations offer such historical gems as beehive-hairdo honeys go-go dancing and taking it up the ass in fully up-close scenes.

Something Weird also peddles the full range of such exploitation garbage as Reefer Madness, She Freak and Scum of the Earth.

A Something Weird catalog may be ordered by phoning 1-206-361-3759.

Filth the old-fashioned way: scenes from School Girl.







My First Time #9

1

TOTALLY LIMP



Directed by uncredited; starring Donna Warner, Delfin, Lynn, Mia, Desiree, Sean Rider, Michael J. Coxx, Jeremy Iron and Lil' Red. Videocassette: Oooh LaLa Productions.

The world is full of scam artists. The perpetrators of My First Time run a classic con: Hire professional skanks, videotape them huffing choad in a low-rent dump, then unload the piece of shit as an amateur tape. Donna Warner, the English-accented tart trotted in front of the camera, is known to have committed enough on-screen carnal atrocities to make a hardened vice cop blush. Warner's recent co-starring role in a 40-man gang-bang would seem to disqualify her from any "first time" video. Idly stroking her wellchewed beef flaps, Warner confesses a liking for having "big willies in my bum." Unbelievably, Warner fails to take it in the ass in the ensuing scene. My First Time is a blatant attempt to insert a big willy into the viewer's bum.

-Mack Assarian

Cafe Flesh 2



FULLY ERECT



Directed by Antonio Passolini;
starring Jeanna Fine, Stacy Valentine,
Raylene, Rebecca Lord, Kira, Cleo,
Mustang Sally Layd, Veronica Hart,
Camille, Metty Tigore, May Balleen,
Kitten Natividad, Simon Delo,
Vince Vouyer, Alec Metro, Billy Glide,
John Decker, Tony Tedeschi, Dave Hardman,
Brian Surewood, T. T. Boy,
Scotty Schwartz, Ace Diamond,
Electric Ed and Johnny Jump-Up.
Videocassette: VCA.

Irradiated sex freaks frolic in an atom-bombed slum of the future. Cafe Flesh 2 follows the highly overrated 1984 original, praised by easily duped, university-educated jackoffs as an art film. The hard-core artistry of the sequel is undeniable. Jeanna Fine's face—colorfully degenerate and appealingly etched by the many hard miles of her innumerable trips to Sodom and beyond—looms over a spit-soaked wiener. Fine chews and licks like a tigress leisurely gnawing a fresh kill. The wiener

pulls back several inches from Fine's fangs. Quivering like a soon-to-be-fired arrow, the wiener erupts in a powerful blast of spunk that squirts onto Fine's chops like a thick stream of piss. The assault of bunghole bonings, double penetrations and juicy wad-shots is continuous. There is also the darkly comic story, executed with high-caliber production values and decent screenwriting. What purpose is served by a high-quality XXX video? Anyone stuck with a live-in cunt who disapproves of filthy pornography knows. Bring Cafe Flesh 2 home, and if the old lady bitches, tell her it's an avant-garde movie. If she can't appreciate fine art, she's probably an ignorant slut.

-M.A.

Pussyman's All American Pussy Search



HALF ERECT



Directed by David Christopher; starring Tera Heart, Kay London, Roxanne Hall, Caressa Savage, Naomi, Charlie, Montana Gunn, Katie Gold, Bobbie Bliss, Maya, Delicious, Vanessa, Randy West, Brad Armstrong, Dave Hardman and Tony Tedeschi. Videocassette: Odyssey Group Video.

Bloated, graying and weary, a mumbling Pussyman dons his favorite Hawaiian shirt and hops into a rented Mercedes, searching friends' houses and porn studios in the San Fernando Valley for an All American Pussy Search in the smoggy city of sin. The snizz he encounters in his laudable journey never attains perfection, just varying degrees of acceptability. Aged Randy West presents olive-skinned fuck waifs Vanessa and Maya for inspection. Not satisfied, Pussyman continues to a warehouse, where bronze vixen Charlie diddles her juicy twat. Barely legal Katie Gold inserts metal clam clamps on her pastrami skins, accessing her pearl nub to big-boobed Montana's lapping spit cradle. Pussyman leaves, perpetually questing. Pussyman's All American Pussy Search may be in vain, but the viewer's vein succumbs to lower standards.

-Mitch Shepard



MY FIRST TIME: Spearing Lynn from shitter to grin.



CAFE FLESH: Raylene's big, beautiful balloons.

Sex Files Volume 2



HALF ERECT



Directed by Tim Lake; starring Rebecca Love, Briana Lee, Anna Malle, Vanessa Chase, Tim Lake, Max Hardcore, Mr. Marcus, Shawn Ricks and Jeremy Steele. Videocassette: Xplor Media.

Sex Files Volume 2 wastes no time with trivialities like plot or characters. Despite the mediocre sex sirens, mono-fuckers are grateful for the five vignettes of hard-core balling: Rebecca Love's jiggling yogurt sacks bounce uncontrollably and threaten to knock her unconscious as a shy blue-veiner hides in Momma's pink love canal, hiccuping spunk onto her thick mound of brown pubes. Max Hardcore grabs Anna Malle's bubble head and bangs his gnarled prick against her tonsils, carefully avoiding her snaggle teeth. Flipping the script, Hardcore dumps Malle onto all fours, plying open her ass asterisk with his thumbs. He crams his snot-covered dork into her digitally dilated shit chute and bucks spastically, expelling a white stream of dick grease that washes down her backside and drains into her winking sphincters. After the rough romp, Hardcore gently hugs Malle and kisses her lightly on the forehead. In response to their tender moment, the Sex Files viewer reaches for a Kleenex. -M.S.

Jammed



HALF ERECT



Directed by Brian "Cheeks" Williams; starring Cherie Leveux, Raylene, Kiki, Kimberly Kummings, Stoney Curtis, Dave Hardman, Sledge Hammer and Ron Jeremy. Videocassette: Wet Video.

Stoney Curtis explains the moronic genius of Jammed as "wanting to jam my dick into pussy." The viewer forgives the shaky camera and low budget after an eyeful of the heart-shaped shitter on Raylene. As Curtis plunges her clogged rump, Raylene's asshole unhinges like the jaws of a mighty python and slowly ingests thick turkeyneck. The doe-eyed beauty grimaces. Raylene's throaty cries trumpet the turmoil of pleasure and pain as sticky strings of cum cling to her back. Unfortunately, the remaining scenes in Jammed never replicate Raylene's spuzz soaking. Cherie Leveux's swinging milk whoppers rest on the belt of fat around her waist as she fucks black behemoth Sledge Hammer, their intercourse reminiscent of a child rolling an inner tube with a stick. Corpulent comic Ron Jeremy busts lithe Kiki's uterus doggystyle, affording the viewer a glance at her unsightly hemmies. Regardless of the ugly shortcomings, Jammed unleashes decent jack-off fodder. -M.S.



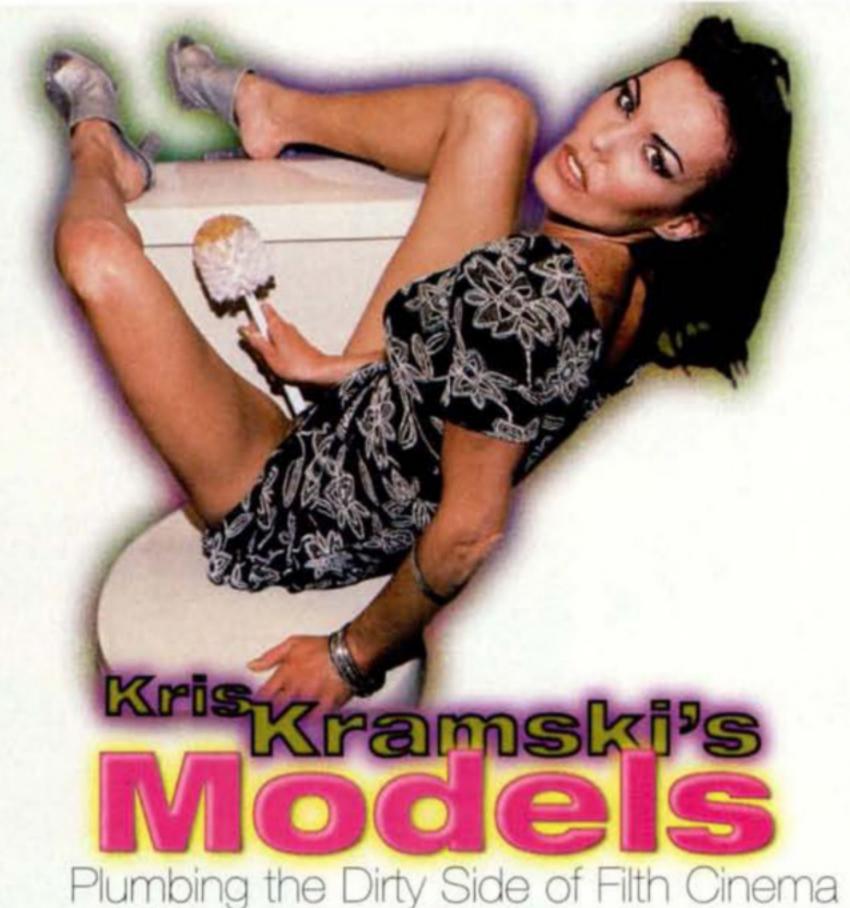
ALL AMERICAN PUSSY SEARCH: Armstrong stuffs Heart's cash box.



SEX FILES: Split-eye view of Malle.



JAMMED: Leveux's horn solo.



How awful is a 9-to-5 job in the prior

A couple of years ago, Nancy Vee, an exotic dancer and adult-film blowjob artist, retired from the raunch biz and went legitimate. She became a salesgirl for a frozen-seafood company. After a few months on the job, Vee came to a realization: Selling fish stinks. It would be far less painful to have a toilet plunger shoved up her ass than to endure another day of on-the-job monotony.

straight world?

Jamming the handle of a plumber's helper into her bung for an artistically critical scene in director Kris Kramski's XXX film *Models* would mark Nancy Vee's triumphant return to the obscene screen.

Why would Kramski include such a painfully grotesque spectacle in his latest epic?

"I am the best porn director in the world," French-raised Kramski asserted with characteristic European modesty during a break on the *Models* set. "My films don't play by the rules."

Kramski promised that *Models* will contain more broken rules than a Congressional election campaign. In addition to Vee's toilet-plunger porking, *Models* will offer splashy views of a porn slut giving herself an enema and a gut-churning sequence in which a guy's stud is injected with the prescription drug Caverject in order to induce a three-hour erection.

"I'm not afraid," Vee bravely asserted

prior to her historic reaming. "I'm a professional."

Had Vee ever masturbated with home-repair tools in her private life?

"Never," Vee declared, primly crossing her legs to conceal exposed twat hairs. "My private life is fairly normal." Vee paused, sucking on a coffin nail. "Once, I let a boyfriend fuck my ass with his drum stick. Another time, he wore a strap-on and fucked my ass and pussy at the same time. I put a frozen candy bar in my butt once and surprised my boyfriend by pooping it into his mouth...."

Vee was called to the set.

Perching on the commode, the grayeyed porn star tickled her vage with a toilet-cleaning brush. Enough cunt honey
flowed to lubricate the handle of the toilet plunger. The camera rolled as plunger
wood sunk into her sphincters. Vee's
eyes rolled back in their sockets, as if
she were entering a trance. Her shithole
swallowed 15 inches of plunger handle.
The cinematographer became sick.

After writhing for ten minutes, Vee crapped out the stick and gasped, "It totally made my ass come."

Vee's comeback scene might appeal to rogue elements of the New York City Police Department as a training film for the handling of unruly Haitian suspects. It is not yet known if Sin City Ultra will release *Models* uncut and atrocious as Kramski hopes to make it.

Bad medicine or good XXX? Caverject is injected; a hard-on is born.





Up and Cummers #46

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Directed by Randy West; starring Leianni Lei, Sana Fey, Louise Mattos, Amythiest, Angelica Dela Sol, Sean Michaels, D. J. X., Vince Vouyer and Randy West. Videocassette: Evil Angel.

Up and Cummers is the rare amateur vid that features authentically anonymous pieces of ass still reasonably fresh from the dead-end jobs, dysfunctional families and trailer parks that serve as slut hatcheries for the jizz biz. Some real finds lurk among the novice sperm guzzlers. Brazilian bone-handler Louise Mattos shows off an ass that shakes like it's packed with Mexican jumping beans, then backs onto a turgid blood horn and grinds rough. Pre-fuck interviews are conducted by bleachblond galunk Randy West. "I am a doggy girl," giggles diminutive Leianni Lei, cutely scrunching her brown cupcake face. "You like that position?" West enthuses. "With balls slapping on your clit?" West samples doggy girl's snatch. Cunt infection is indicated by the glob of white crud that West's love hammer squeegees out on the first stroke. Ignoring the blob, West hungrily chews her pink gristle as if it were a fancy steak, then builds to a nut-slapping burst across doggy girl's silly smile. Up and Cummers is stiff entertainment. -M.A.

The Audition



HALF ERECT



Directed by Ralph Parfait; starring Melissa Hill, Sindee Coxx, Stephanie Swift, Laura Palmer, Chelle, Julie Rage, Michael Hurt, Jeremy Steele, Steve Hatcher and T. T. Boy. Videocassette: Wave Film.

A flitty director gapes at the puckered outline of Sindee Coxx's well-grooved camel toe. Admiring the black fabric of her unitard stretching tautly over the ridges and depressions of her cracked clam, he queries, "How badly do you want this part?" The sexy slatterns in *The Audition*

want the part very fucking badly, as they eagerly entertain inches of hard cock in every lubed orifice. Spit oozes out of Stephanie Swift's feral mug as Julie Rage and Melissa Hill bray in orgasmic delight during an impromptu jam session. T. T. Boy pokes his mushroom pole into an ebony Kewpie doll's swampy poon, causing her belly button to jut out even further. Despite ball-blistering sex, Audition squanders the fuck talents of covergirl Melissa Hill, bestowing just one spray of white pearls on her classy coochie. The Audition is a tryout of unfulfilled reams. -M.S.

Miscreants



ONE-QUARTER ERECT



Directed by Robert Black; starring Stephanie Swift, Jeanna Fine, Tiffany Mynx, Alyssa Love, Brooke Ashley, Dru Barrymore, Randee Lee, Holli Woods, Liza Harper, Deva Station, Tom Byron,

Jack Hammer and Jay Ashley. Videocassette: Arch Angel Productions.

Robert Black is a hardworking imitator of Gregory Dark's bizarro sleaze-film style. Black claims he is entirely original. He owes nothing to the Dark man. Why does Miscreants steal the donkey-mask clown from a recent Dark video? Why did Black hire Dark's cameraman to lens Miscreants? The videography is better than the dropout-with-avideocam feel of Black's earlier efforts, but the collision of plundered images fails to arouse. An outdoor orgy. A coven of wantons ply Liza Harper's pooper with plastic dong until the traumatized shit gasket dilates to the size of a Mack-truck exhaust pipe; sluts slobber and suck viscous strings of drool from one anothers' mouths like strands of pasta; a waiter serves crackers with Cheez Whiz; a slob ejaculates on a cracker and stuffs the resultant mess into a bitch's craw; bitch chews and displays the lump of dreck on her tongue. It's tough to jerk off to half-chewed, spermedon Cheez Whiz. Black can take honest pride in the never-beforeseen DP gang-bang of a crippled chick in a wheelchair, but Miscreants mostly regurgitates foul crud. -M.A.



UP AND CUMMERS: Amythiest and Dela Sol, boff buddies.



THE AUDITION: T. T. Boy shellacks Chelle's ass.



MISCREANTS: Orgy of the damned.

Gaia 3



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

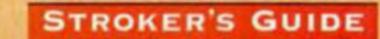
Directed by Christophe Clark; starring Erika Bella, Marietta, Margerita, Sandra, Vivian, Amanda, Tina, Francesco Malcolm, Eros Cristaldi, Spider, Hans-Peter Nobili and Mike Foster. Videocassette: Private Media Group.

Bubbling and swaying like a human lava lamp, Erika Bella lights up when prong is plugged into her shit socket at the start of Gaia 3. Bella's high-voltage anal coupling sends her amped bazooms into high-speed orbit. CAUTION: Viewers might experience electric tingling on their poles and blown ball sacs even before Bella's boffing concludes with a surge of testicle current to her scorching snizz. Gaia quickly recharges depleted nads. Longlegged, firm-titted European hump dynamos electrify pricks with high-voltage sphincters and spermsoldered smiles throughout. Gaia is a short circuit to sticky fingers.





GAIA: Erika Bella, royally fucked.



A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.

FULLY ERECT

Blow Dry (Vivid Film) Jen Teal, Kobe Tai, Mr. Marcus

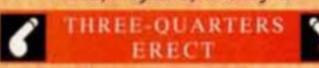
Blue Dahlia (Cal Vista Pictures) Misty Rain, Shyla Foxox, Tommy Gunn

Butt Row Eurostyle (Evil Angel) Kelli Cage, Holly Black, Joey Silvera

Klimaxx (Sin City)
Angela Ambrus, Gina Savage, Jofi Parker

L.A. Lust (VCA)
Helen Duval, Stacy Valentine, Mark Davis

Skin XI: Unbound (Eurotique Entertainment) Nikita, Raylene, Mickey G.



The Buttmaster Goes Around the World (Xcel)
Reggie, Maria, Zoki Cowboy

Coed Cocksuckers #2 (Zane Productions)

Jazz, Nellie, Teacher

Creme de la Face #20 (Odyssey Group Video) Rain, Mia, Rodney Moore

Ben Dover's English Asscapades (VCA)
Cheryl, Lisa, Steve Perry

Pick Up Lines Number 18 (Odyssey Group Video) Margo Stevens, Taren Steele, Billy Glide

Tales From the Black Side (Zane Productions) Juicy, Menage, Byron Long

HALF ERECT

College Co-ed Cuties (Sunshine Films)
Emily, Teri Starr, Steve Hatcher

Crossing the Line (Wet Pictures/VCA)

Kytana, Kitten, Sledge Hammer

Buttman's Favorite Big Tit Babes (Evil Angel)
Tracy Gibb, Natalie Streb, Rocco Siffredi

The Fugitive 2 (Private Video)
Gabriella Bond, Nikky Andersson, Philippe Dean

My Horny Valentine (VCA)
Stacy Valentine, Jacklyn Lick, Nick East

Rocco More Than Ever (Evil Angel) Laura Turner, Lisa Ashleegh, Rocco Siffredi

Temporary Positions (Vivid Film)
Janine, Laura Palmer, Vince Vouyer

ONE-QUARTER

Diva 3: Pure Pink (VCA)
Sunset Thomas, Stacy Valentine,
Paisley Hunter

In Your Dreams (XY Sex)
Dalila, Dolly Golden, Marc Barrow

Pussyman Takes Hollywood (Odyssey Group Video) Caressa Savage, Summer Knight, Nick East

TOTALLY

Deep Throat: The Quest Begins
(Arrow Productions)

Jill Kelly, Karime, William Margold

The Gift (Femme Productions)
Shanna McCullough, Micki Lynn, Mark Davis

One Track Mind

•

ONE-QUARTER ERECT



Directed by Gary Sage; starring P. J. Sparxx, Daisey Dahl, Sindee Coxx, Lexi Leigh, Jacklyn Lick, Earl Stone, Rick Masters and Julian. Videocassette: VCA Platinum Plus.

One Track Mind documents the friendship between Earl Stone and his giant, mutant cock as they pork their way through the trials and tribulations of life limited by a low IQ. The insipid Muzak and uninspired pumping of Stone's muscled haunches on bitchy blondes Sindee Coxx and P. J. Sparxx draws the viewer's hand off his flaccid wiener and toward the eject button on the VCR. One Track Mind barely escapes the city landfill by including Rick Masters soliciting street whore Lexi Leigh in a downtown stairwell. Rolling up Leigh's rubber dress over her meaty thighs, Masters inspects the hooker's fleece-lined velvet crack and injects his tongue into her wanton quim. Shoving the blond giantess against the wall, Masters pounds on Leigh's back door, fitting only the head of his blood slug into her clenched pooper. Unswayed by Leigh's tortured screams bemoaning her torn ass flap, Masters barfs ball boogers on her wailing mouth. Putting forth nothing new, One Track Mind squeezes out one major round of one-handed lap applause. -M. S.

The Tarnished Knight

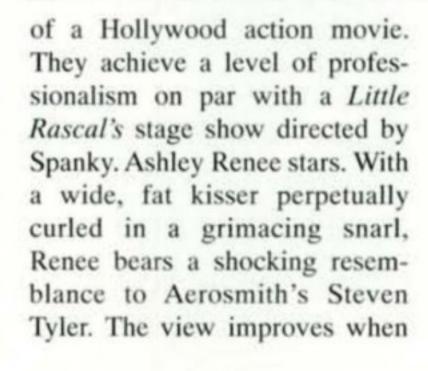


HALF ERECT



Directed by Thomas Paine and Ray Gunn; starring Ashley Renee, Christi Lake, Toni James, Johnni Black, Roxanne Hall, Ruby, Peter North, Steven Drake, Marc Wallice, Billy Glide and John Decker. Videocassette: Arrow Productions.

Each time bounce-kitten Toni
James rears her rump at the start
of The Tarnished Knight, canned
machine-gun fire ratatats on the
soundtrack. It sounds like the ripping of a hellacious fart. Blowing
fistfuls of moola on explosions,
helicopters and gunfights, the
makers of Knight attempted to
make a XXX video with the look



Renee's top comes down, and her gelatinous floppers tumble out, boinging like blown seat springs as she glues her lips onto man shaft. Renee takes it to the balls; Roxanne Hall takes it in the butt. The interminable dialogue is not as easy to take. The Tarnished Knight holds lances barely half erect. —M. A.



ONE TRACK MIND: Masters glides into Leigh's gash.



THE TARNISHED KNIGHT: Roxanne Hall, the smile of a happy slut.

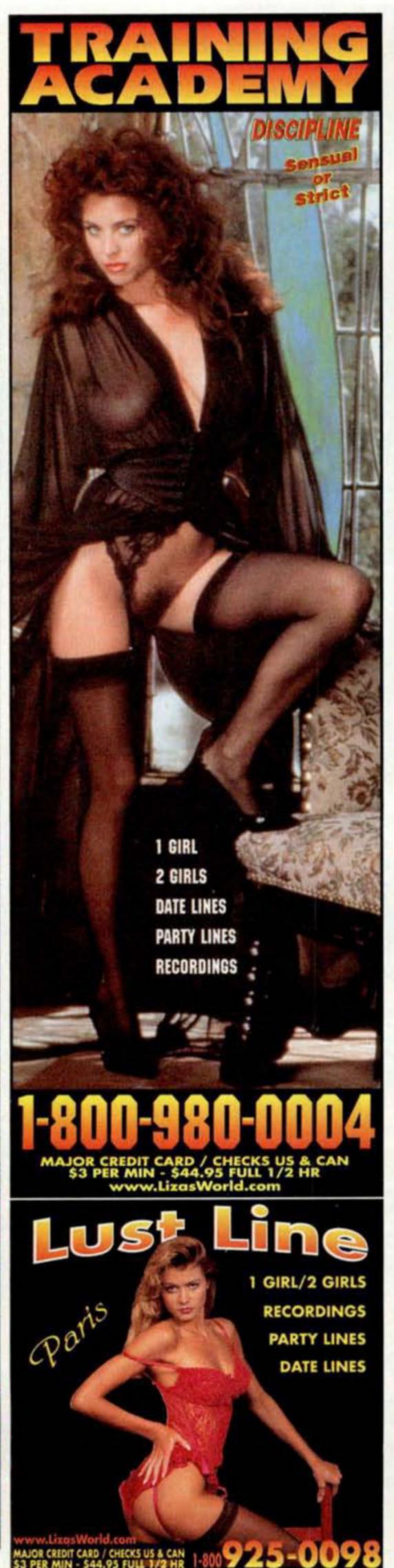


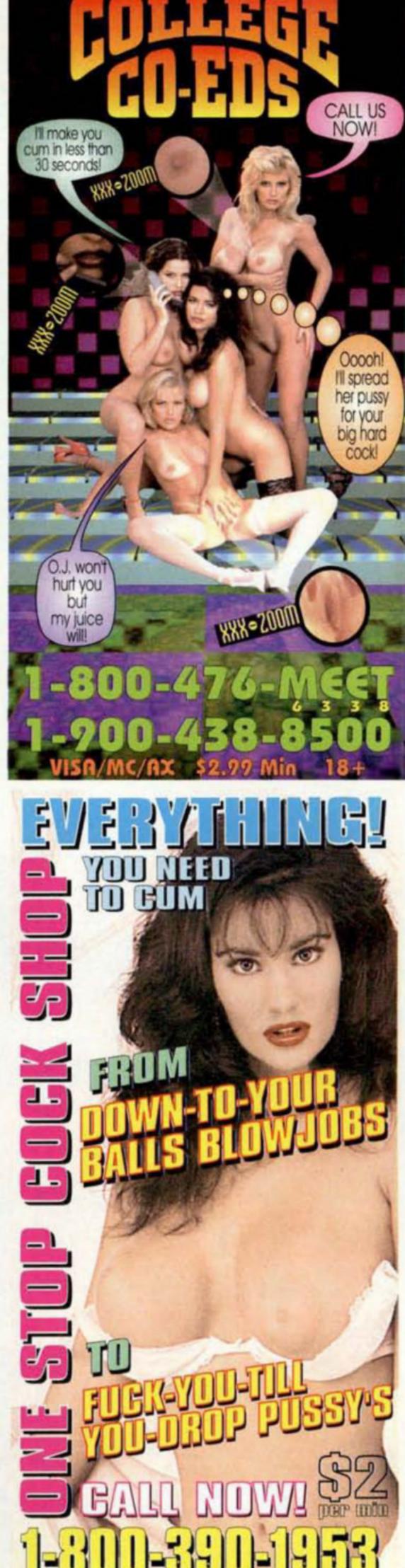












(continued from page 31)

Hot Letters Jan was totally open to every perverse sexual thrill I suggested. Jump out of the car and fuck a filthy transient in the alley? Sure! Blow the family dog at a Christmas dinner? Absolutely!

my life—and I loved it! I planted lips to Vincent's scrotum while he massaged my clam.

Usually it takes more than a few fingers to get me off. The experience of performing a public blowjob changed all that; I felt my cunny quiver and erupt with Vincent's every touch. Multiple orgasms coursed through my nervous system. I had to remove my hand from the base of his pork sword in order to twiddle my tits. A little nerp play sets off fireworks in my wet spot. Involuntary muscle contractions followed, making it possible for me to deep-throat that angry, throbbing johnson.

"Woah, momma," Vincent cried, dropping a coin in the slot and another digit in my slit. "You swallowed every inch! Shit, the girls back home gag at the sight of my bad boy." I turned up the heat by noisily slurping Vincent's entirety. Bobbing my head in his lap gave my tonsils such a battering, I'm still nursing a sore throat.

When I finally stopped coming against Vincent's palm, I decided to finish off the high roller with a tongue technique that always knocks 'em dead: a doublespeed rate involving two licks for every bob. Vincent never knew what hit him. His ass nearly flew off the stool. Gobs of malt blew from his pisshole. There was so much scum, I couldn't eat it all. Goo burbled from my lips and all over the crotch of Vincent's black pants.

Poor guy. I thought he was a big spender; turns out, he was just a kid from Nebraska in the same outfit he wore to prom. He spent the rest of his money and never won a dime. On the other hand, I did quite well at my own version of blackjack: I banged an African-American fellow who screamed, "Luck be a lady -K. D. tonight!"

Gunnison, Colorado

SCHLONG DISTANCE

Ever wonder what it's like to actually fuck a girl on the other end of a phonesex call? I did, and she wasn't half bad. In all honesty, I've had better; still, booty-call beggars can't be conch choosers.

My sex life has been lean since Jan died. She was my significant other for seven long, hard, sweaty years. We met at a college orgy; Jan took a seat on my then-girlfriend's face while I was busy plowing her pussy. When Jan and I first made eye contact, wow! The attraction was like something from an old Hollywood movie. Except we were both

buck-naked and gushing ejaculate into my ex's orifices.

Jan was totally open to every perverse sexual thrill I suggested. Jump out of the car and fuck a filthy transient in the alley? Sure! Blow the family dog at a Christmas dinner? Absolutely! Believe me, those little incidents were mild compared to some of the trysts Jan cooked up in her pretty, blond head. I'm talking about shit even HUSTLER can't print. Oh, Jan, I wish the paramedics hadn't dragged your rigid corpse away after that measly drug overdose! I know I could have put some life back into you.

Getting over a one-in-a-million piece like Jan hasn't been easy. I tried the dating circuit, but most women don't like to be tied up and whipped—even after two or three dates! One chick agreed to put out after a mandatory dinner; as soon as I slipped my cock into her butthole, the little tease nearly pissed a bitch.

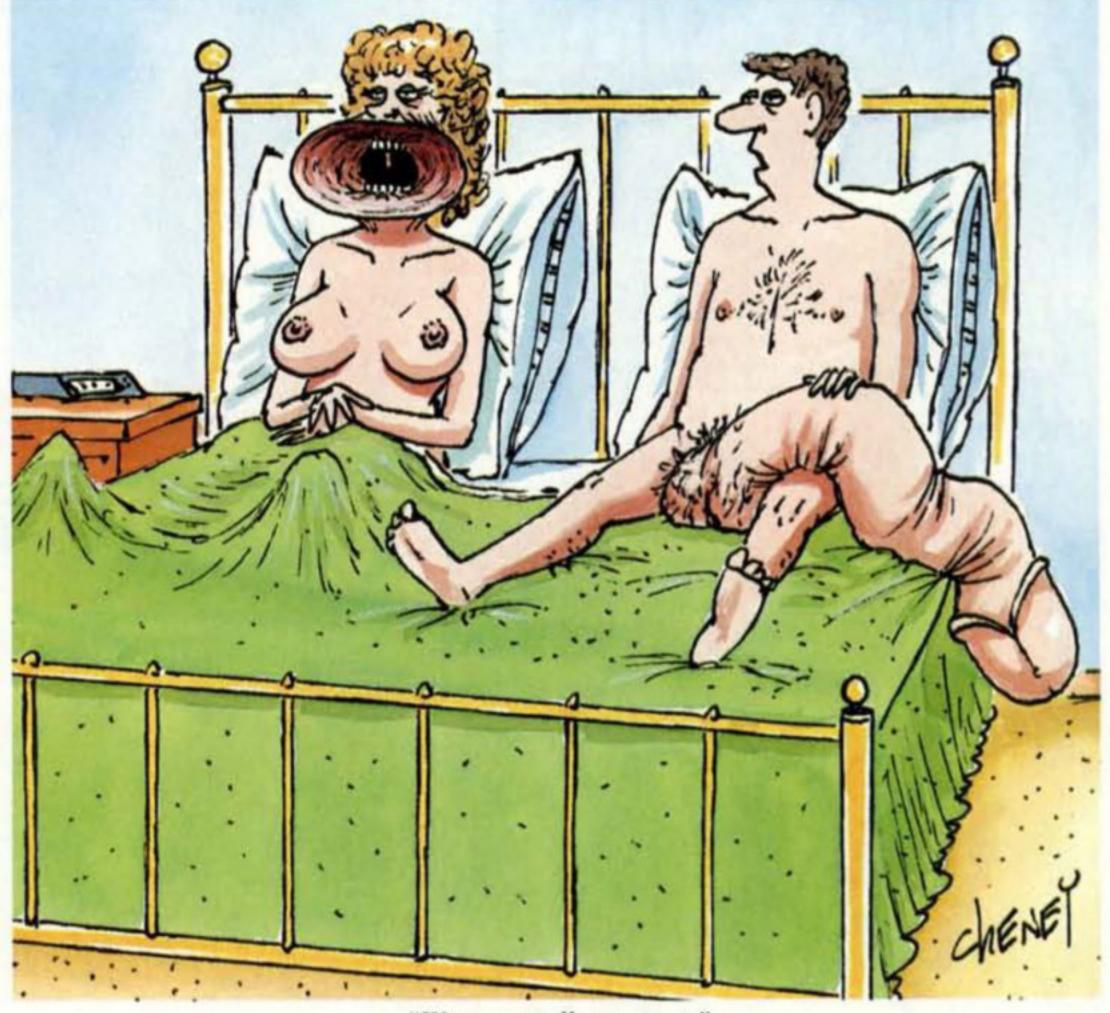
She pushed me off the bed, screaming, "What the fuck are you doing?"

"I'm socking it to your fine ass, baby," I cooed, trying to make the degrading act sound like high romance. "Jan and I always traveled the Hershey Highway. Now, open up your back door and shut your trap." My sore-ended partner was not impressed.

"Listen, you closet fag," she began, scurrying to don the slutty clothes that had attracted me to the uptight cunt in the first place. "I don't know what kind of badly toilet-trained, schizo slut you used to sodomize, but I am a ladywhich means my turds shall remain unburgled. Find a nice crack whore to shove a 12-inch strap-on up your flue!" Ouch! The only thing that hurt more than her suggestion was the sting of my wounded pride.

After the experience of being shot down, humiliated and, on one occasion, physically assaulted by an angry bimbo's husband, I gave up on real women. Why bother, when there are so many substitutes?

I finally ordered a subscription to HUSTLER, as well as HUSTLER'S BARELY LEGAL (the girl on the cover of the new issue reminds me of Jan's little sister). I immersed myself in online porn and learned fascinating features of the Internet that made me feel like a hairy-palmed Bill Gates. I bought an array of pocket pussies and love dolls, some of which are so real, I sometimes catch myself carrying on imaginary conversations with them. (There's an artificial ass on the market that I swear could have been made from a mold of



"We never talk anymore."







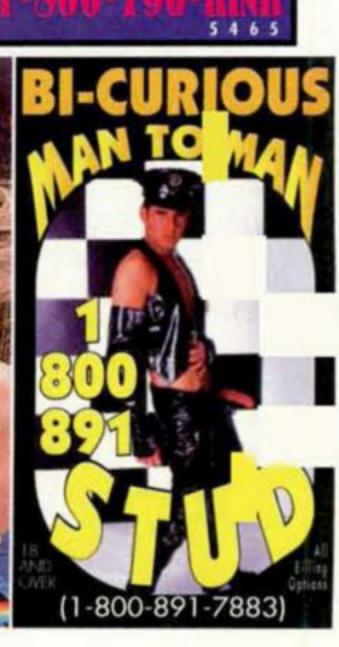












Hot Letters I panted, "You've got to tell me where you live. I can tell by your accent that you must be a local girl." Goldie simply laughed and ordered me to lick the sperm from my open palm.

Jan's dead bottom—I mean, body!)

More than anything else, I called phone sex. Hours and hours of phone sex. Occasionally, I conducted \$2.99-perminute calls while simultaneously engaging in sexy cyberchat with an entirely different skank-and watching a porn video. (John "Buttman" Stagliano is my idol.)

For the most part, I focused my undivided attention on the dirty talk burning up my earpiece. I'll bet Ma Bell creamed in her bloomers several times each day from my masterful technique. Ladies, I give good phone. I brought an old woman with a wrong number to orgasm in less than 30 seconds!

It was way past midnight when I connected with Goldie, the ginch to whom I ended up paying a house call. Right off the bat, I knew Goldie was different; each time I referred to her as Jan, she corrected me.

"The name is Goldie," she hissed. "Smack yourself with the phone three times for screwing up." At long last, a disembodied female voice with some fire! I pulled out all the stops, requesting every fucked-up phone fantasy imaginable. Goldie met my every swing with a kinky counterpunch. Next thing I knew, my nude body was covered in her mouth; Goldie provided the saliva clothespins as I stood on my head-a hard-on in one hand and the telephone in the other.

I panted, "You've got to tell me where you live. I can tell by your accent that you must be a local girl." Goldie simply laughed and ordered me to lick the sperm from my open palm.

What the dominating operator didn't realize was the extent of my Internet proficiency. I had already hacked into the phone line and traced her call to a residence in the Valley-a mere 45minute drive from my filthy apartment. After hanging up and splashing on some Old Spice, I jumped into my car and pressed the pedal to the metal. Goldie was about to receive a surprise visit; the thought made my southern regions rise again.

I knocked on the door of Goldie's modest duplex at 6 a.m. Quite a bit of peephole arguing went down before she finally let me in. My offering of coffee and doughnuts seemed to be the deciding factor. See, Goldie turned out to be what I call a big 'un: not exactly a fat chick, although no one's mistaking her for Kate Moss. She was grossly obese in the chest, a condition I couldn't wait to get my hands on.

"Nice housecoat," I commented,

checking out her long, chestnut hair and meaty thighs. "Can we fuck now?"

"Just let me finish this cruller," Goldie spat between bites. We sat in silence for a few minutes before she said, "Okay."

I dove for the tits. Her nipples were a dark-chocolate peak atop a mountain of pale flesh. I sucked the nubs until they grew erect; Goldie's breathing grew labored with each flick of my eager tongue.

My hand parted her legs. She wore those decidedly unsexy grandmother underwear-a pleasure to tear from her otherwise arousing form. All that girl terrain spilled from her robe, and it was all for my exploration! I happily charted Goldie's erogenous zones with my fingertips, easing her body into a reclining position on the couch.

Goldie panted, "Stick it in and try not to take too long. My next phone shift is in half an hour." Suddenly, she didn't seem like such a master of the potty mouth. I guess that's the line between fantasy and reality I have so much trouble recognizing.

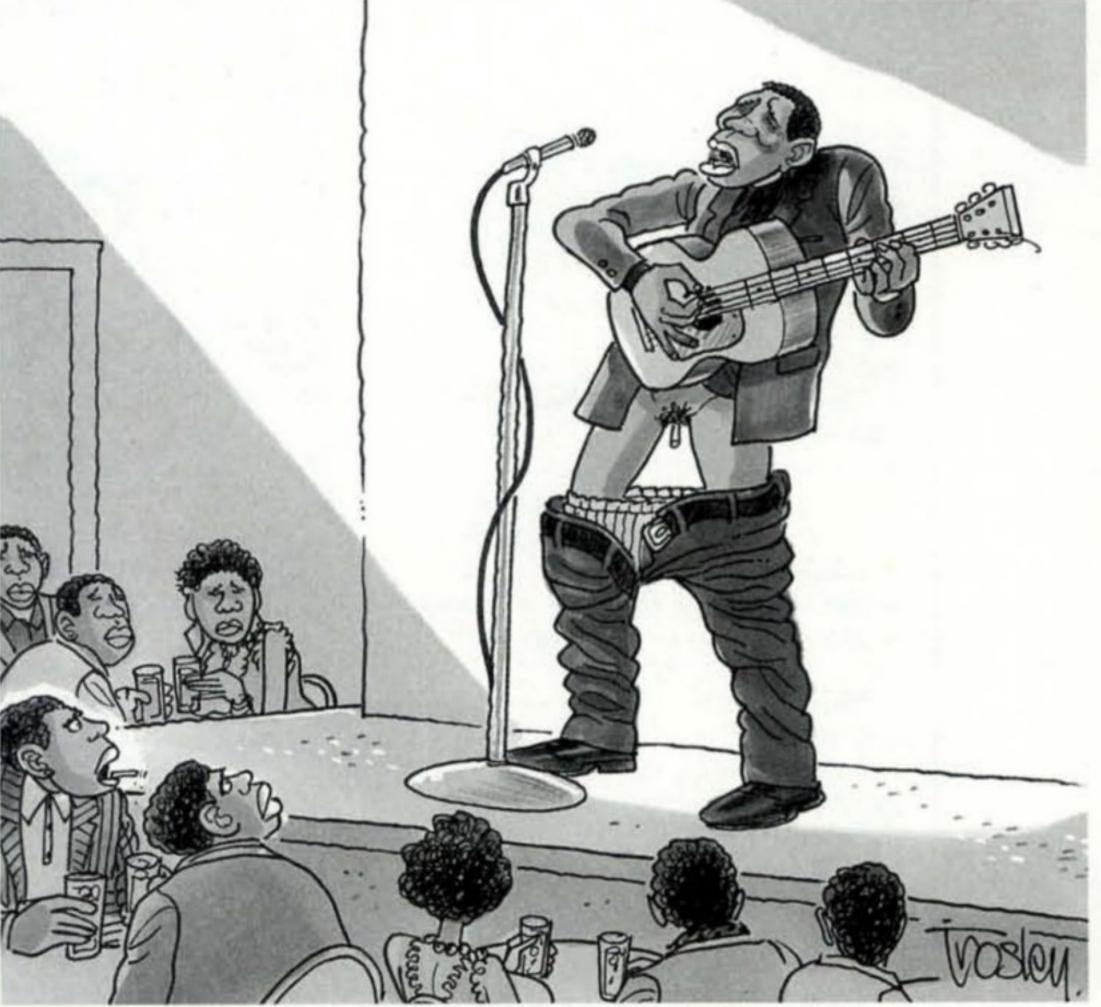
With lowered expectations and a rigid prick that still rode high, I mounted Goldie. Unfortunately, her cunt wasn't quite wet enough. I stuck my fingers into that primed the flow of her nether juices. Maybe I was a little rusty from my protracted poontang drought, but the gyration of her hips suggested I still knew how to tweak a clit.

Goldie gripped my ass cheeks and pulled me inside her sticky love lips. Sinking my joint for the first time in years sent shudders through my system. I silently cursed myself for neglecting to bring a condom, which would have decreased my sensitivity. Without latex, Goldie's wet strokes sucked my rocks within seconds.

"Oooff," I exhaled, flooding her womb with jizz I had stored like fine wine. My nuts continued to belch white loads, even as I pulled out and dribbled upon Goldie's considerable belly. She ordered me to stay and eat her to climax; I grudgingly obliged. In all honesty, I wanted to rush home and jack off a few more times.

I don't have phone sex anymore because I don't have a phone. Goldie traced my number from my credit-card accounts; she kept calling and claiming to be knocked up. Besides, who needs a phone when there's online smut, love dolls ... and HUSTLER? —T. Y.

> West Hollywood, California (continued on page 141)



"Man, dat man has a right to sing da blues...."



Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking. Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience.

Later Days and Better Lays

HOW TO TELL YOU'RE FINISHED WITH A WOMAN

BY MATTHEW PENFIELD * ILLUSTRATION BY SHAG

Chet and Paige, a couple for the past few months, have reached a sexual impasse. Chet is an exploratory cocksman in his mid-20s, eager to delve dick-first into every exotic and forbidden hole that strikes his radar. Paige, a perky young slut milking the last cute months of her tempting teens, has been playing coy with him.

Missionary position is okay with Paige, but when Chet tries for any kind of variety, she shuts him down, and he winds up with raging balls. Tonight, however, Chet's lubed Paige with liquor and is moving in for the kill.

Their love play begins normally. Chet rams Paige into submissive ecstasy for several minutes. Then he slows his thrusts in and out of Paige's sopping quim. Grasping his steelhard shaft in one hand, Chet guides it down between Paige's velvety cheeks, zeroing in on her browneye. Paige's moans and whispers continue unabated until the tip of Chet's prong makes contact with her bung.

"Just what do you think you're doing?" Paige demands, outrage in her voice. "We've talked about this, and you know it's not okay."

Chet sees another case of aching gonads on the horizon. His temper boils. Thinking about all the dinners and dates he's paid for pushes him over the edge.

"We haven't talked about shit!" Chet roars. "The only one doing any talking is you, and I'm tired of listening. I'm a stallion that needs to roam, and you're a one-trick pony. I should have realized this was a waste of time weeks ago. Don't let the door hit you in the ass on your way out!"

"Giving the boot to Anna was the best move I ever made," reflects Kenny, a stand-up comic. "I hooked up with my new girlfriend a week later, and I've been doing her ever since. She's into the same freaky shit I am, and I'm happy enough. I wish I'd ditched Anna sooner. I kept thinking that she would get better."

Knowing when to bail out of a

relationship is a dilemma that has stumped men for as long as there's been a mankind.

Modern biblical scholars agree that before Adam married Eve, the first man had another wife. Her name was Lilith, and she was a domineering bitch who demanded equal, or greater, power in the relationship with Adam. When the Lord told her that top dog was not her position, Lilith rebelled and was cast out of Eden.

The problem of when to break the connection with an unsatisfactory fuckmate still plagues us. Today's man is not obliged to stay stifled and miserable while waiting for God to intervene.

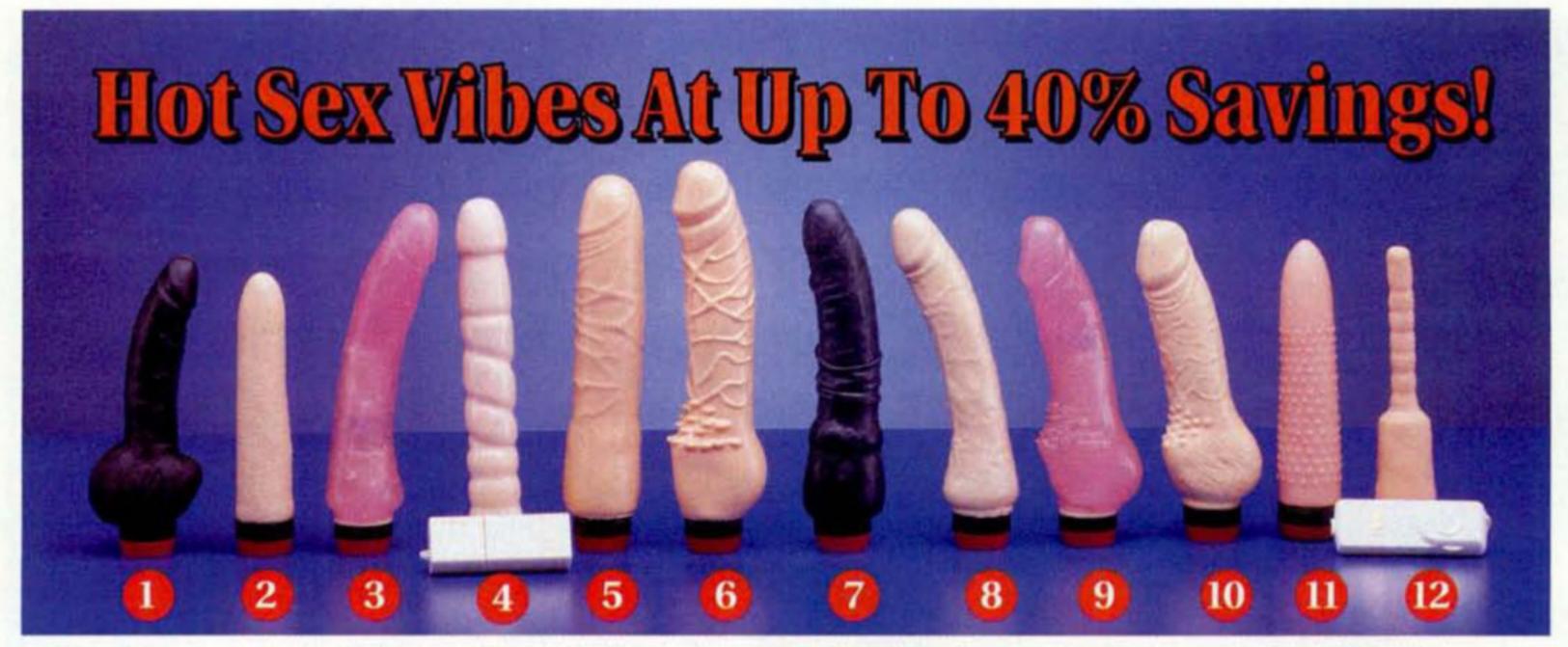
Jeff, a 30-year-old schoolteacher, offers an example of painful experience. "It was awful. I had been screwing a girl for a while, and I was just bored," he bemoans. "I kept hoping my pecker would stand up for her again, but in the meantime, I was masturbating like crazy. The smell of K-Y Jelly got me more in the mood than the smell of her perfume. It was time to get out."

A similar situation of flagging interest alerted Chris, a 27-year-old architect, that he would be better served to move on. "I had to use drastic action before I could escape.

"It was dead between me and Jenny, this girl I boned in college. I didn't know how to broach the subject with her; so we stayed together," relates Chris. "Time went by. I confessed my frustrations to one of Jenny's girlfriends. She really understood and felt for me. Jenny and I finally broke up because I was exhausted from fucking her girlfriend.







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Sex Play "I always know when to get out of a relationship," reveals Chuck, a middle-aged ad executive. "When the bills for Dial-a-Slut phone lines reach the three- and four-digit range."

All I did in bed with Jenny was sleep."

Pete, a nerdy, twentysomething waiter, has a clear picture of girlfriends in decline. "I know my relationships have turned sour when crazy shit starts happening. They make up excuses to spend every minute of the day with me. I ask for some space; the chick gets nuts and real jealous, but the sex heats up; so I let them be.

"I draw the line when a woman starts stalking me. If a girl doesn't trust you on your own time, you're fucked.

"They show up at the restaurant I work at as if by accident, or they pull up behind me in traffic. One girl was so cuckoo that every time I tried to break up with her, she'd curl up into a ball on the floor of my apartment and sob until I took her to bed. It took me months to get rid of that one."

Brett, a tough-looking assistant highschool-football coach can relate.

"I had a lady one time who was jealous of me for any time I spent with any other woman. She was a beautiful redhead, and everything was fine at first—especially the sex.

"One day she told me we needed to talk." Brett's lips twitch in anger. "She wanted me to throw away this picture I had in my bedroom of my cousin. My cousin is pretty hot, but come on, she's my cousin!

"I told the redhead I wasn't going to disrespect my family like that. She threw a fit, and that was the end.

"The first time a woman tries to tell you what to do, it's time to trade her in," suggests Brett. "It always starts small— 'You should wear this, Brett,' or 'You shouldn't drive so fast, Brett.' Once you give in to that tiny bullshit, it's over. You've conceded the upper hand, and she calls all the shots."

Mike, a working musician, has found that finances are a major factor in the decision to forage for greener pastures.

"I was pursuing this real tony chick a while back, a fucking beauty." He leers. "She was prim and proper and wanted to be treated like a lady. We went out a bunch of times, me playing the gentleman.

"I was scoring the pussy, but it was no fuckfest. Sometimes she said yes, sometimes, no." Mike's brow furrows at the memory. "One day it hit me.

"When we went out to a nice place, and I dropped a wad of cash, it was smooth sailing up inside her. When the tab was less than a C note, she was always indisposed to spread. I cornered her on it.

"I asked her where she got off playing me like I was her daddy. She acted defensive and flustered, like she didn't know what I was talking about. Before she could change the subject, I showed her the door."

Mike's story echoes a common complaint: If I'm paying for my pussy, why don't I just buy myself a whore?

"I always know when to get out of a relationship," reveals Chuck, a middle-aged ad executive. "When the bills for Dial-a-Slut phone lines reach the three- and four-digit range. If I'm spending two or three hours a pop with some trailer-trash floozie I can't even see, I know my attention's no longer focused on the lady I'm with."

"It's not really about the chick," muses Max, a self-employed computer programmer. "With my last girlfriend, Tanya, everything was great—no hassles from her; it was all fine. I just started to go soft.

"I was too complacent in the relationship. I slacked off with my work. I let myself go to seed physically and was pretty much plain uninterested in life." Max pauses. "I guess when things are too good, it fucks me up.

"I had to leave Tanya behind. It sucked. She was a hot lay and cool overall, but once we split, I had a renaissance. I was passionate about my work again, started running and got back into the

chase. This sounds funny, but it's true: If I catch a girl, and she makes me lazy, we're toast."

Nate, a blocky, blond surfer, has found a way to eliminate human error from the dumping process. "Dogs. Man's best friend. It's widely acknowledged that animals have a more acute sensory perception than we do.

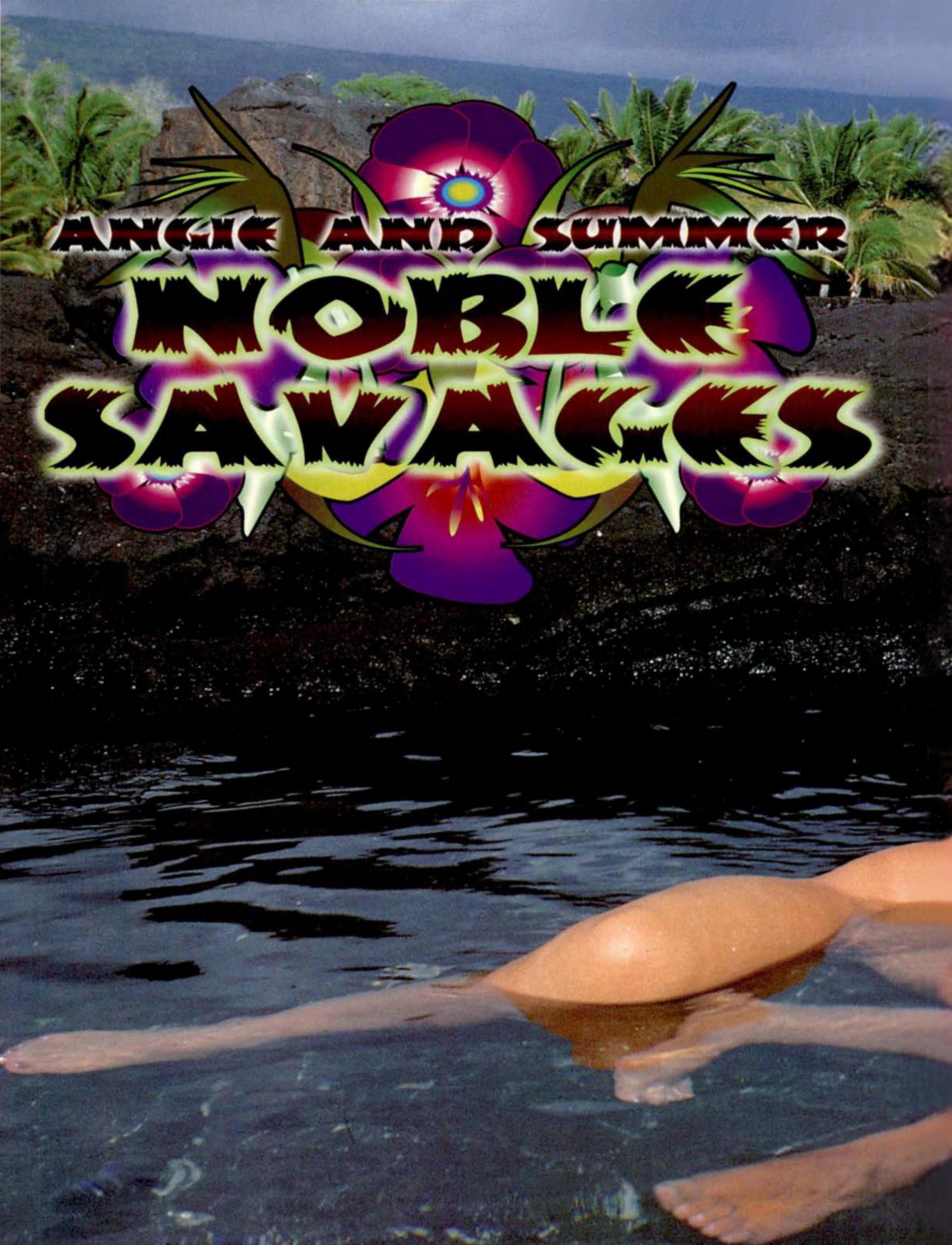
"I stay with a girl until my dog finds her a problem. The dog is objective; he wants me to be happy and safe so he'll be happy and safe, right?

"Everything was cool with my last girlfriend, Kendra, but my dog, Bandit, started giving her the evil eye every time she came around. He also freaked when another buddy of mine would hang out. I broke up with Kendra, and Bandit settled back down. About a month later, I saw my ex and my friend together. Now I trust Bandit's opinion on all women."

Jim, a silver-haired good ol' boy, has a bottom line. "The good Lord knows there's plenty of 'em out there, but He won't draw you a map and won't bail you out.

"It's up to each of you to figure out that if it ain't happening with who you got now, then it's on to the next."























Swingers "We realize that there are a lot of beautiful people in the world, and we are going to be attracted to them. You can either lie to yourself and to your mate about those attractions, or you can be honest."

Over the phone Barbara Miller offers to take me to the Edgewater West Adult Resort, in Oakland, California, for a night of swinging. The Edgewater is an 80-room hotel that boasts a clothing-optional resort and a private nightclub, catering exclusively to individuals in the Lifestyle—a broad-based euphemism encompassing all walks of sexually open-minded life.

The Lifestyle is a term used most often to define swinging (or swapping mates with friends and/or acquaintances for sex). It also includes polyamory—or many loves—a practice in which couples have long-term sexual, emotional and spiritual relationships with "secondary" partners. Guests of the Edgewater are invited to mix and mingle in the facility's hot tub, pool or nonalcoholic strip bar and then take newfound "friendships" to a bed in one of the hotel's many private rooms.

I meet Barbara at her home in Manteca, a small, rural town just south of Stockton, in northern California. The house is set up commune-style, with an open-door policy. Barbara has lived this way for the past 25 years.

Only Barbara, her husband, Charly, and grandson Scott Anthony live in the house at present time. Scott Anthony, age

three, has stayed with Barbara and Charly since their son Casey, Scott Anthony's father, enlisted in the Navy.

Casey, 21, recently released from active duty, lives inside a trailer in the front yard with his 19-year-old wife, Lori. Barbara and Charly's lovers, who live out of town, come to visit on the weekends.

Ana has been Charly's lover for the past ten years; Cindy, who recently moved to Montana, for 19 years. Barbara's other significant other (who is in the military in Southern California) has been involved in her life for the past seven years. Barbara and Charly have had a polyamorous relationship for the past 23 years of their 25-year marriage.

Though an underground phenomenon, polyamorist movements exist throughout the Western world. Polyamorists engage in multiple relationships with the open knowledge and consent of their "primary" partners. Because their lovers on the side are not hidden, polyamorous couples claim that they are not cheating. Cheating infers that "fraud, deceit or swindling" is at play in their relationship.

Polyamorists believe that jealousy is no proof of love, that jealousy is used by insecure monogamists to control their partners. There are no dogmatic rules in the realm of polyamory; participants in any open relationship must create their own terms and levels of comfort.

"The reality is that too many people are cheating on their mates," says Barbara. "[She and Charly] don't cheat on each other; we love each other, and we respect each other. But we realize that there are a lot of very beautiful people in the world, and we are going to be attracted to them. You can either lie to yourself and to your mate about those attractions and feelings, or you can be honest, and tell your mate because you respect them."

Barbara warns me that the house will be hectic. Barbara and Charly's daughter, Allastra, is getting married on Saturday. The proud parents are busy with wedding preparations. Due to the festivities, our trip to the Edgewater won't include an overnight stopover.

Downtown Manteca boasts one Dairy Queen, a Foster's Freeze, a two-for-one barber shop, a funeral home and a selection of Protestant churches. Main Street soon gives way to field upon open field of green grass and brown cows under a cloudless, vivid-blue sky.

A sign on the fence leading into the Millers' yard warns, PRECAUTION, EXPECT TO ENCOUNTER NUDE SUNBATHERS. A rambunctious, towheaded three-year-old meets me at the door, threatening menacingly with a play chain saw. Scott Anthony's screeches alert his father, Casey, who relays that Barbara and Charly are still decorating the hall for tomorrow's wedding, but will return within the hour.

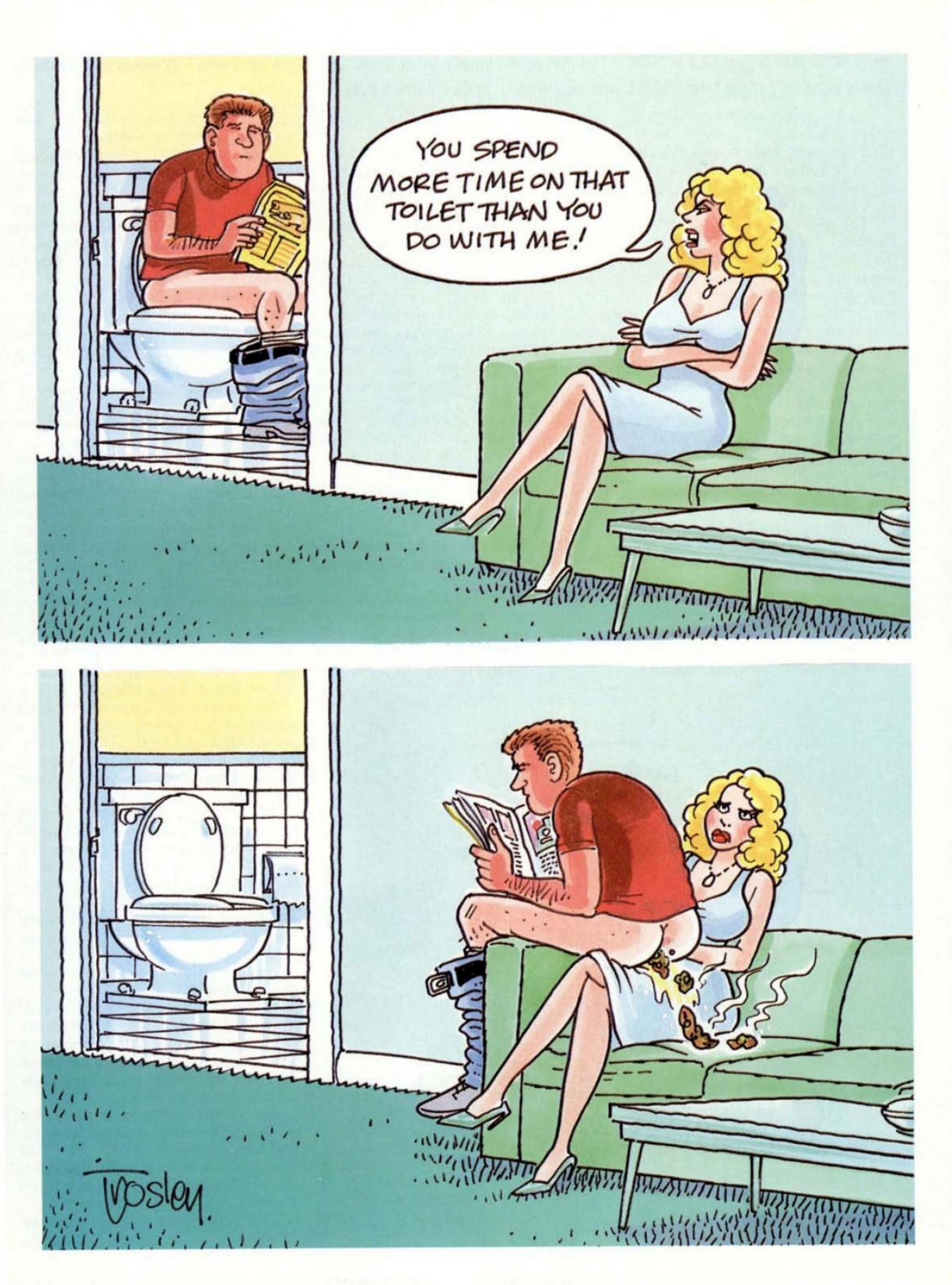
The couple's home has a familial air: Scott Anthony's toys lay strewn across the shaggy carpet, figurines adorn the mantle, and pictures with Bible verses dot the walls. The homey quality of the Manteca household belies the debauchery that traditional America might expect of a polyamorous home life.

"Our marriage has been open for two and a half years," Casey declares while we wait for his parents to return. "And we have been together for four."

Like Casey's parents, Barbara and Charly, the younger Millers have adopted polyamory as a way of life. "My parents just made it easier for me to make my own decision by opening up this reality."

Casey's soon-to-be-wed sister, on the other hand, seeks strict monogamy as the terms of her marriage.





Swingers The rest of the hotel's inhabitants are single men who lurk about the grounds,

lustily scoping out the forms of the womenfolk through downturned eyes.

Casey's young wife, Lori, a blowsy strawberry-redhead, emerges from a back room and nods shyly when introduced. She admits there were some problems with Casey's friends when the couple first started dating.

"The women I knew in high school hated it," Casey shares, "because they thought I was doing it just for the sex. I would ask someone out, and they'd say, 'No, you're married.' And I'd say, 'It's okay; this is what's going on, and my wife is okay with it.' A lot of the girls didn't want anything to do with me."

Casey's male friends had similar issues with Casey and Lori's arrangement, inferring that Casey had forced his wife into polyamory. "I'd say that I'm not making her do anything," Casey huffs. He confides, however, that for Lori, seeing other men is not an option.

"When we first opened our marriage, Lori was dating another man, but he totally disrespected her," Casey attests. "Since then, Lori says that she wants her women; she doesn't want to have to deal with the men."

A clamor of voices erupts beyond the fence in the driveway. Barbara, an extremely petite, 4-11 woman, bursts through the gate, hobbling rapidly between one free foot and another in a cast. Charly, handsomely wizened in his mid-40s, follows close behind.

Barbara points at her broken ankle. "Dancing the Irish gig," she laughs. Her husband Charly's eyes brighten, and Barbara throws her head back. She waits a beat and jokes, "I had some trouble getting my foot out of somewhere."

Barbara is anxious to get to the Edgewater, and she heads off to change out of a pair of light-gray gym shorts and tank top with no bra into "something nicer." She returns, moments later, in a T with the sleeves cut off and a pair of tropical-print shorts. Charly opts to remain in rugged blue jeans and motorcycle boots.

Casey, who has never been to the Edgewater, decides at the last minute not to go because of the long drive. Lori clicks her tongue and makes a lighthearted request: "Bring some girls back for me."

"If the light is on in a room, and the door is open, and activity is going on, you are invited to enter the room and join in." Barbara delineates the etiquette of the Edgewater West. "If the door is open, and the curtain is closed, then you can listen in on what's going on, but you can't join. But if the door is closed, and the curtain is open, then you are welcome to watch."

Unfortunately, the Edgewater is dead on this particular Friday night. I am one of perhaps five other women, including Barbara; a 50-year-old broad, who shouldn't be wearing the white-lace teddy she is; a solid, San Francisco goddess type named Lydia, who eagerly espouses the sexual teachings of the Tantra; and a hardbodied stripper who intermittently fucks herself with a dildo while suckling on the snatch of a female patron with frosted-and-feathered "Texas peacock" hair.

The rest of the hotel's inhabitants are single men who lurk about the grounds, lustily scoping out the forms of the womenfolk through downturned eyes.

"We usually get a room on the second story," Barbara explains, leading our tour around the Edgewater. "You have more control to invite whom you want into your room. It's more private and intimate upstairs, especially on a normal Friday night with all the single men." The second-story balconies are enclosed by bamboo fencing. The rooms on the bottom level are well-exposed.

"We've only gotten involved with one other couple that we met here," Barbara admits. "Charly and I usually bring someone we already know with us."

In a humid hot-tub room, Barbara introduces an Edgewater regular, Bill. A self-proclaimed voyeur and exhibitionist, Bill is naked but for a white, G-string Speedo from which his weighty bulge protrudes.

Bill offers an enthusiastic greeting and directs my attention to a bulletin board. Here, guests can post announcements. Several advertisements are from couples looking for another woman for a threesome.

One note proclaims, "Female Looking for Groups of Men. Room 158." I make a mental note to investigate the room as Bill plucks off his skimpy butt floss and takes his cock into his hand.

"In the public areas, sex is not allowed," Barbara imparts as Bill rapidly wanks his shank, "but foreplay is encouraged. Without the people to put on the show, the voyeurs would have nothing to watch, and vice versa.

"No sex is permitted in the pool or hot tub either," Barbara continues, "although that doesn't mean I haven't seen stuff floating on the water before." Bill's eyes roll into his head as he shoots his wad into his hand.

Charly, Barbara and I head off to the (continued on page 68)

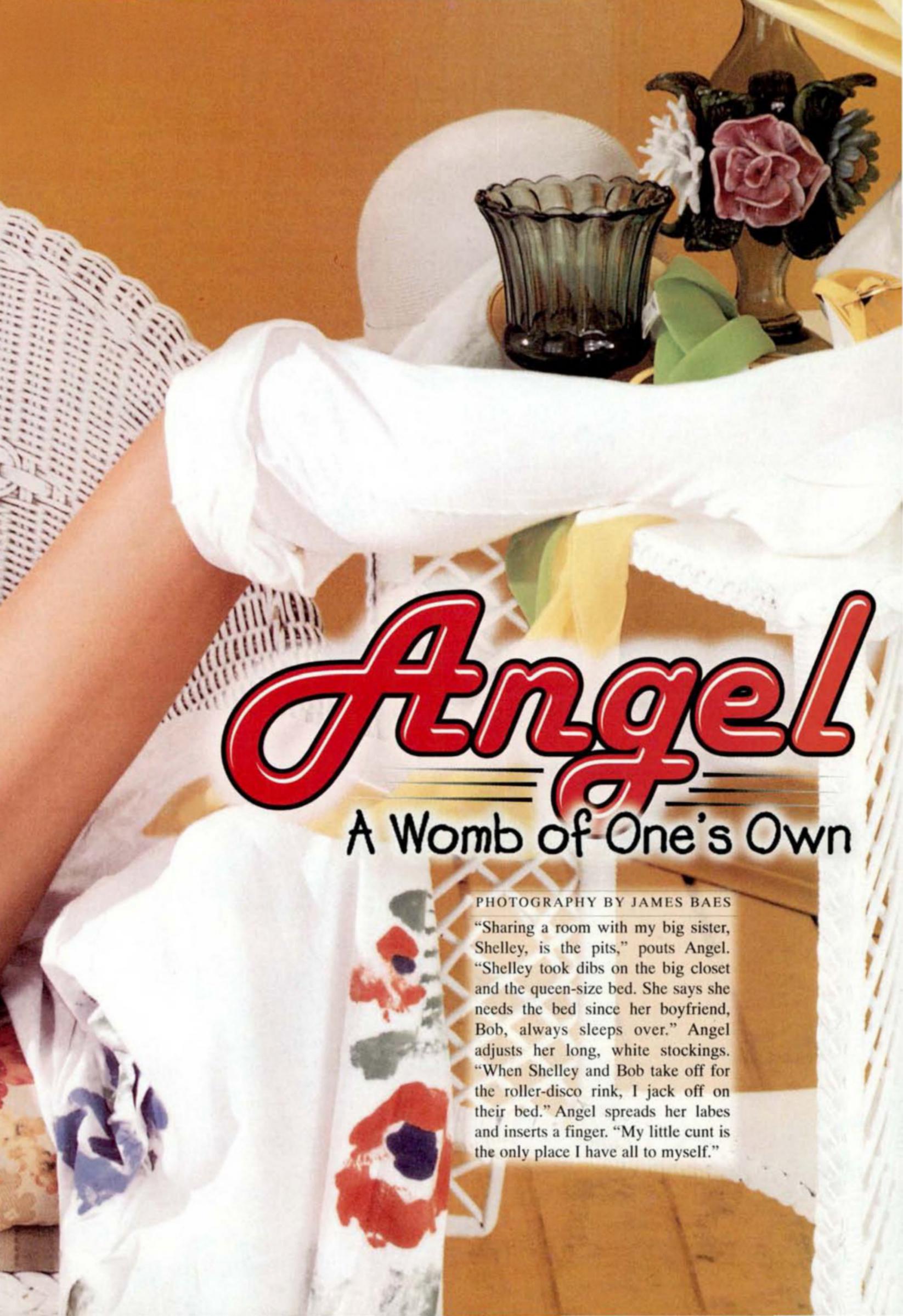


60



"Oh, for cryin' out loud! All right-I'll suck you off!"













(continued from page 60)

Swingers "When you meet someone, first there is a connection, then you develop a friendship. When it's natural like this, then sex follows in a natural manner."

nightclub, where the strip show is about to commence.

Although the Millers enjoy attending the Bay Cities Socials' parties—one of the most popular swingers groups to house their parties at the Edgewater West-Barbara professes that she and Charly are not swingers.

We take seats at the booze-free bar in the hotel nightclub. Barbara explains: "We don't just go around having sex with anyone, although we do have an open marriage."

Charly, the more soft-spoken of the two, nods.

"We tried swinging, but it was too cold, too empty," says Barbara. "We didn't feel like we made any connections with people.

"When you meet someone, first there is a connection, then you develop a friendship. When it's natural like this, then sex follows in a natural manner."

"Although sex doesn't have to take place," Charly adds.

"For example," Barbara allows, "I see a lady, and we love each other to death. We go out dancing. We have a great time. We are intimate with each other, but we are not sexual; although we do kiss and hug and cuddle a lot.

"Charly had also been involved with a lady, who recently moved to Montana. They had been together for 19 years," says Barbara.

"Yeah, and we just had foreplay for ten years of it," Charly deadpans.

"So, you see, I've never met a man who in a heated situation will respect a woman's boundaries of no penetration like that," Barbara expounds. "But the girls joke and say they heat Charly up and send him back to me."

Barbara chuckles. The couple is quick to note, however, that polyamorous relationships are not devoid of envy.

"We're only human," Barbara admits. "Jealousy was a big issue for us in the early years. I had a real difficult time with at least one of the girls Charly was with. She wanted something more than I wanted him to care for her. She wanted him for herself, and I thought, I'll share him with you, but you can't have him.

"But we know each other very well now and know what the other person can handle," Barbara reflects. "We've been married for 25 years and have been involved in the Lifestyle for 23; so we've had lots of time to get over jealousy."

Charly sums up the discussion: "You simply cannot have a relationship like

this without tons of communication, tolerance and understanding."

Later in the evening, I investigate the scene in room 158. Walking past a bushy enclave where voyeurs are known to hide, I once again encounter the cluster of lurking males. A willing nymphomaniac has yet to arrive, and the scene has taken on the vibe of a gang-rape.

Bill leads the lonely-mook assemblage. He whips open the white towel that covers his dick to flash an eyeful of schlong. Bill suggests that the next time I see a man masturbating in public, I should reach down and give him a little tickle, just beneath the testes. I promise to heed his words while quickly taking my leave.

It is Sunday afternoon, and the Millers' Manteca home is alive with post-wedding excitement. Ivonne, Barbara's cuddle-sans-sex girlfriend, has brought her special potato salad to the potluck barbeque that passes as a wedding reception. Charly cooks up a slew of hamburgers, and Barbara doles out yesterday's spaghetti, ribs and salad.

The family relaxes amid Scott Anthony's swing set, kiddie pool and sandbox in the front yard. Barbara and Charly and Casey and Lori begin to explain why they initially opened their marriages.

"It all started when Lori cheated on me when I went to boot camp," Casey asserts.

Lori giggles sheepishly.

"Lori felt very bad about it; so she wanted me to be with someone while I was at my A school," Casey discloses. "But I felt bad when I cheated on her too, because I was intoxicated.

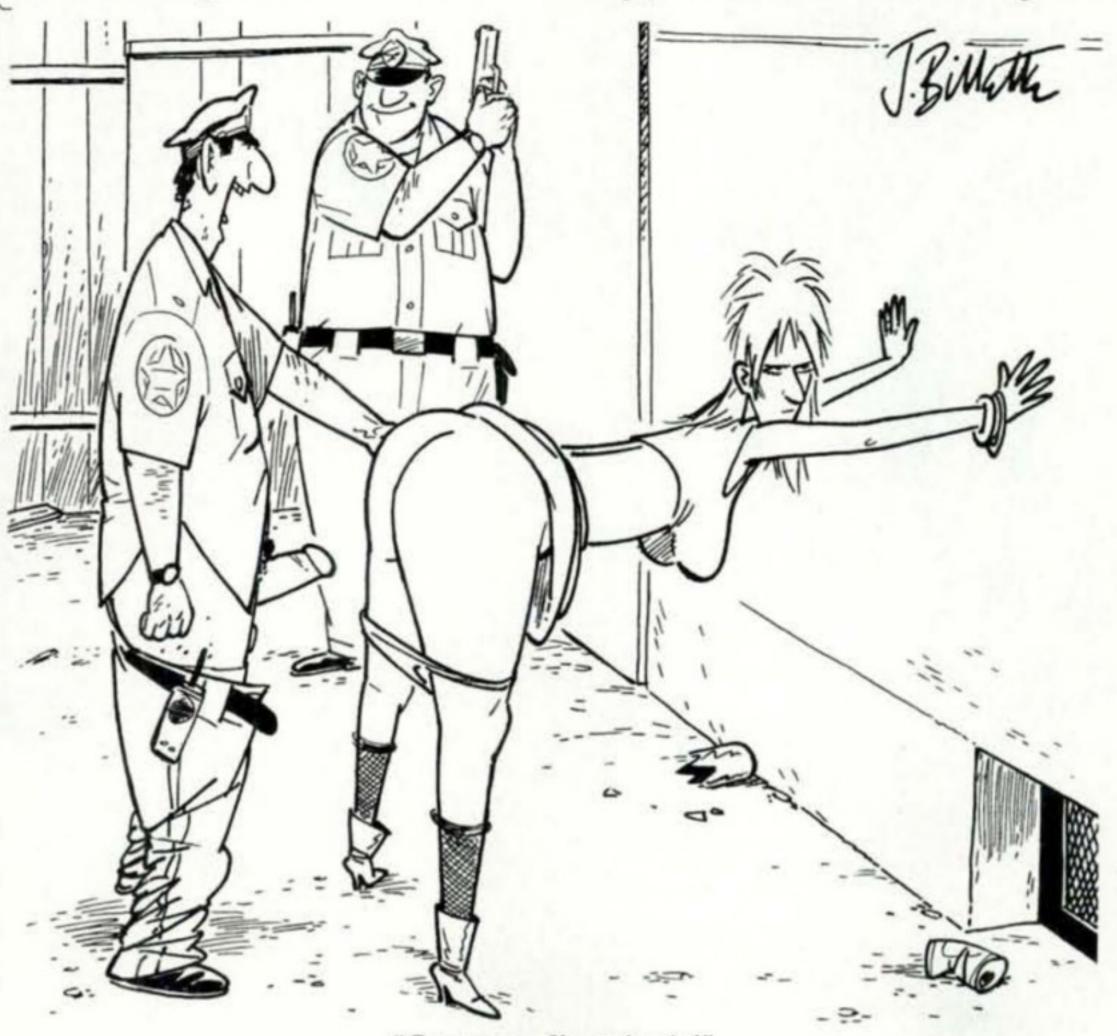
"I was at a party, and I called Lori on the phone," says Casey. "She asked, 'Who you there with?' And I said, 'Everyone's left; it's just me and another girl.' She wanted to know if I was gonna have sex with her, and I said I didn't want to, but she told me, 'Don't call back unless you do."

Lori gasps, turning crimson.

"And I'm drunk, and I'm like, I better do it, or I'm not gonna talk to Lori again," Casey recalls. "She wanted me to cheat on her so she could think, He's done it now too; so we're even. But it doesn't work that way."

Barbara confesses that she and Charly also opened their marriage as the result of an extramarital affair.

"With us, we'd been married six (continued on page 118)



"Cover me-I'm going in!"



"Just wind him up, and he walks around with his head up his ass."

























Between confessions, Father Kelley received an urgent call from nature. The antsy cleric asked the parish janitor to fill in for him. "I won't be long, Ray. If you have any questions, just consult the manual."

Ray nervously consented and entered the confessional. A pretty woman entered and knelt down. "Bless me, Father. I have transgressed my marital vows and committed adultery."

Ray quickly consulted the Catholic repentance handbook. "Recite 20 Hail Marys and ten Our Fathers," he told the guilty woman.

A shifty-eyed man entered next. "Forgive me, Father, for I have stolen \$100 from my best friend."

Ray looked up theft in the manual and prescribed five Hail Marys and 20 Our Fathers.

"Bless me, Father," began a young girl, "I have performed fellatio."

Ray flipped frantically through the book, but was unable to find the penalty for a blowjob. Desperate, the custodian leaned out of the back of the booth and motioned to an altar boy.

"Hey," Ray whispered, "what does Father Kelley usually give for a blowjob?"

"A Snickers bar and a pat on the head," responded the boy.

Question: What's the smartest thing that ever came out of a woman's mouth?

Answer: Albert Einstein's dick.

Phil answered the phone and was greeted by the solemn voice of an emergency-room doctor.

"I have bad news and good news," the medic said. "The bad news is, your wife was in a serious car accident. She's lost use of her arms and legs. She'll need help eating and using the bathroom for the rest of her life, and her care will eat up every penny you make."

"My God," Phil gasped. "What's the good news?"
"I'm kidding," the doctor said. "She's dead."

On the first day of third grade, Miss Torch took roll.

"My name is Johnny Fuckhauer," said one boy.

"I won't tolerate such language in my class," Miss Torch fumed. "Tell me your real name."

"That is my real name," Johnny insisted. "You can ask my brother over in the fourth grade."

The determined teacher marched across the hall.

"Do you have a Fuckhauer in here?" Miss Torch asked the class.

"Hell, no," a bold lad retorted. "We don't even get a cookie break!"

Question: What happened when Jesus went to Mount Olive?

Answer: Popeye kicked the shit out of him.

Herschel and Hymie paused before a sign outside the Baptist church: Jews! Convert and Win \$10,000.

"\$10,000 is a lot of money," said Herschel.

"But, Herschel," exclaimed Hymie, "your father is a rabbi. He'd never forgive you for losing your faith."

"I'd spend the \$10,000 before he even knew," Herschel replied. He crossed himself and went into the church. Hours later, the shrewd infidel finally emerged.

"Well, did you get the cash?" Hymie asked.

Herschel shook his head in disdain. "You Jews. Always thinking about money."

The HUSTLER dictionary defines hair ball as: the leading cause of death among lesbians.

After they were stranded on an island for six months, Murray finally agreed to Dick's suggestion of anal sex.

"If you like it," Dick instructed, "start singing. If you hate it, make an animal noise, and I'll stop."

Dick mounted the reluctant fag. Within a few strokes, Murray bellowed, "Mooo-oon River!"

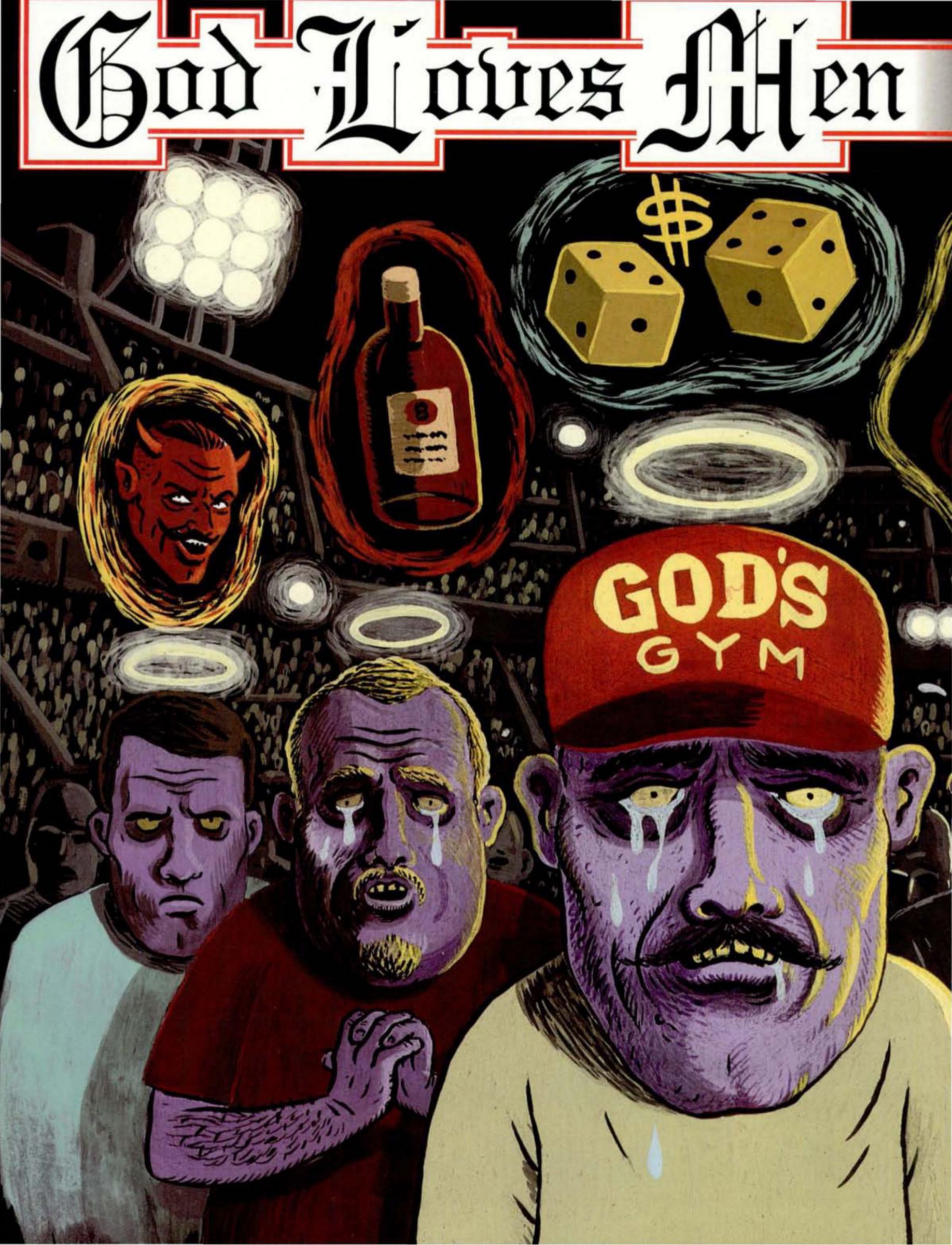
Greta, an obese housewife, was scrubbing the kitchen floor when she frantically summoned her husband.

"Harold! I'm paralyzed! I can't move!"

"Get up, you stupid bitch," Harold snarled. "You're kneeling on one of your tits."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Or E-mail jokes to hustler@lfp.com. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.





THE STRANGE, TEARY-EYED RITUAL OF A PROMISE KEEPERS RALLY



Keepers "I can't break down to the same degree in front of a woman. It's so easy in the company of my brothers. But if you're writing this down, make it clear that I'm no homo."

Mustaches. Thick ones, clipped ones, some Fu Manchu-style, many grown over into full goatees. There are mustaches everywhere in Washington, D.C., on the morning of October 4, 1997.

More than aviator sunglasses, baseball caps, Garth Brooks cassettes, sweatshirts emblazoned with God's Gym logos or the shitload of pickup trucks clogging every traffic artery, the overwhelmingly common denominator among the men calling themselves Promise Keepers—godly men who have infiltrated the nation's capital in epic numbers this day—is lip hair.

They are Christians, they say, and so perhaps the mouth fuzz flies in tribute to their famously bearded inspiration.

"My mustache," reveals Bobby, a 49year-old computer-systems salesman from New Jersey, "has nothing to do with my being a Christian or a Promise Keeper. I grew the thing in high school because a girl said it would make me look like Eric Clapton."

"Tell him what else," chuckles Bobby's buddy Chicky, a fellow Promise Keeper and one top-flight facial-hair sporter.

"Okay, we used to call it a flavor saver too. You know-eat some now," Bobby extends his tongue in a comically lewd simulation of cunnilingus, afterward sniffing and lapping the hairs under his nose, "save some for later!"

Chicky convulses in amusement.

"Just because we're serious in our devotion to Christ and to the Promise Keepers movement," Bobby reasons, "that doesn't mean we can't laugh, get loose and—pardon the expression—have a hell of a good time. It says right in the Bible, 'Make a joyful noise unto the Lord.'"

"And, with all due respect, diving for sweet pink," Chicky japes, "is about the most joyful noise a mouth can make."

"We do this because it's important to stand up before God and recommit ourselves to our families," says Bobby, desperately trying to impart an earnest point between guffaws.

Chicky adds: "The fact that it's a couple days away from the wife and kids doesn't exactly hurt either."

The majority of the Promise Keepers hail from rural and suburban America. For many, this is their first-ever trip to the nation's capital.

"I had to park on the street," gripes Promise Keeper Gary, who drove in from the Georgia-Florida border. "I'm already storming heaven with prayers that my truck stays where I left it."

Gary stares off into the distance, where protesters from the National Organization of Women rail against the

covert motives they see lurking behind the Promise Keepers' platform. Echoing such dissent are pro-sodomy homosexual fronts, evangelicals who proclaim the Promise Keepers to be false prophets of the Antichrist and lots and lots of openminded liberals.

Metro police expect unprecedented crowds. Local merchants are pleased as punch. And as Bobby and Chicky saunter off to bond with their Lord- and dirty-joke-loving brethren, they're still giggling.

Oh, yes, the faithful have gathered.

Promise Keepers kicked off on March 20, 1990. Bill McCartney, who was the head football coach at the University of Colorado, envisioned filling a stadium with thousands of Christian men. Someone else might have next thought, Blockbuster gay-porn epic, but McCartney, instead, opted to start a prayer group.

Within a year, 4,200 God boys gathered for the first Promise Keepers conference at the University of Colorado basketball arena. Since then, more than two million men have attended Promise Keepers stadium conferences all over North America. It is unlikely that they all boast senses of humor on par with the highly developed wits of Bobby and Chicky, but they have certainly started tongues wagging.

The Promise Keepers' unashamedly "Christ-centered" process of atonement includes confessing sins, swaying, singing, holding hands, hugging, falling to one's knees and crying and crying in wailing, open-mouthed, Alan Alda-embarrassing weep fests.

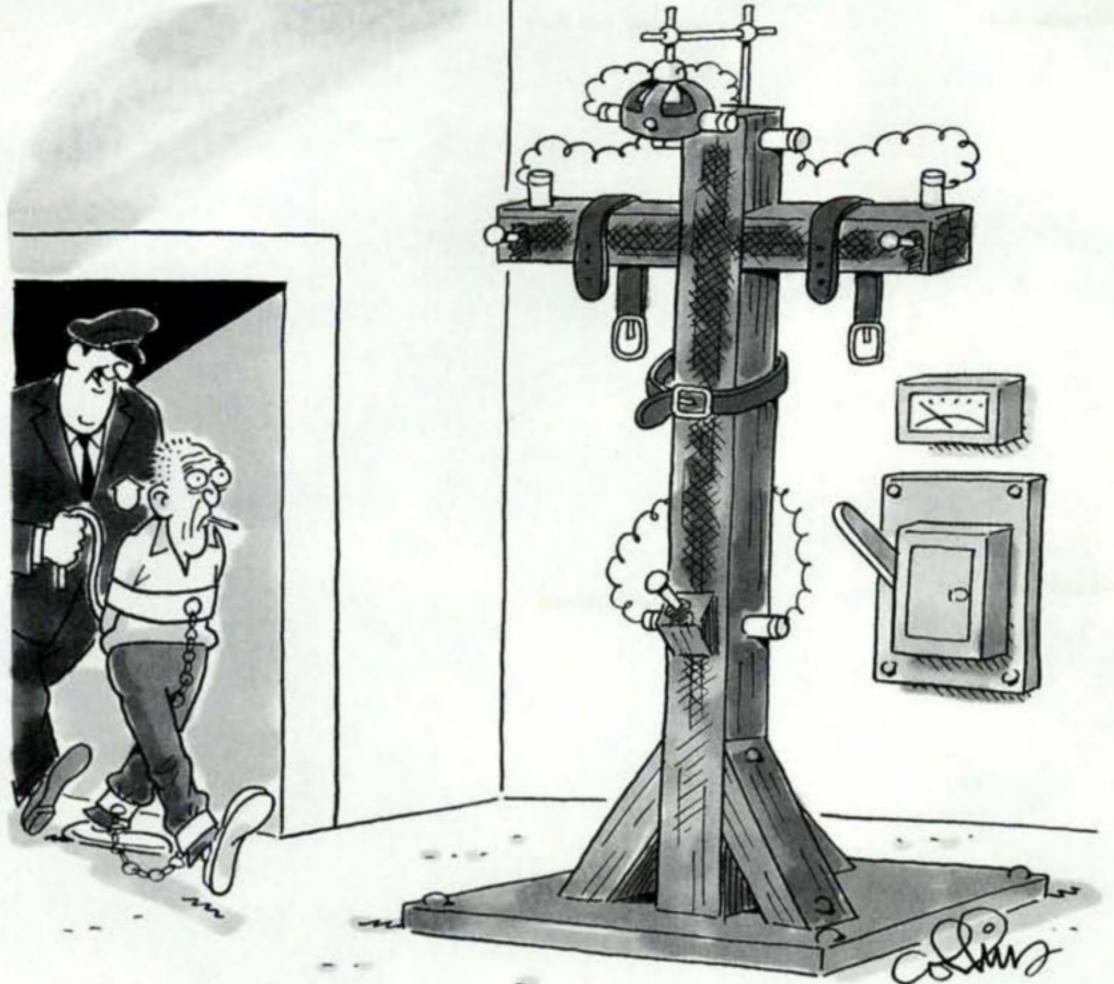
Stand in the Gap, as the big Washington rally has been named, aims to make a million pairs of eyeballs flow wet and hot.

"I can't break down to the same degree in front of a woman," admits Promise Keeper Tom from New Mexico. "It's so easy in the company of my brothers. But if you're writing this down, make it clear that I'm no homo."

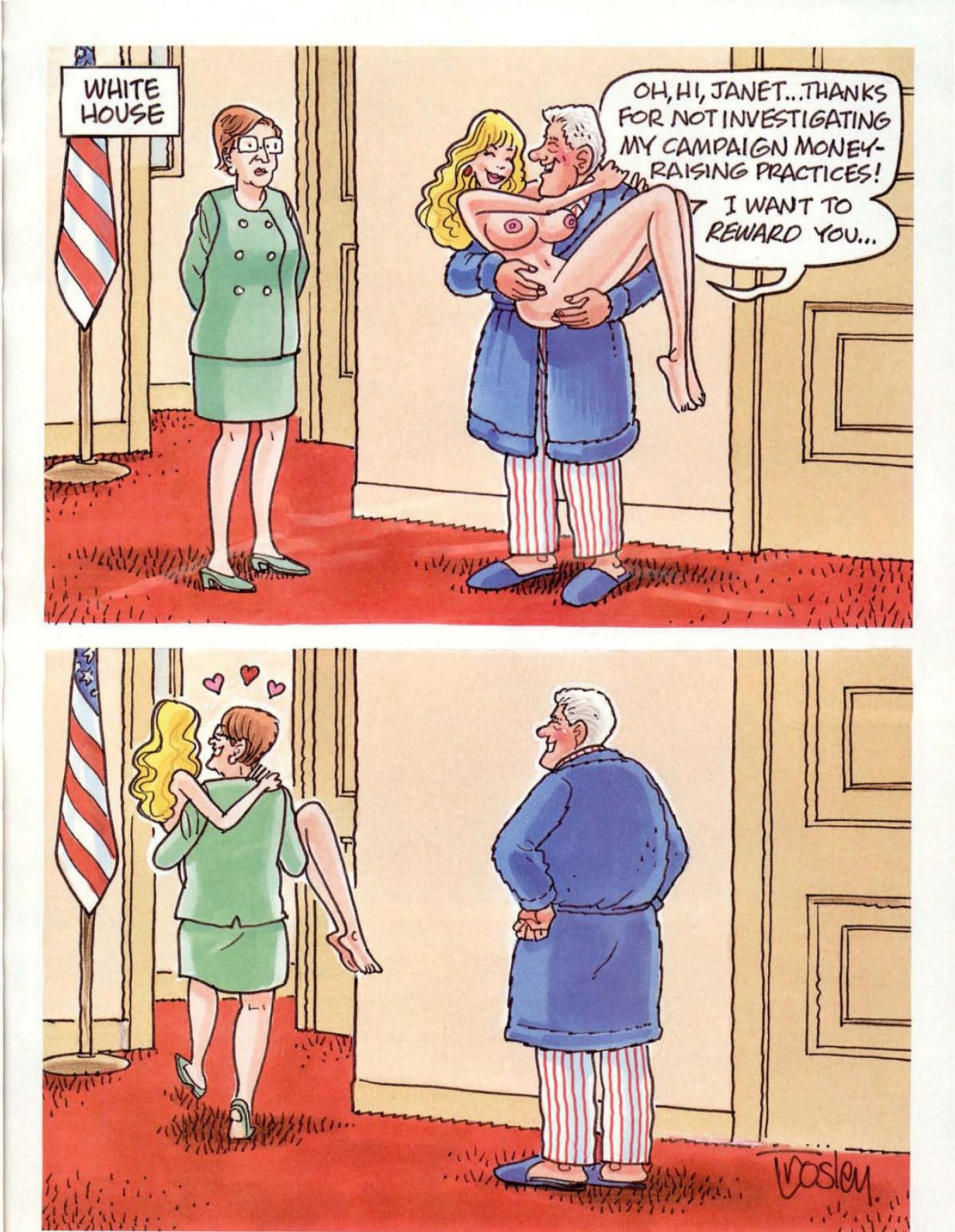
Promise Keeper Tom is no homo.

While Promise Keepers rhetoric emerges from ancient scriptures, they have much in common with more recent movements. Roughly a century ago, a major-league baseball player named Billy Sunday organized all-male tent revivals where he swung his bat at Satan to preach the virtues of muscular Christianity.

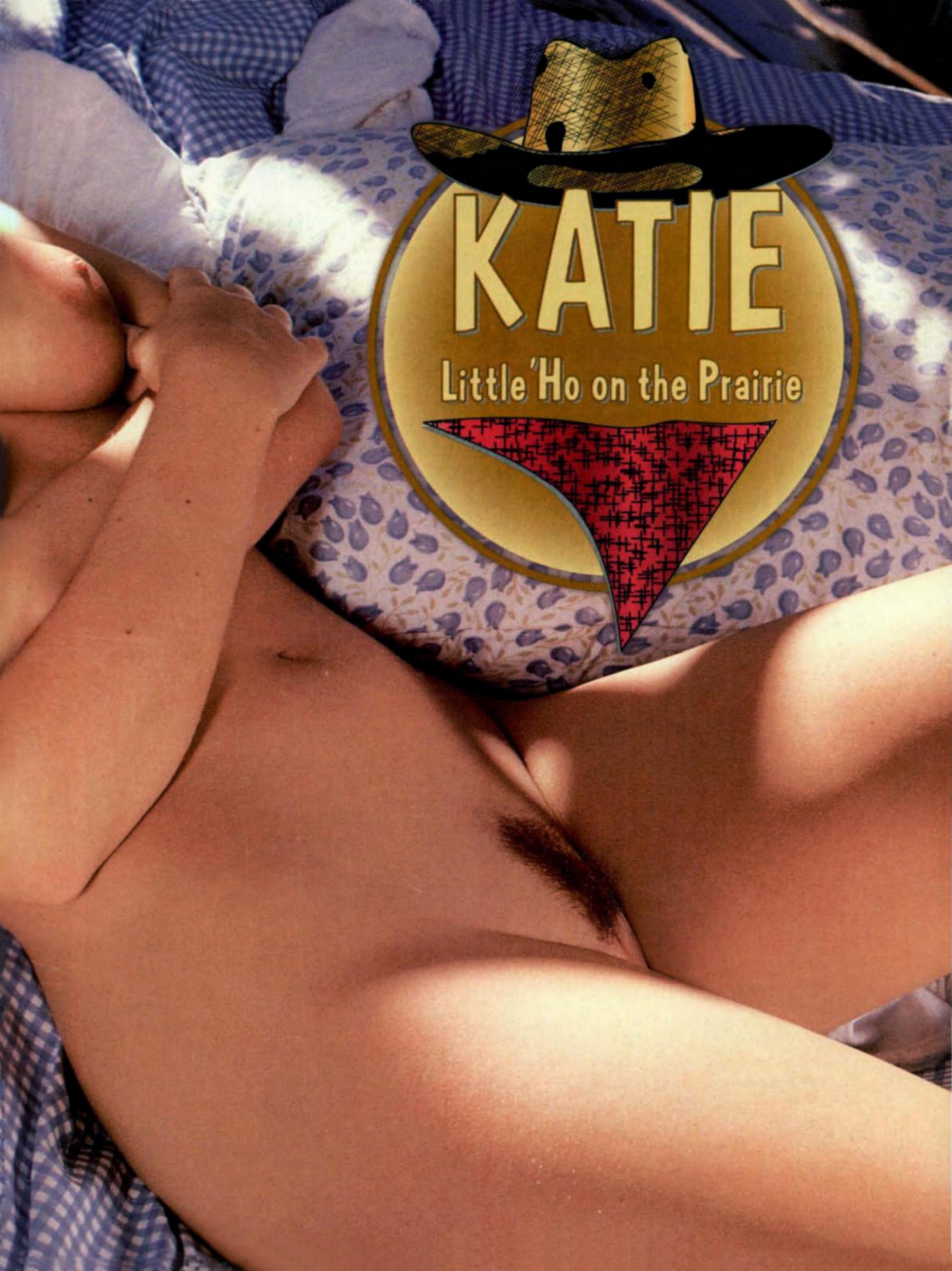
The early 1990s offered the frequently lampooned "men's movement" which, bolstered by such tomes as Fire in the (continued on page 94)



"Lethal injection? Ha—you wish. In this state we use the electric cross."



















Keepers "Whoever stands with the Messiah will rule with Him. Whenever the truth is at risk, in the schools or in the legislature, we are going to contend for it. And we will win!"

Belly and Iron John, coerced scores of office dwellers into beating drums and howling like wolves in the forest-at least if TV sitcoms are to be believed.

Most obviously setting the stage for the Promise Keepers' epochal moment, however, was the heavily debated Million Man March. In October 1995, the peckerwood world eased a grip on its wallet when firebrand Minister Louis Farrakhan galvanized an estimated 800,000 black males into shuffling on down to D.C.

The Promise Keepers want their own shot at wholesale salvation, and racial reconciliation ranks among their top public priorities.

Whether hailing Bill Parcells, Aerosmith or God Himself, mustaches do have to eat, and the proliferation of tailgate parties and makeshift barbeques dotting the Stand in the Gap festivities is a reassuring touch.

"This is what we came for," marvels Promise Keeper Kedrick, pointing to the group of his friends who have made a several-hour drive from rural Virginia. "The camaraderie here is inspiring. Plus, in D.C., there's safety in numbers."

"Just like the Lord," a speaker quips from the mammoth stage, "we have come to where the sinners are in hope of curing sin." There are a lot of laughs, but the statement is likely no joke.

Perhaps it's symbolic that the selfdescribed "hope of mankind" has amassed in scummy, threatening Washington, D.C., home to crack-smoking Marion Barry and the federal government.

"This is the worst place on Earth," says a disgusted police officer. "All I care about is whether these guys keep one big promise: to clean up their mess tomorrow. No one else is going to."

"It's scary," any one of the more vocal Promise Keepers opponents can be heard whining at the rally.

The Promise Keepers boys seem more like Fred Flintstone than Freddy Krueger, but a gaggle of women are waving placards nevertheless:

JESUS, SAVE ME FROM YOUR FOLLOWERS.

METHODIST LESBIAN CLERGY AGAINST THE PROMISE KEEPERS.

The last one I have to check out.

"The fact is, they're scary."

Her name is Pat, and she claims to be an ordained Methodist minister in a Pennsylvania church that caters to fruits and rug rubbers seeking Jesus action between club nights.

"What specifically about the Promise Keepers gives you such heebie-jeebies?"

"Specifically, they are intolerant," Pat huffs. "The Promise Keepers are the definition of intolerance. Tolerance is what Christ preached, and tolerance is the only hope we have as a society."

Before lesbian Reverend Pat can start in on hate, I flip through literature at a table behind her. One pamphlet provides startling facts and quotes surrounding primero Promise Keeper Bill McCartney.

McCartney, who is ever insistent that the Promise Keepers is not a political entity, was long affiliated with the selfdescribed revolutionary antiabortion outfit Operation Rescue. He also hobnobs with big-shots from the extremely political Christian Coalition.

"I just go to where the men of God are," McCartney says.

For all his slippery neutrality, McCartney has stated, "Whoever stands with the Messiah will rule with Him. Whenever the truth is at risk, in the schools or in the legislature, we are going to contend for it. And we will win!"

When asked on NBC's Meet the Press if he would run for President "if God said it was necessary," McCartney responded: "Absolutely. I'd be a fool not to."

Still, it's hard to nail the Promise Keepers as intolerant, per se. McCartney goes so far as to tell his homo, hairy-pitbitch and HUSTLER-reporter critics: "We love you. You can trust us because we are men of integrity. You'll find being in the company of guys who keep their promises is healthy."

Just so long as we remember who's in charge-namely Jesus H. Christ.

"I love the Jews," comments Promise Keeper Harry from Utah, "but...." Harry takes off his cowboy hat and gets thoughtful. "I'm a Mormon. Mormons comprise roughly 2% of the United States population. Jews comprise roughly 2% of the population. Why is it that we don't have endless books and movies and television shows about Mormon struggles or the Mormon experience?

"That's because the Jews have stuck together for centuries-helping one another, defending their own faith, promoting their own interests for survival," Harry continues. "The Jews don't need a group like the Promise Keepers.

"Am I happy that so much of what the Jews force on us is secular, left-wing and Christian-bashing? No. But in the larger sense of togetherness and pushing (continued on page 102)



"I'm out of the hospital, but I'm still hooked up to a machine...."

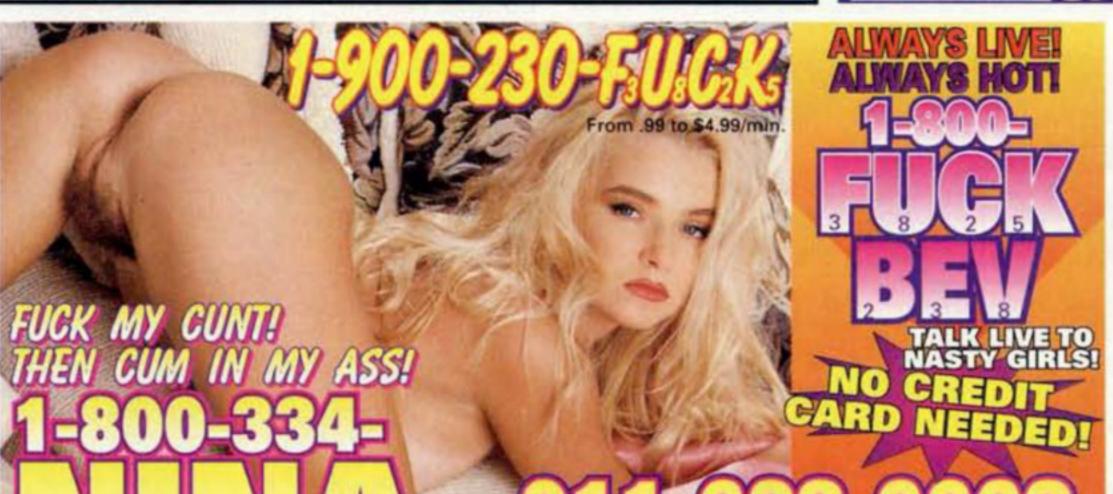


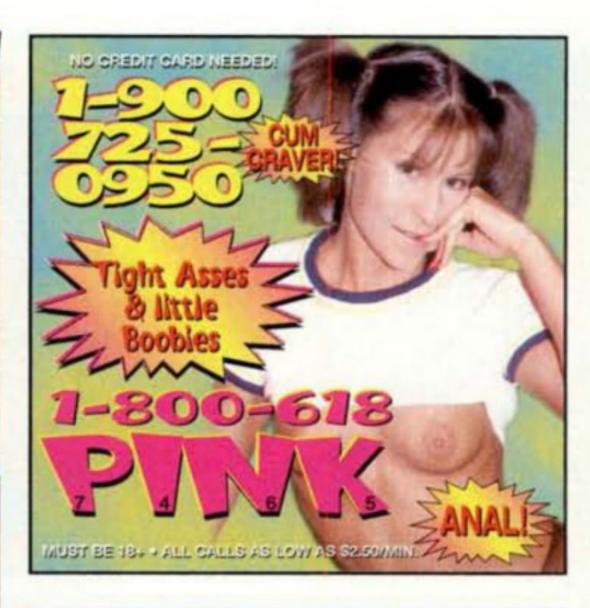


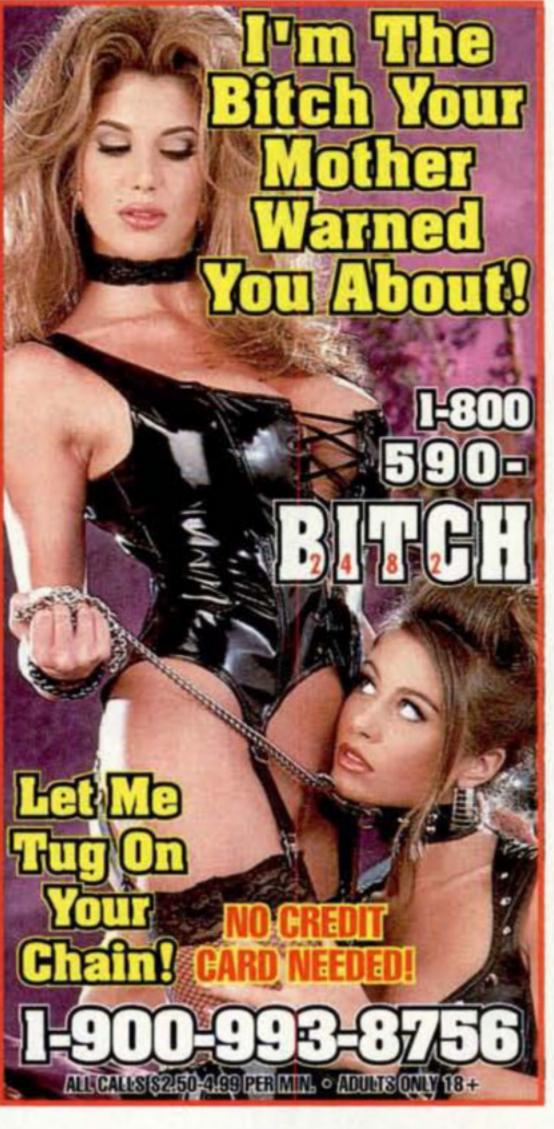




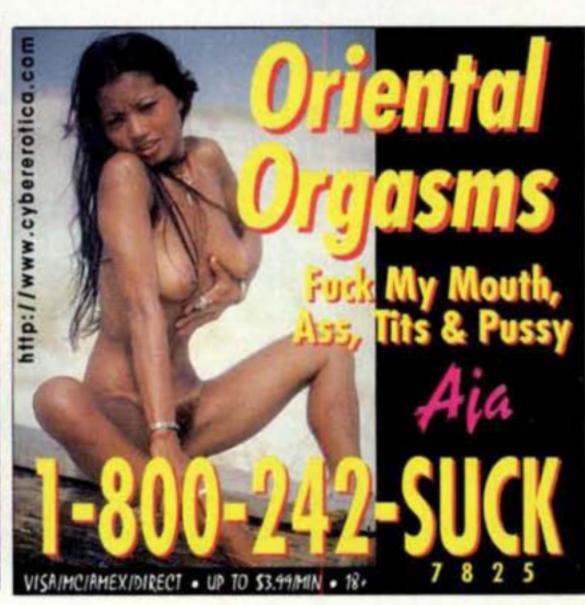










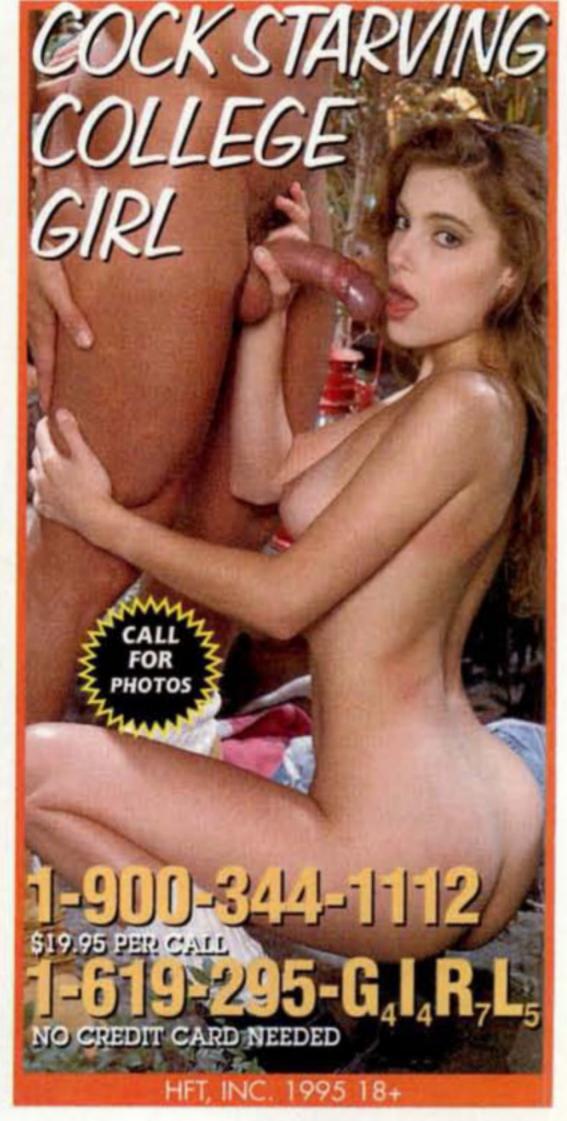




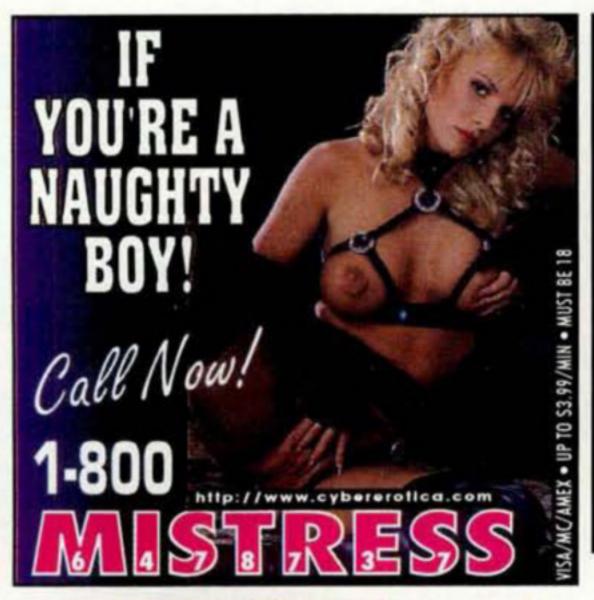




















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WHILE YOU BEAT OFF AS HARD AS YOU CAN!

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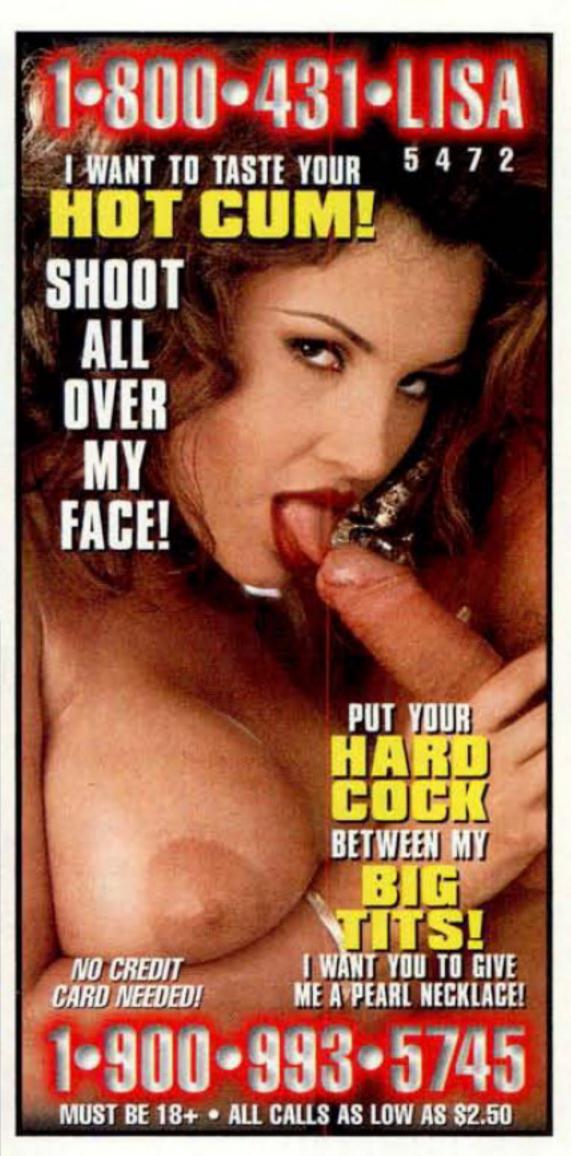
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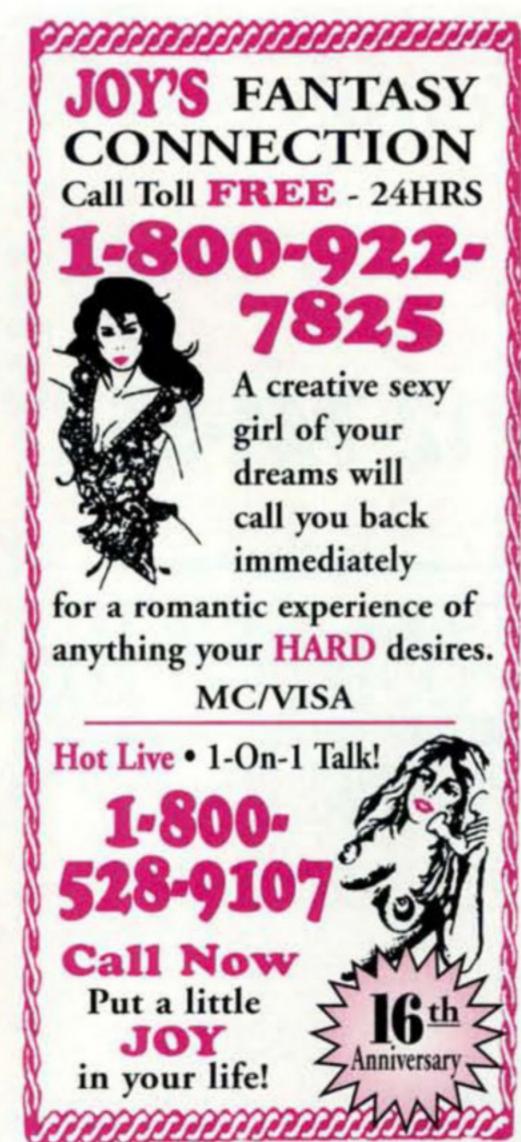


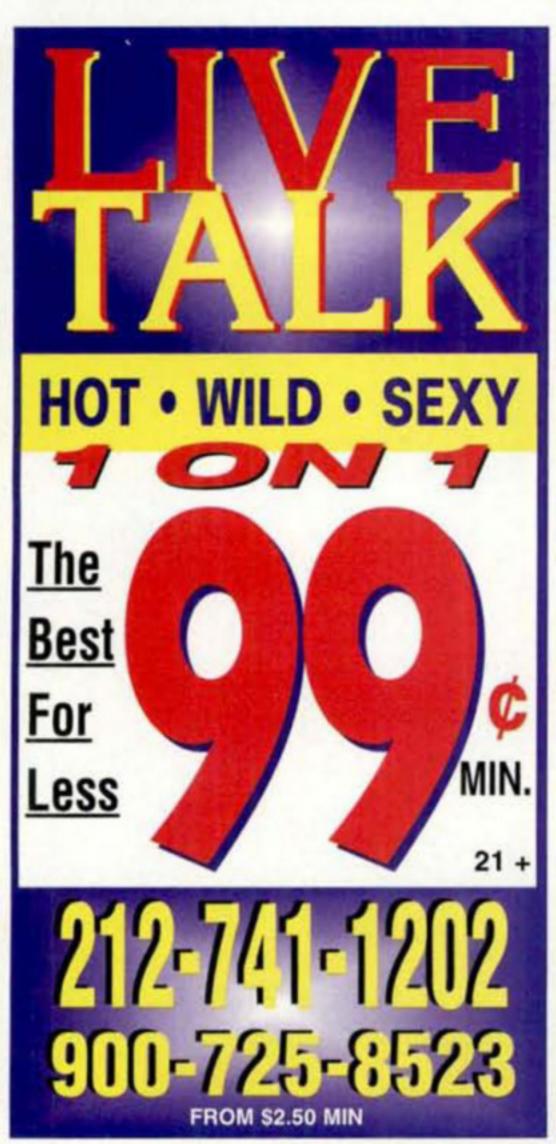






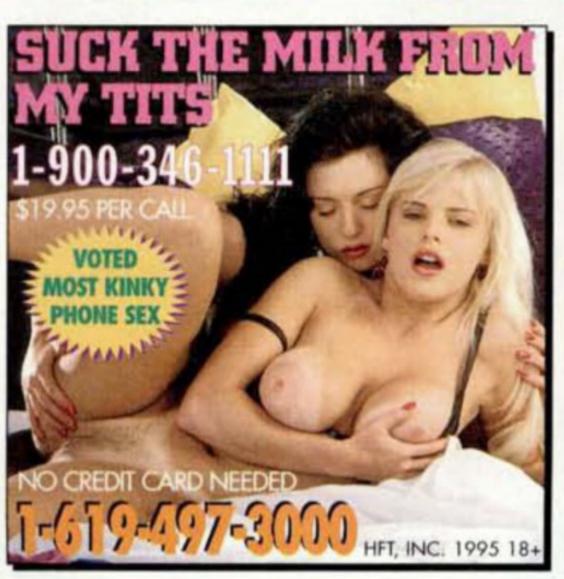




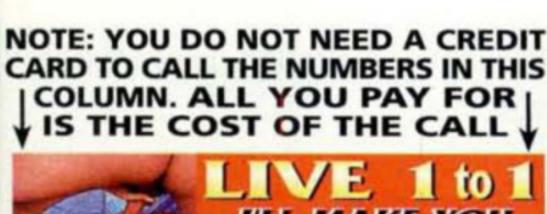














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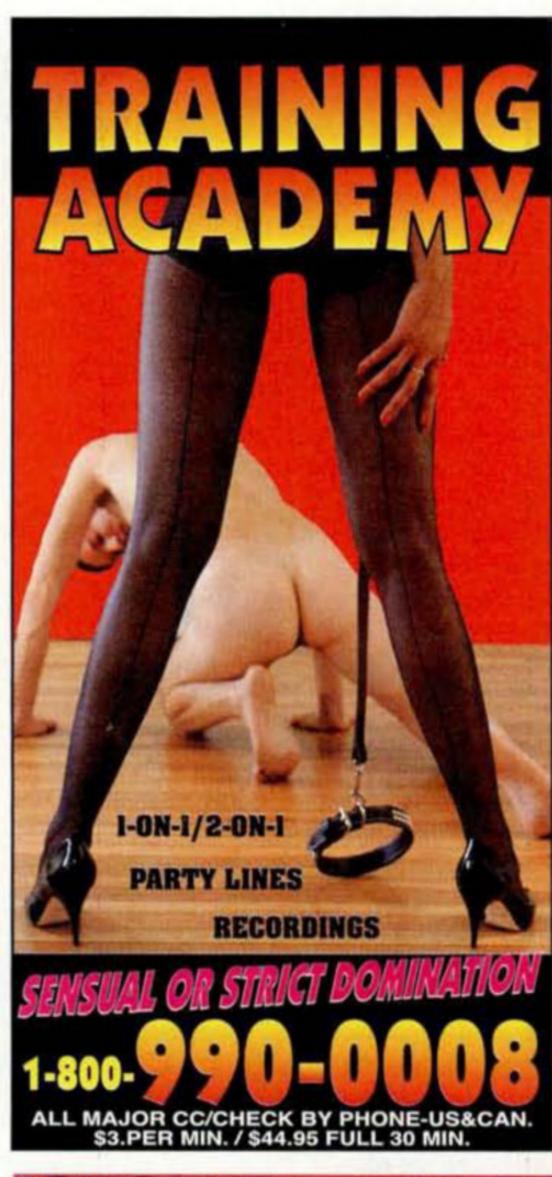
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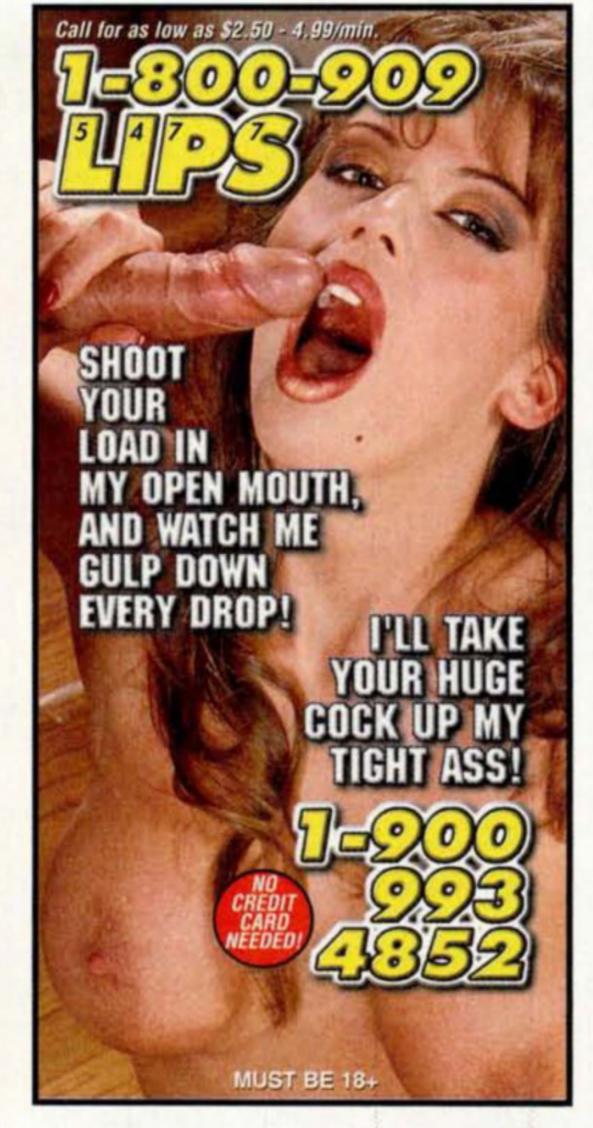
Wife Swapping Gang **Bang-Hear Slutty** Wives Taking It In **Every Hole**





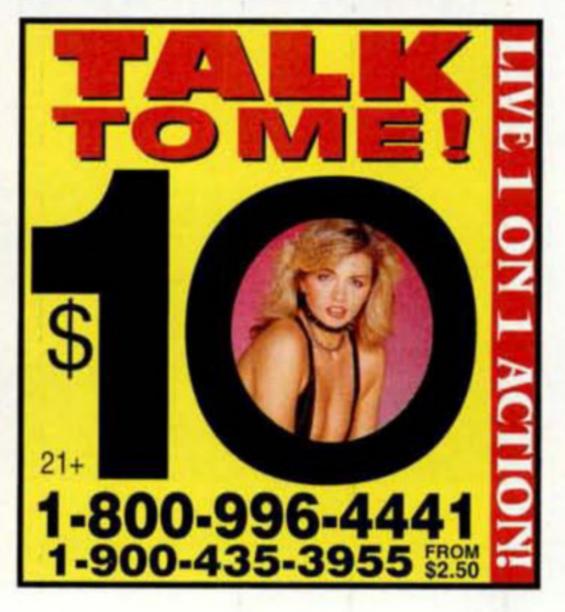












(continued from page 94)

The official line is that we're exclusively a spiritual organization, but I want to make the U.S. the Christian nation it once was—God's country—and is supposed to be."

an agenda, I admire the Jews, and I think the Promise Keepers ought to follow their example."

And yet remain apolitical?

"I'm not apolitical," Harry asserts.

"The official line is that we're exclusively a spiritual organization, but I want to make the U.S. the Christian nation it once was—God's country—and is supposed to be."

Harry's candor might lend credence to charges that the Promise Keepers serves as a Trojan horse for far-right ideas and campaigners. To Pastor William Schcenk, however, the Promise Keepers threat is infinitely more dire.

"This is the end time," Schcenk wails.

"The Antichrist festers among us. You, you and you—look about and see with your own eyes the coming of the false prophets!"

When Pastor Scheenk shouts through a bullhorn that the Promise Keepers are scary, it packs far more wallop than the mealy gripes from the N.O.W. tent.

It's easy to see what angles are being worked by all the players in this show-case showdown. If the Promise Keepers honchos are sincerely interested in only making better husbands and fathers of their flock, then why do they openly court Jerry Falwell and Ralph Reed?

"Here is my take on it," offers Vic, a reserved Promise Keeper from northern California. "It once seemed preposterous to imagine an America where straight, white, male Christians feel despairingly marginalized, but here we are. Our wives have to work, our kids are caught up in that heinous Marilyn Manson or gangstarap crap, and nobody anywhere hesitates for one second to remind us white guys that everything is our fault.

"For truly regular guys like me," Vic says, "the Promise Keepers seems like our best shot at getting back some of the dignity we've lost."

Beyond the mustaches, however, the uniform mask of the Promise Keepers at this rally seems to be a look of nearly indescribable desperation. For all the talk of hope and rebirth, everywhere I look, I see slumped shoulders, bag-toting eyeballs and ass cracks peeking above sad, sagging dungarees.

Still, McCartney envisions this testicle-bearing frustration as a worldwide ailment that he and His are exclusively toting the salve for. "I believe God is showing us now that He wants us to go global," Coach Mac further prattled on Meet the Press. "How that unfolds is anybody's guess."

It is time for the Promise, the one to be

made en masse and, in theory, kept by all present. This oath to the Almighty looms so titanic that McCartney and company fragment the pledge into seven easily digestible pieces. They all essentially break down to one wail: Our dicks are Yours, Jesus.

It's breathtaking to see hundreds of thousands of men hold hands and emote. Try picturing the guys from your bowling team making out with each other between fits of hysteria.

The finger-linked masses repeat the booming words echoing from the voluminous loud speakers: "A Promise Keeper is committed to practicing spiritual, moral, ethical and sexual purity." Then the blubbering starts.

It has become clear we've spiraled into a cosmic-proportioned horror show. Tears and caresses have replaced bachelor parties and poker nights as the preferred implements of male bonding.

And that's all I can stand.

I am reunited with Bobby and Chicky late Saturday night at Capitol Class, a D.C. strip club. They made it through the mammoth rally, the onslaught of speakers and the massive group promise to go forth and fuck up no more. Amen.

"The guys we were staying with were all excited about a night of Bible reading," Bobby explains. "Not exactly my idea of a good time."

"Yeah," Chicky concurs. "Just because we're down with J. C. don't mean we can't dig a little T&A."

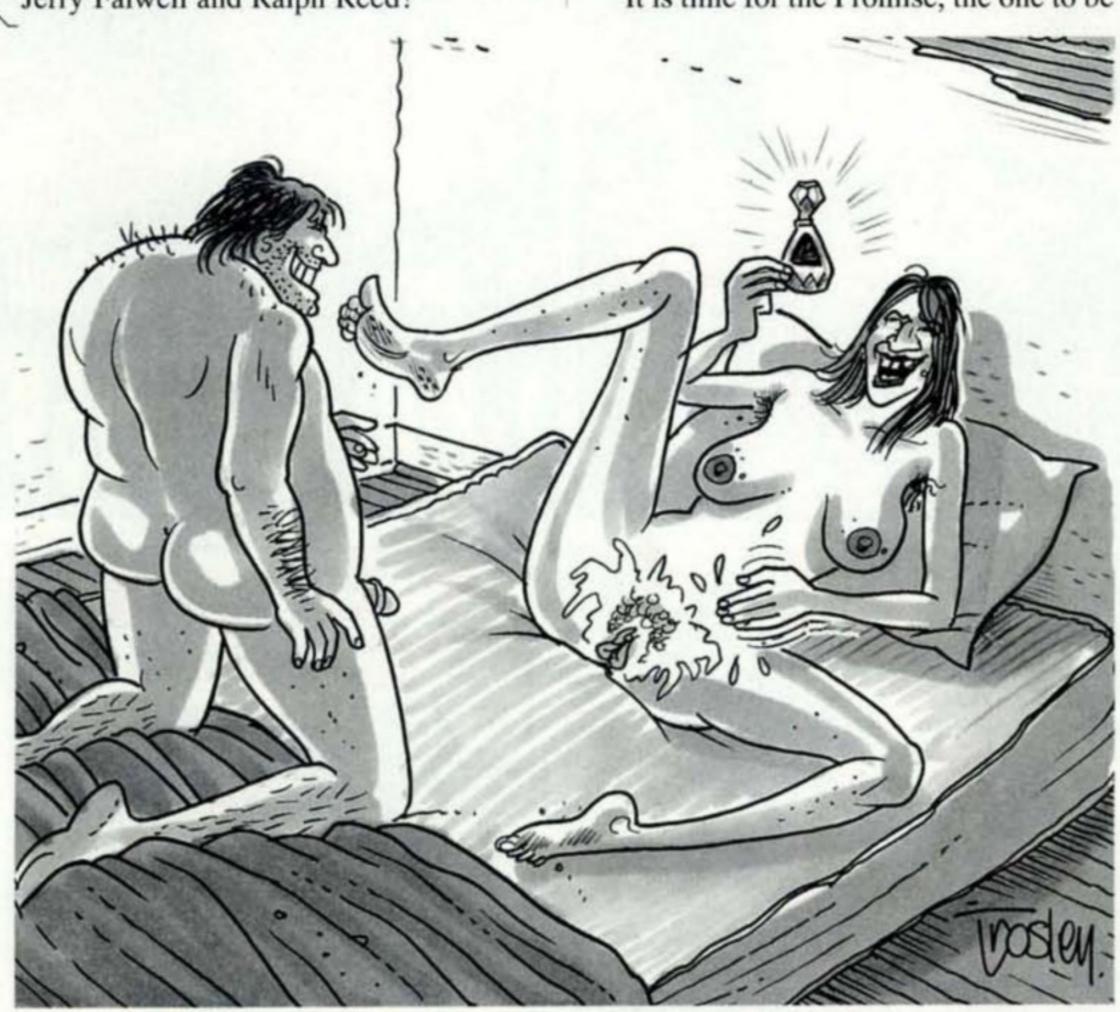
The hilarity never stops with these two. I remind Bobby and Chicky that Promise Keepers standards advise rather vehemently against the use of pornography, prostitution and related fare; vices for which scoping skanks at Capitol Class definitely qualifies.

"Look around," Bobby says. "The place is full of Promise Keepers. We're not drinking booze, and we're not getting into trouble. I don't even think my old lady would much care if she knew I were here."

"And if your old lady's cool with it,"
Chicky reasons, "then I would hope the
Promise Keepers and even the Big
Guy," he points upward, "would be cool
with it."

No one in Capitol Class is supposed to be here. Nothing makes sense anymore. No one does what he ought to. In an era where frightened confusion defines our collective reality, the potential for Promise Keepers impact is awesome, imminent and maybe somewhat, okay, scary.

Gentlemen, start your mustaches.



"My armpits smell like skunk, and my feet smell like rat shit, but my pussy smells like Elizabeth Taylor!"

PAULA JONES AT THE LINEUP



Art, music and gymnastics are only a few of well-rounded L.A. woman Claire's leisure pursuits. A wily 25-year-old waitress, Claire isn't above mixing a little pleasure with her business. Claire yearns to "serve more than dinner to the hottest couple who come in my restaurant." Check, please!

Photo by Boyfriend

Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur nudist over 18
years of age? The 1998 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize
Competition is looking for you! Snap a clear, color picture and
mail it to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900,
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Prize Finalists win \$1,500 each. The award for the photo-

Prize Finalists win \$1,500 each. The award for the photographer of the Grand Prize Winner is \$500, and the Finalists' photographers win \$250. Fill out the model release below, and include a photocopy of (1) a photo ID and (2) another form of ID.

All photos become the unreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.



Beaver on the go Joanie of Clearwater, Florida, enjoys bowling, dancing and traveling. The 28-year-old office manager hopes to add cruising for "beautiful, sexy women" to her list of extracurricular achievements. When some lucky lady participates in a threesome with Joanie and her boyfriend, bowling balls won't be the only thing up Joanie's alley.

Photo by Friend

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Date of birth	Phone (include are	a code)	
Model's Social Security number		100	
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THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model)



Courtney Lee of Lubbock, Texas, is a saucy young student majoring in the fine art of perversion. In addition to working out and piercing her clit, 27-year-old Courtney fantasies about "doing it in the girl's bathroom." It's never too late to brush up on your toilet training, boys and girls.

Photo by Friend

Keri of Greensboro, North Carolina, takes a break from glitzy world of adult entertainment to get back to nat Keri claims her fantasies "are so hot, they couldn't ever printed in HUSTLER." Could they possibly involve "mount climbing and group sex"? This 25-year-old nudist a naturalist has undoubtedly reached the peak of exhibitionis Why spread your beaver, Keri? Because it's the

Photo by Frie

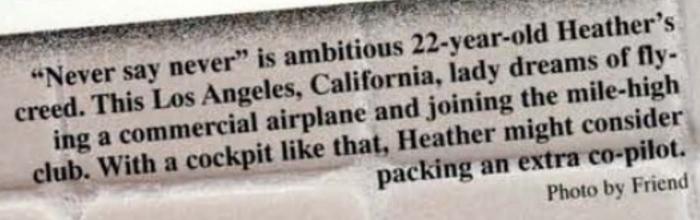


Meet the horniest thing to come out of Arkansas since Bill Clinton. Daffney Briane is a 21-year-old mother and factory worker from Little Rock. Daffney dreams of herself and a horny gal pal "greased up with baby oil and fooling around." Sexy hijinks ensue when Daffney's boyfriend joins the fun, and this Southern orgy erupts into "sucking, coming and tanning all over." After all, what's a little cunnilingus between friends? Photo by Boyfriend

Tiffany of Anaheim, California, is ready to stir up some offchoad excitement. A computer technician, golfer and motorcycle racer, 31-year-old Tiffany hopes to make love with her boyfriend "in front of spectators during a motocross race." A stick in the mud beats a heat in the dirt any day. Photo by Friend









Meet T. J., an ambitious 22-year-old vixen from Indianapolis, Indiana. "Horseback riding, skydiving and just having fun" is how T. J. allocates her leisure hours. This landlocked Midwestern gal longs to make love on the beach. Could some kind gentleman spring for T. J.'s trip to a coast?

Photo by Friend



Muffy diver Tricia, of Napa, California, holds her breath long enough to give Beaver Hunt readers a view into her sunken treasure cave. This aquatic acrobat's ambitions include "singing, appearing in a magazine layout and being with two women." The determined 22-year-old being with two women." The determined 22-year-old writes: "I won't stop till I get to the top." Not so fast, writes: "I won't stop till I get to the bends.

Tricia. You're giving us the bends.





Heather, a 21-year-old medical secretary from Los Angeles, California, credits her "outgoing personality" with helping her achieve her goals in life. "Dancing, stripping and working out" help too. What all-American schoolboy wouldn't play hooky to sample Heather's home remedy? She'd even provide the doctor's note.

Photo by Friend

Retail manager Michelle from Brunswick, Maine, displays her priceless wares on the living-room carpet. A 27-year-old, Michelle spends her spare time "fulfilling all my husband's fantasies and creating new ones every day." She yearns to make debauchery a spectator sport by "totally seducing another woman while my husband watches with three of his friends." Break out the lobster bibs before you sample this mouthwatering Maine attraction.

Photo by Husband





HUSTLER readers, give 28-year-old Peace a chance. This plucked and plucky dental hygienist from Fall River, Massachusetts, enjoys "sewing, dirt bikes and other outdoor fun." Peace yearns to return to the site of the Summer of Love to have sex with her husband "during rush hour on the Golden Gate Bridge and then bungee jump naked off the side." Take some of those dirty hippies with you, Peace. They sure could use a bath.

Photo by Husband

Don't let Debbie's cozy carpeted interior fool you. A 29year-old dancer from Athens, Georgia, Debbie digs "fast year and drummers." Nothing rings this Southern Belle cars and drummers." Nothing rings this Southern Belle more than "doing it outside in a hammock." Any of you Athenians up for some backyard swinging?





Lesley of Huntsville,
Alabama, dreams of using
technology to satisfy her
sexual needs. A 30-yearold dancer and student,
Lesley longs to "have sex
in virtual reality so I can
have the mate of my
choice." With a body like
Lesley's, computer geeks
everywhere will be eager
to download.

Photo by Friend

Sexy Fox of Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, is a versatile factory worker who enjoys "cocksucking, pussy eating and watching porn." Sexy Fox has nurtured no greater dream in her 20 tender years than appearing as a HUSTLER Honey. Besides, of course, "being gang-banged by 12 well-hung men." Work on that assembly-line fantasy, Sexy Fox, but watch out for injuries caused by repetitive motion.

Photo by Boyfriend

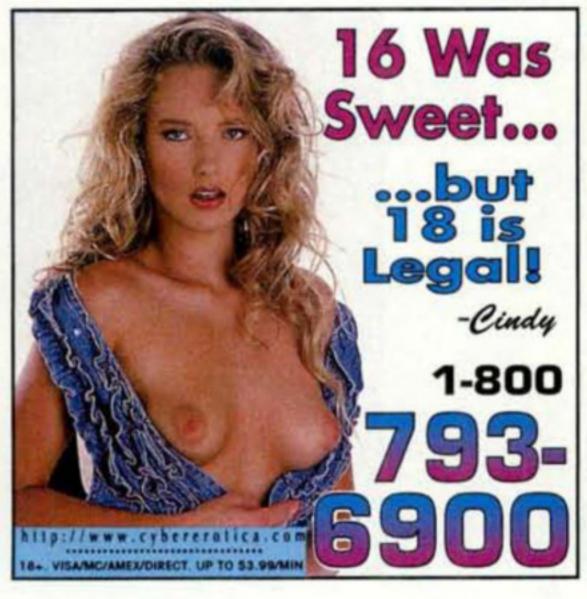


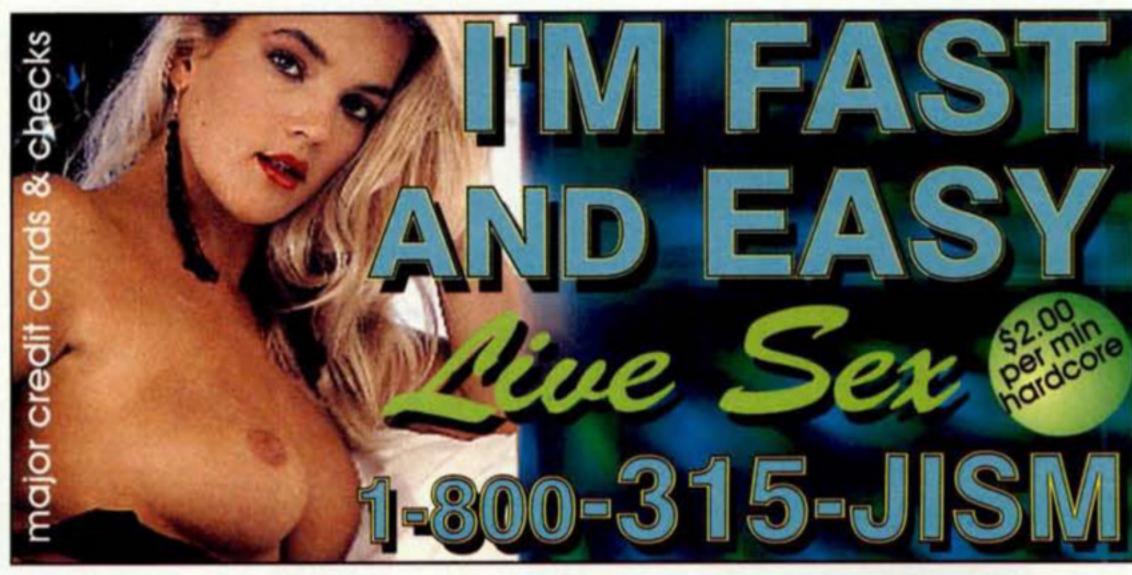
Joni from Euless, Texas, is an accounts-payable clerk who keeps her personal life shrouded in secrecy. The 32-year-old contortionist included no hobbies or sexual fantasies along with her lacy, racy photographs. Does this enigmatic Beaver's contortionist pose suggest that she is considering a career change to the receivables department? Photo by Friend

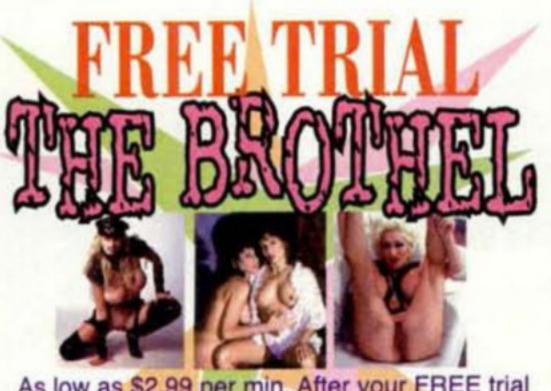
Pledging allegiance to the power of pussy is Wiggles, a 25-year-old housewife from Vista, California. Wiggles livens up her domestic duties by "housecleaning in the nude" and blowing her hardworking husband. "To be tied up and fucked hard" is Wiggles's dream reward for her tireless devotion to the duties of wife and mother. Women like Wiggles make this country great.

Photo by Husband









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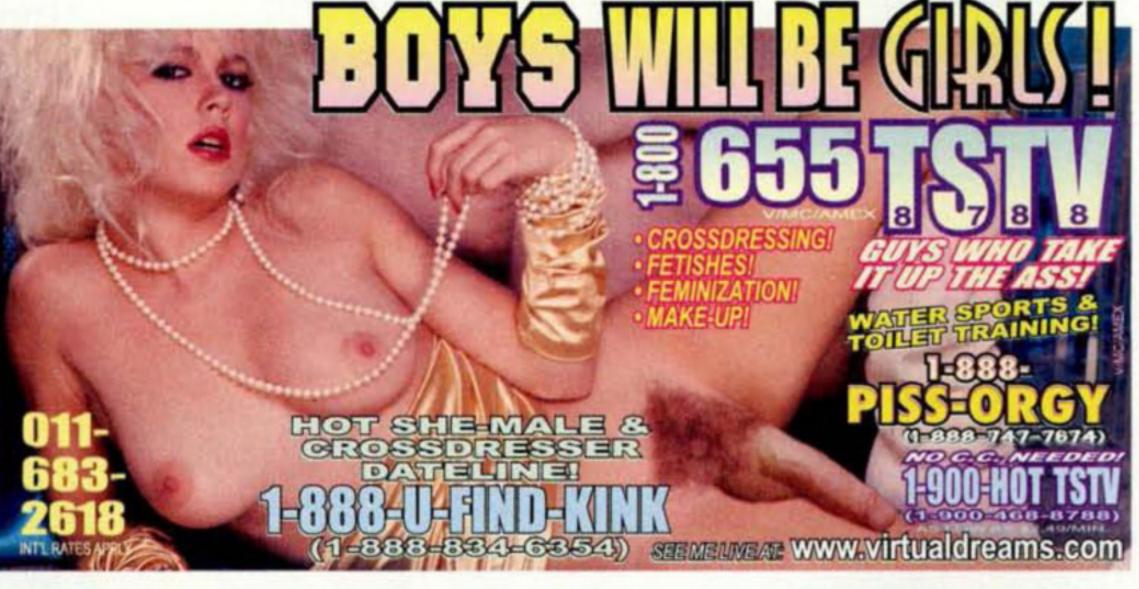
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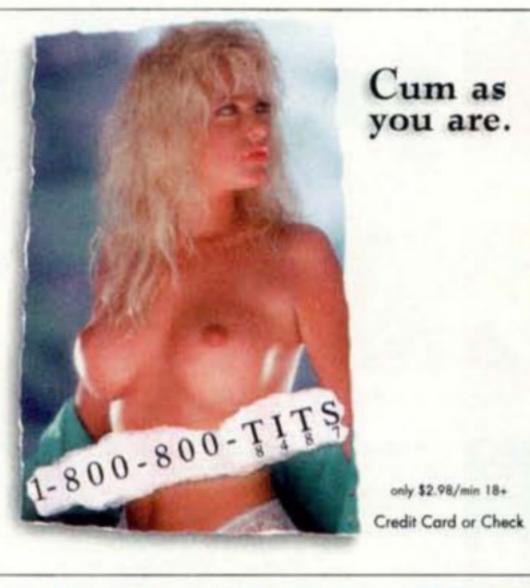
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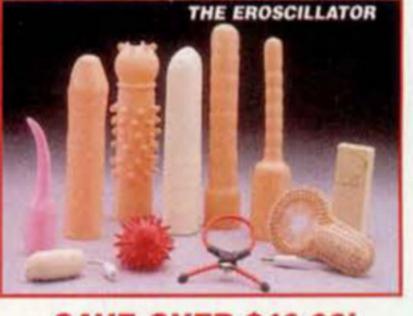
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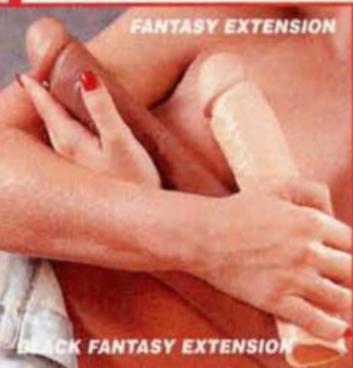
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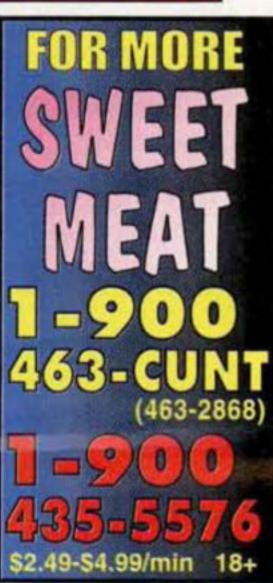
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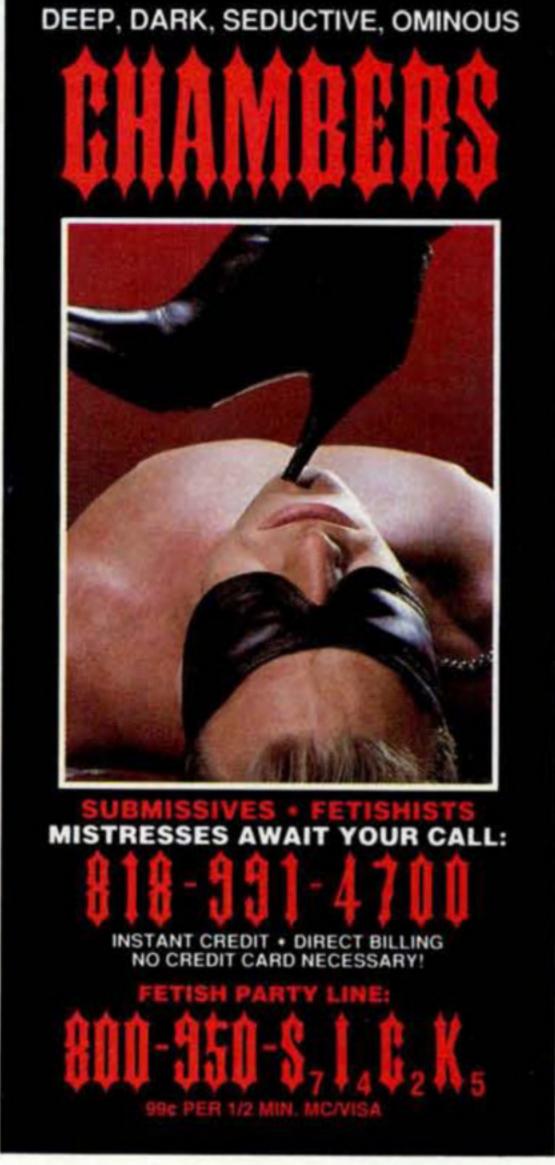
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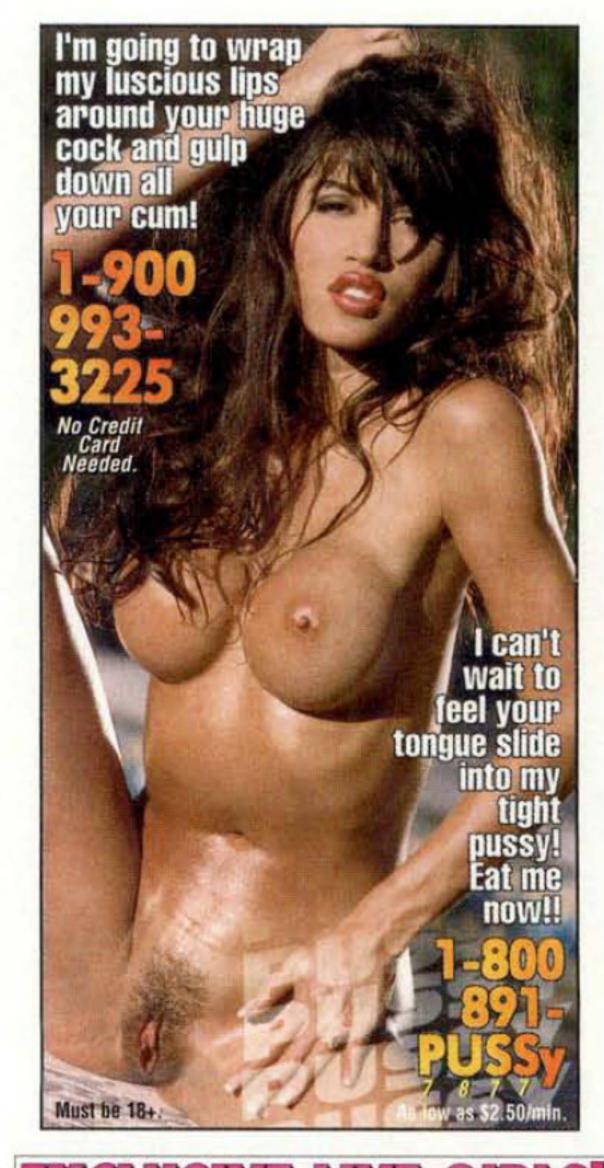










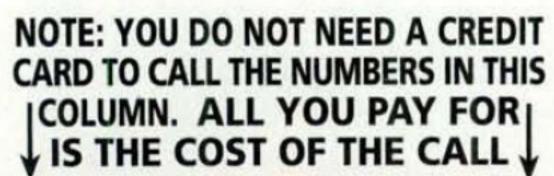












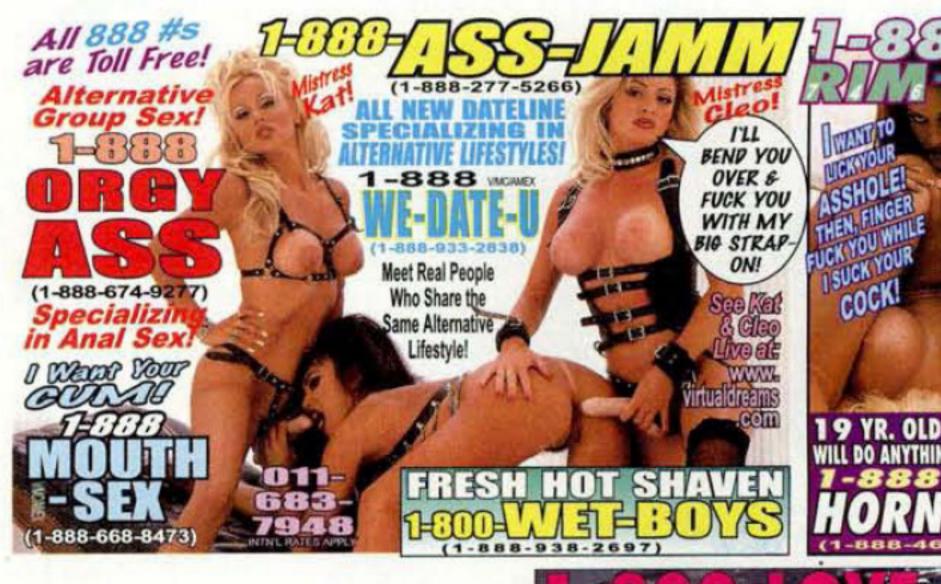


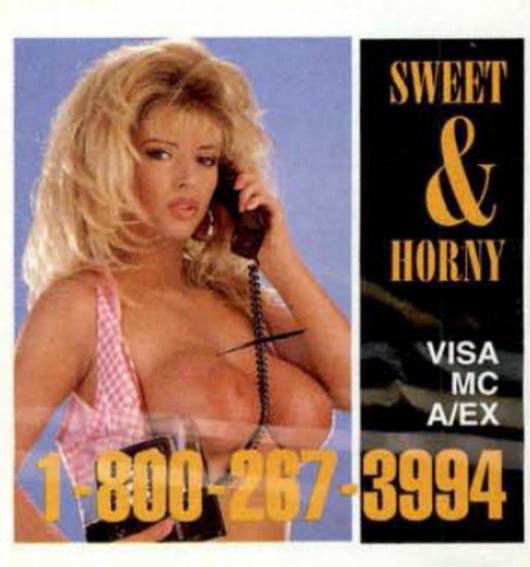








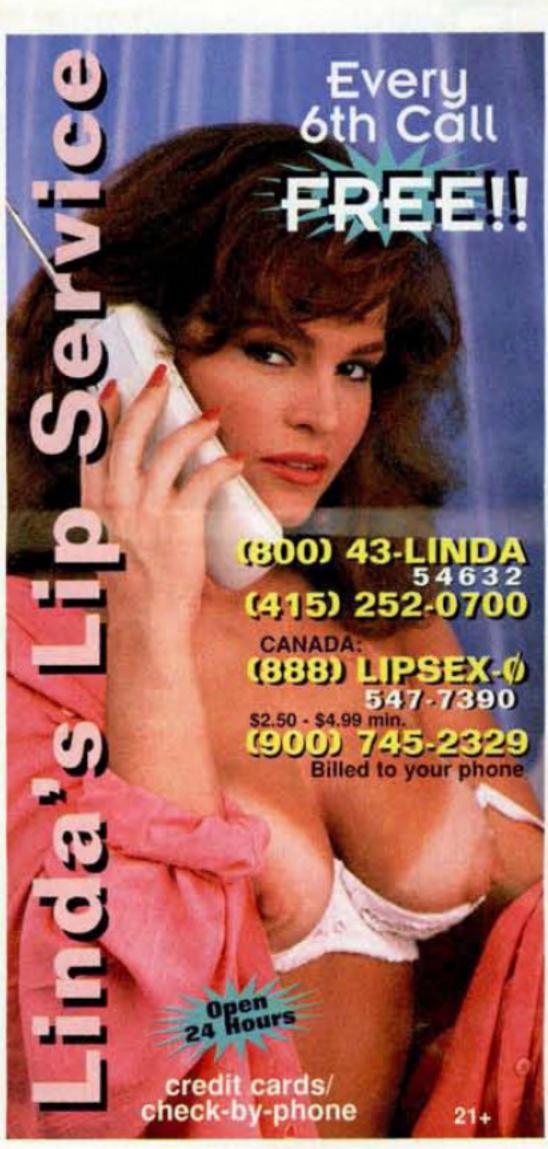






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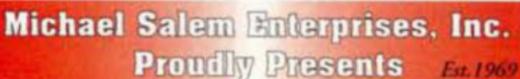




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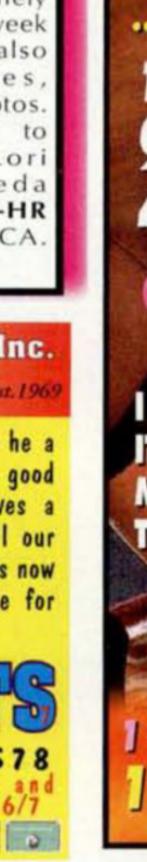




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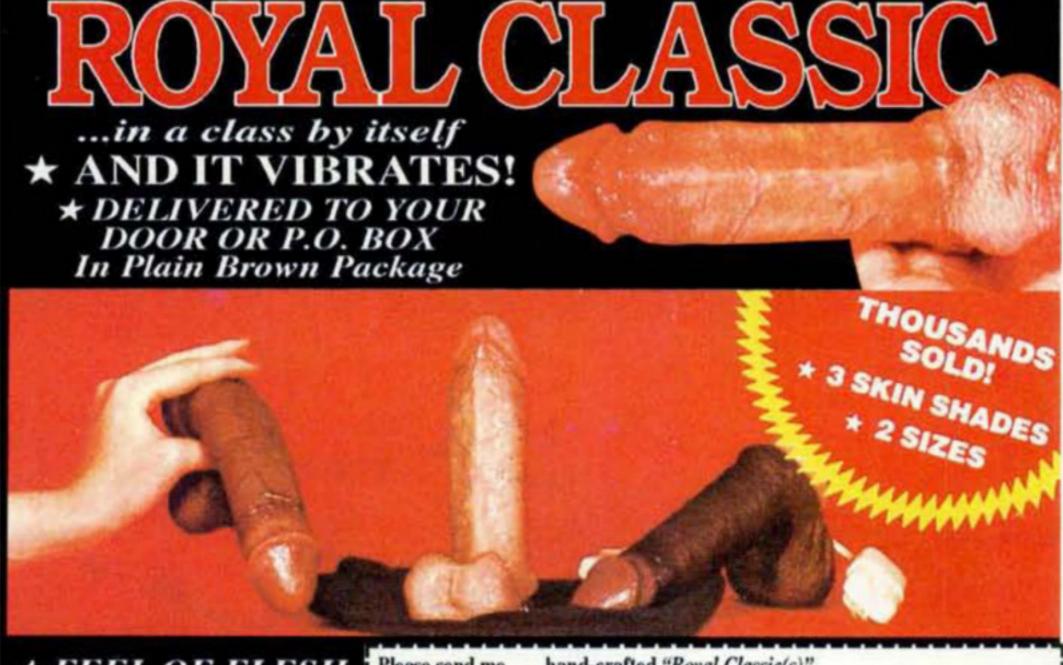
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* Penis size does not include balls.

Swingers "We actually fought more when our marriage was closed than we ever did when it was open." The couple now maintains that their relationship simply works better when it remains open.

months," Barbara recollects. "Charly was in the Navy and gone a lot; I was 16 years old. We were in Virginia, and I'd never been away from home before. I didn't know anybody, and I met the guy who lived next door. Charly told the guy before he left to go out to sea, 'Keep an eye on her."

Charly scratches his chin, then offers: "Never tell a man to keep an eye on your woman unless you want his hands on her too."

"Yeah, that's what I said to my friend too, the one who cheated with Lori," Casey interjects.

"I ended up getting involved with the guy," Barbara admits. "So when Charly got back, I told him, 'There's something you need to know that happened, before we do anything else."

Casey sighs and adds, "I was home six months before I knew."

"Charly and I got back to California, and I told him to call up this one girl he knew, and Charly said he didn't want to see her," Barbara continues. "I talked him into it. I was thinking, I know he wants to see her; so why doesn't he just come clean with it?"

Charly explains that he and Barbara have opened and closed their marriage as much as eight different times since

then. The couple would continually close their marriage, wait for a time, see that it wasn't working, only to open their marriage once more.

Barbara shakes her head. "We actually fought more when our marriage was closed than we ever did when it was open." The couple now maintains that their relationship simply works better when it remains open.

Casey concedes that he and Lori have also tried to close their marriage on several different occasions.

"Once [when our marriage was closed], our ex-girlfriend came back around, and we were both still really attracted to her," says Casey. "We were trying to keep our feelings about her a secret, and that just drove us more crazy; so we started bickering with each other. We couldn't tell each other about our feelings because the marriage was closed."

Abruptly, Casey poses a question to his mother. "Did you have a lonely childhood, which made you like this nowliking to be with others?"

Barbara shakes her head.

"I think that's what happened with me," Casey explains. "I was alone a lot when I was a child. My father worked hellacious hours; my mom was sick a

lot. I didn't make friends real well when I was little; so I was alone much of the time.

"Now that I'm grown up, I enjoy being with a whole lot of people, making them feel good about themselves, making sure that they're not alone."

"I don't know why I do what I do," Barbara responds. "Only that I enjoy who I am and love the people who I am with. I love life."

Lori disappears suddenly, only to return, moments later, armed with the family photo album. Photographs of the family's past are quickly unearthed from the dusty book.

Barbara and Charly pose nude in one color shot, captured during the couple's early days together, when they lived on a full-fledged commune in Manteca. Barbara then displays a photo of one of her first girlfriends, who stands clothed in a bikini beside an American flag.

A "sexy" photo of Casey is withdrawn from the stack. He grins widely in the color chrome, nude except for a pair of red-satin briefs. Casey handed over this photo in return for a photographic gift from Lori, in which she appears, reclining lazily, in an open trench coat, lingerie and garters beside a schoolyard gate.

Lori selects another photo from between the pages. In this particular shot, Lori poses with her girlfriend, who wears a burgundy-velvet dress.

"That's my wedding dress," Lori says proudly.

The phone rings.

It's for Charly-his 26-year-old girlfriend, Ana, is on the line. He shuffles off to his room to take the call in privacy.

Barbara snickers. "I know what they're gonna do."

The sun sets, and night descends in Manteca. This small American town, nestled between dairy farms and alfalfa fields, is an unlikely home to two generations of Millers who have negotiated marriages on their own terms.

Revealing a photo calendar she had made especially for Charly's 40th birthday, Barbara points to an image of Ana, who smiles for the month of June. For each month, a laminated portrait reveals one of Charly's significant others.

Barbara explains she wanted to get Charly something special for his 40th, and this is the idea she came up with.

"I love Charly happy, when he's with someone else," Barbara reflects. "That's a pride thing for me too."



"That sex change was a goddamn shame, and that's all I have to say!"



















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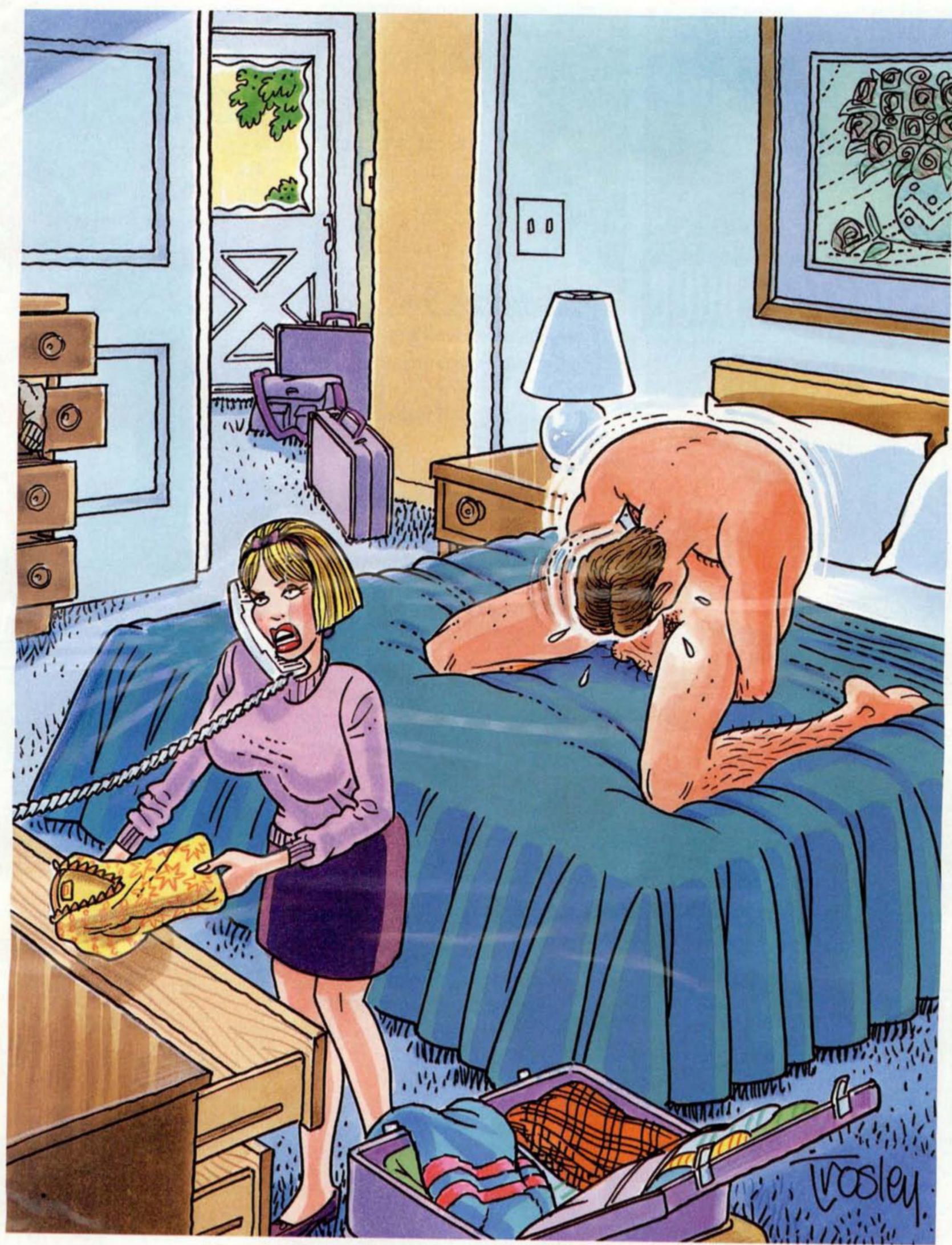
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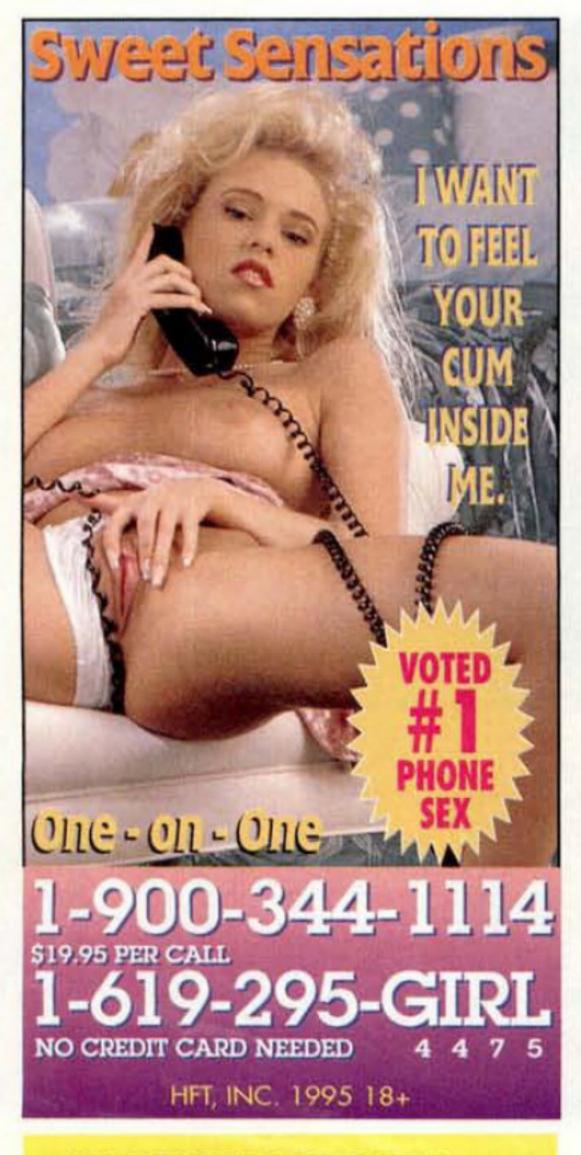
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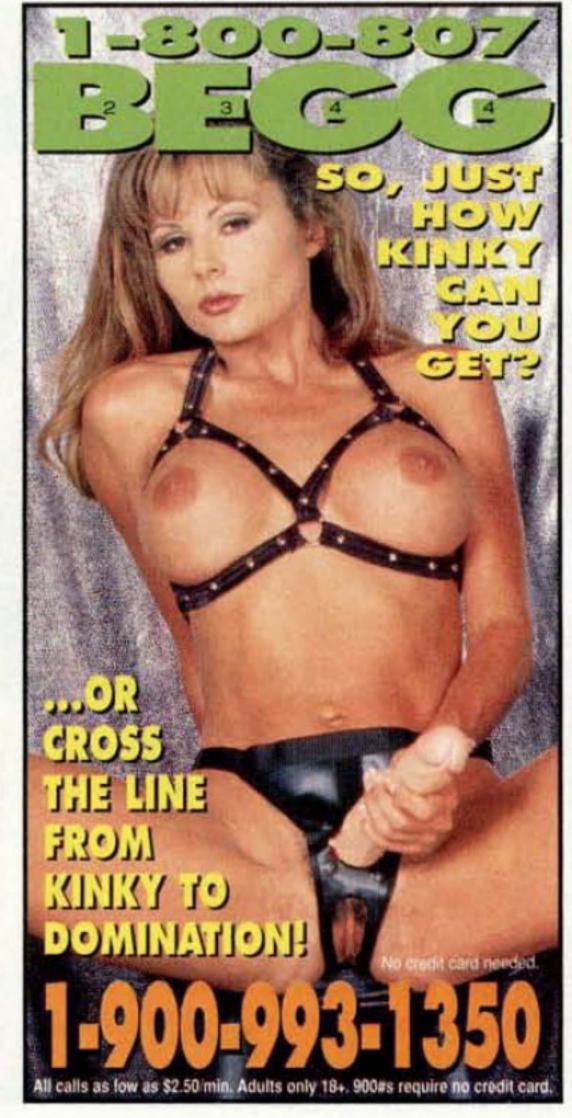
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"Then, after he learned to do that, he said, 'Hey...who needs you, bitch?'"





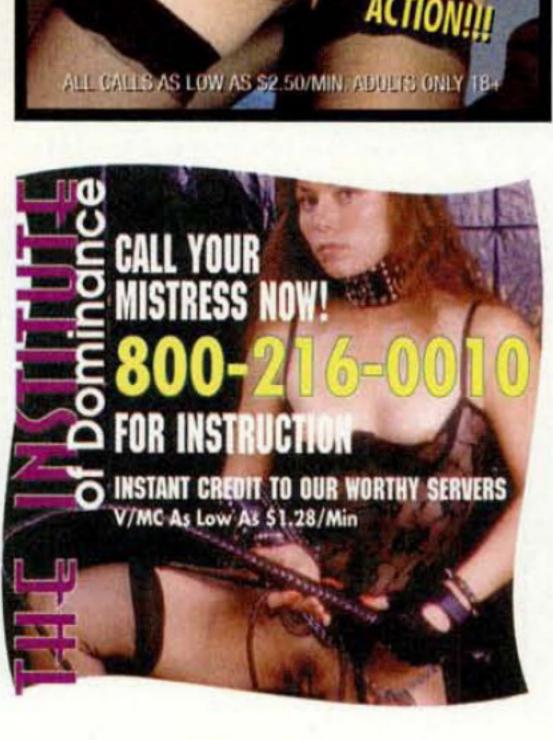


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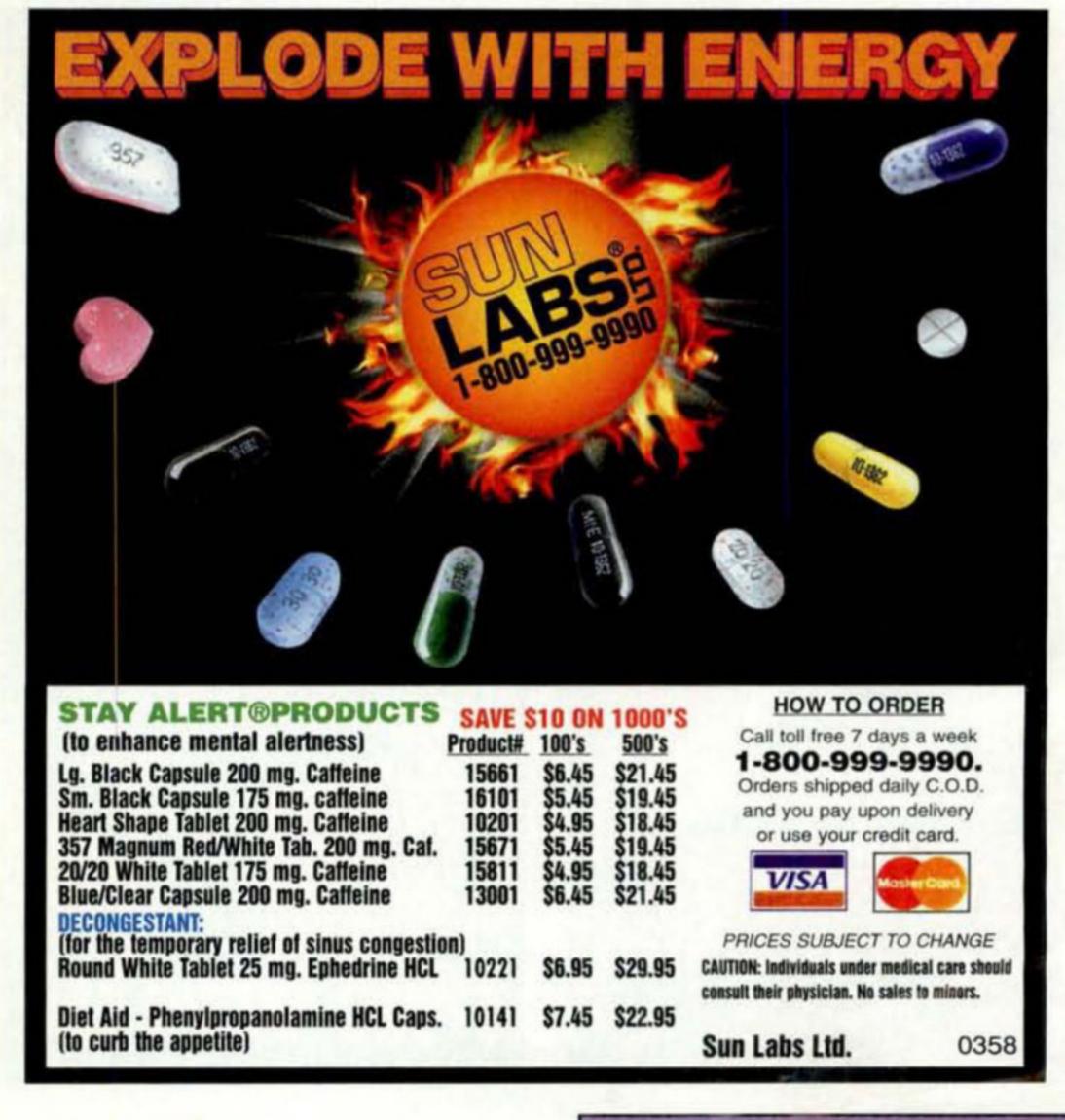
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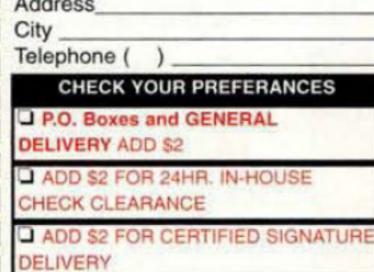












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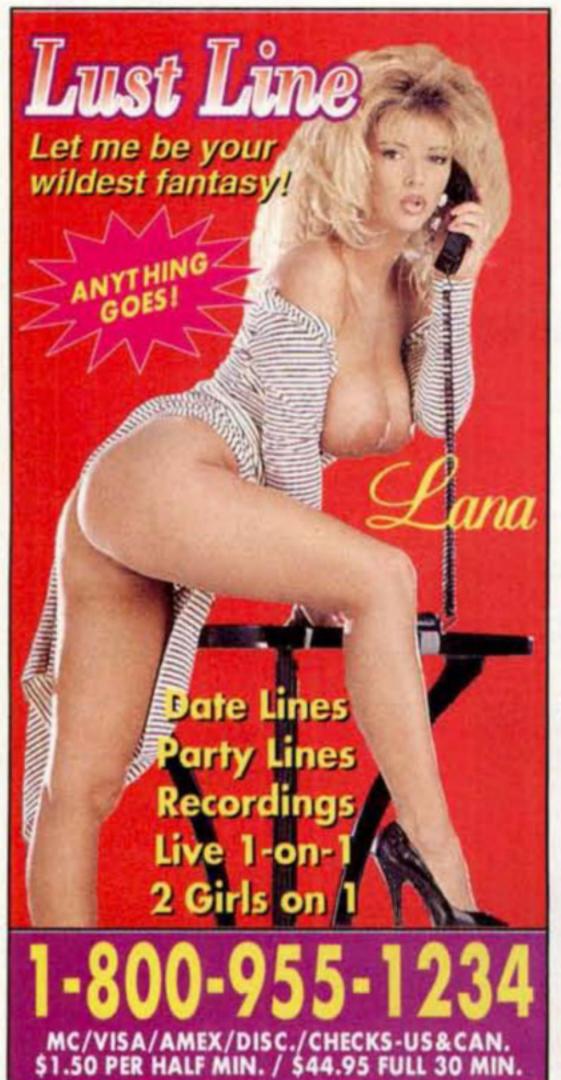
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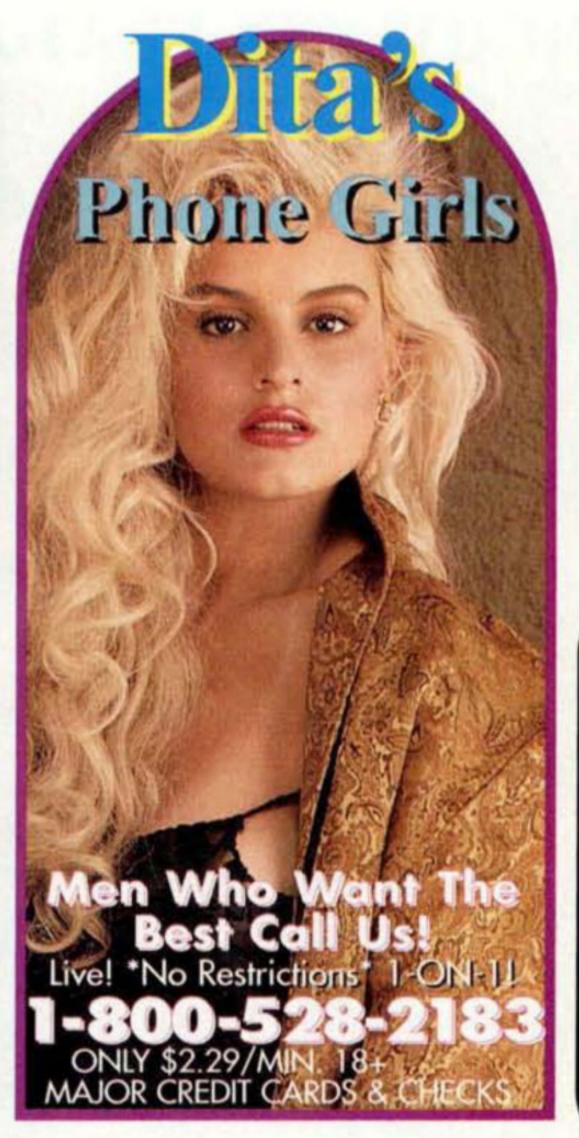
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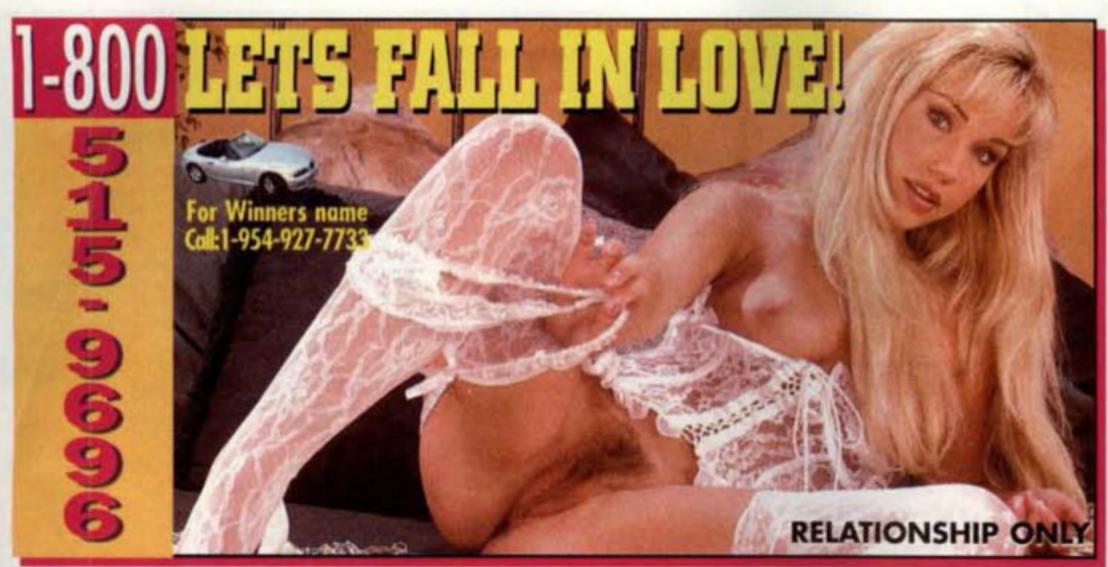








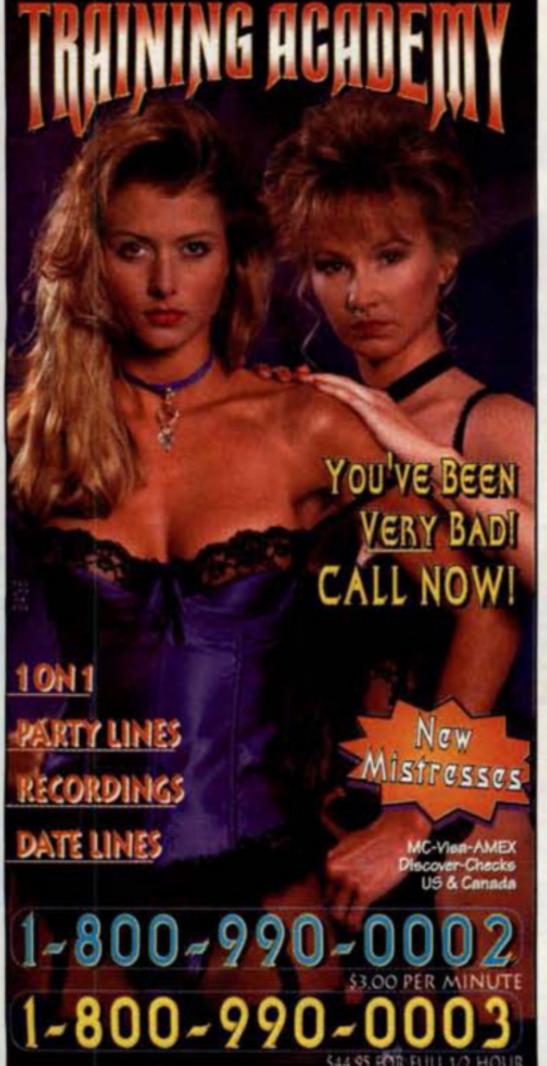






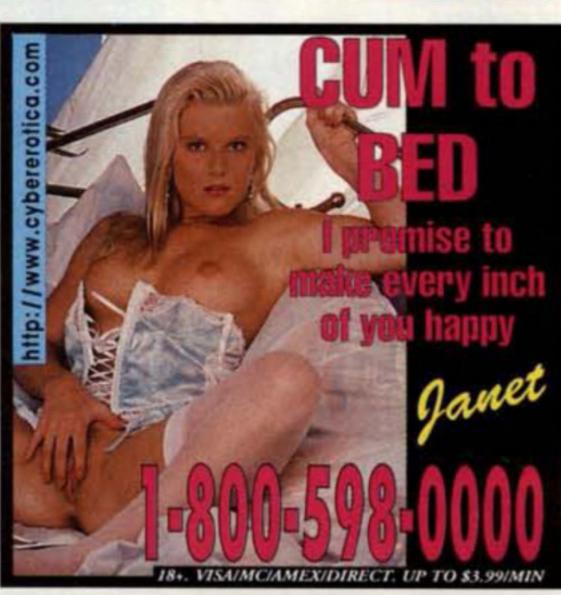














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SMOOTH SLIT PARTY PARTY PUSSY RUBBERS SEE ME CUM LICK AND LAP HOT NIPPLES **PUMPING PUSSY** FINGER FUN FILL HER UP CARNAL CUTIES **CUNT LAPPERS** FINGER FUCKER EAT ME

PAJAMA PERVERTS DILDO DOLLS HOT TWAT SUMMER SLUTS WET CLITS HONEY IN HEAT

SMALL HOLE **LUNCH BOX** SWEET SUCKERS LUSTY LIPS VIBRATOR VIRGIN DILDO DIPPER

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TENDER TAILS CHINA DOLL OPEN SLITS **CUNT FUCKERS** RIPE CHERRIES

BLONDE BUSH SURFING SLUTS CLIT TICKLERS **SLUTS ON SKATES** HAIRLESS HOOKER

CANDY GIRLS SWEET BUNS

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☐ HAIR PIE

☐ FACE IT

□ CHUNKYCHICKS ☐ SUPER SLUT ☐ TITANIC TITS ☐ FAST AND FAT ☐ Z-CUP MAMA ☐ HUGE AND HOT SHOVING IT IN **D** BRA BUSTERS ☐ THE MEATMARKET ☐ GIANT DILDOS □ HOT TO TROT ☐ IN AND OUT BIG BERTHA ☐ FUCK FEVER ☐ EAT IT ALL □ SUPER SNATCH BIG BUTTS HUGE HIPS ☐ HOT AND HEFTY ☐ GIANT PLEASURES

□ BIG BEAVERS

□ SUPER SLUT LOST IN LUST ☐ MORE TO LOVE ☐ MAMA JAMA □ BLOCKBUSTER BOOBS ☐ FUCK FANTASY ☐ MONSTER MAMA □ BIGGER IS BETTER ☐ LOVE IT ALL ☐ KINGSIZE LESBIANS HOT BUNS ☐ TWO FOR TILLIE



PUSSY PLAY TINY BOOBS TIGHT FIT PINK HOLE FINGER PLAYING TIGHT LIPS SLICK SNATCH HOT LICKS

JUICY LUCIE PLUGGING PUSSY CUMING CLITS SLUMBER PARTY FANCY PANTIES PUSSY SUCK FUCKING DILDOS

ORGY MAMA LUSTY LEZS NASTY NYMPHS SUCKING PUSSY SEX CLUB

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■ GIRLS NEXT DOOR

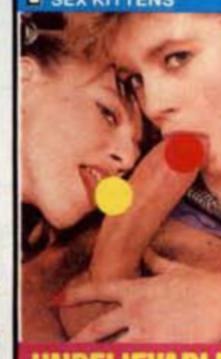
FUCKING FRIENDS

■ FIRST CUMMERS

■ SWEET SNATCH

■ DRIVE-IN DATE

CLASS SLUT



CUM ON ME

JIZZ ME EAT MY LOAD ORAL ANNIE PRICK LICKERS DRAIN IT BIG BANG JUICY SUCK HOT LIPS SHOOTING CUM BIG CLIMAX

WET HAND

PENIS ENVY LONG DONG ORAL ORGY

 HOT CUMSHOTS SHOOT IT HIGH HOT MOUTH

EAT THIS CUMMING COCKS SUCK SILLTS HARD AND HORNY

SUCKING GAMES SLURPING SEX

 CUM GUSHERS SUPER SUCKERS BIGGER BLOWJOBS CUM BATH

SLUTS WHO SUCK KEEP CUMING JIZZ LOVER HARD AND HUGE

MOUTHFULL HOT CUM CUMSUCKERS

HOT LICKS LONG DONGS BIG SHOOTERS

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NASTY NIPS ■ TONGUE TWISTERS STRANGE PARTNERS WIFE SWAPPERS SUPER ORGY DAISY CHAIN SEX HOTEL DOUBLE TROUBLE SEE ME CUM GROUP JERK □ LOTS OF CUM ALL THE WAY PARTY PERVERTS

FREE FOR ALL SUCK AND FUCK PUSSY PARTY ALL GIRL ORGY ADULT MOTEL FOAMING FANNIES ☐ FUCK FRENZY

PORNO PARTY JERK OFF PARTY DOUBLE DEEP THROAT □ COUPLE NEXT DOOR CUNT TO CUNT □ PLEASUREVILLE P.T.A.

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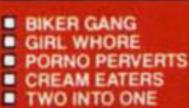
SUPER DONG WET LOAD STAG SHOW PUSSY SHAVE UP AND IN FACE FUCKING BUN BALL POWER PUMP HOT CUM FREAKY FUN LEATHER LOVERS KINGSIZE CLITS GARTER GANG DOUBLE DICKS OPEN WIDE FAST COMPANY PINK CHEEKS KINKY CUMERS SUPER SLUT FUCK FETISH SLAP SHOT SEX SHOWOFF LOVE DOLL HARDCORE WHORE REAR ENTRY

HOT HOOKERS FUCK FRENZY WHORES IN HEAT

BACKDOOR BANGING COVER MY CRACK HOT AND KINKY LOVE SLAVE

SHAVED LIPS CLUB BIZARRE CAUGHT FROM BEHIND LOLLYPOP LOVERS KINKY COEDS PUSSY LESSONS

FREAKY FOURWAY DRESS TO THRILL TRY ANYTHING BATHROOM BITCH HOOKERS IN HEELS UNBELIEVABLE ACTS AFTER SCHOOL



TO BE EXACT TITLES LISTED

LUSTY LADIES

HAIRY HOLE

SEX SCHOOL

STRIP POKER

EAT MY CUNT

THEMASTURBATOR

PUMPING PETERS

KEYHOLE SURPRISE

NOONTIME NOOKIE

JERKOFF JEFF

THE PAPERBOY

MRS. ROBINSON

RUB MY ROD

CUM AGAIN

FRESH FLESH

MORE TO CUM

FASTER FUCKER

BLACK GARTERS

LOCKER ROOM LUST

WEENIE ROAST

SHOW AND TELL

PEEPING TOMMY

SWEET MEAT

TRICKY DICKIE

CHERRY CREAM

FIRST HAND

CUM LOVERS

THE VISITOR

HOT ROCKS

PLAY TOY

IN THE ACT

HOT PANTS

BOY TOY

SEX SHOW

NO SUBSTITUTIONS



WET SEX

WET SQUIRT FUCK SHOWER DRIPPING DAMES WATER SPORTS WET MY LIPS DAMP TRAMP WET AND SMOOTH WILD AND WET SPLATTER ME SOAKED SLUTS GOLDEN GLOW DRIPPING LIPS LIQUID LUST WET WOMEN LEAKING LOVE WET BET BATH NIGHT

■ THE SHOOTER SPLASHDOWN WET PLEASURE WATER WORKS LOVE DROPS ■ PIDDLY DIDDLERS P FOR PLEASURE WET PUSSY PANTY WETTER FLOWING LOST LET ME WATCH DAMP DARLINGS

WARM WATERS WETTER IS BETTER LOVE FLOOD WET DREAMS STREAM OF LOVE WILD WATERS GOTTA GO

P.P. PLAY LOVE BATH ■ BATHROOM KEYHOLE WET SURPRISE OPEN LIPS

THE PEEKER BIG SQUIRT SLICK CHICK RAGING WATERS WET FUCKERS

WASHROOM FUN FLOWING FUN LEAKING LUST LOVE SHOWERS



HOT AND HARD WET WOMEN DICKIE DIPPER HAND JOB MUFF DIVER PECKER LICKER HOT ROD RUB OFF BEGINNER SEX PENIS TEACHER PECKER PULLER TIT TRAINING COMING PETER

THE STROKER

LOVE LESSON

STIFF DICKIE

DEEP DILDO ■ CRACK CREAMERS RUMP HUMP SUPER STUD CUM COVERED SHAVED SLITS HOT HOLES BOTTLE BITCH KING DONG CUM CRAVING PARTY ANIMAL ■ BIGGER IS BETTER LUBE JOB POTTY PLAY 12 INCH DICK MR. BIG SHAVED SLUTS DIRTY TALK SWAP SHOP TOILET TARTS DOUBLE DICKED

UNUSUAL SEX

DEEP INSIDE

DOUBLE DONG

OPEN WIDE

REAM JOB

PUBLIC PERVERTS LOVE PUMP EAT MY MEAT ■ BATHROOM BALL GREEK CLUB BALLS AND ALL BOTTOMS UP ■ RESTROOM ROMP DOUBLE DILDOS UP YOURS HOTBED HOTEL BOTH HOLES SIT ON IT CIRCLE JERK RUBBING CLITS WILD WOMEN UNUSUAL DILDOS DOUBLE DIGITS OFFICE ORGY THREE IN ME ■ DIAL-A-FUCK

DOUBLE DONGS

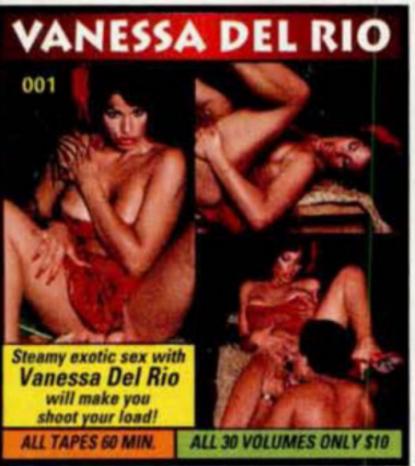
ANYTHING GOES

NO HOLES BARRED

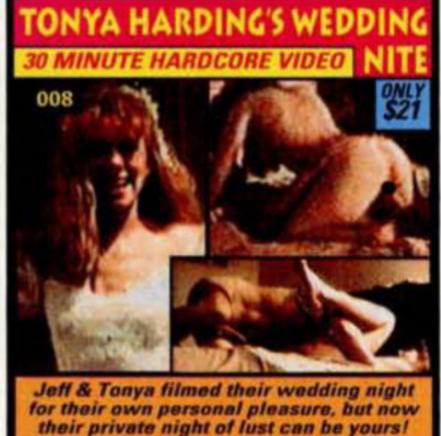
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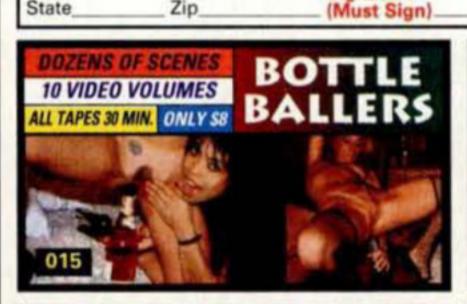
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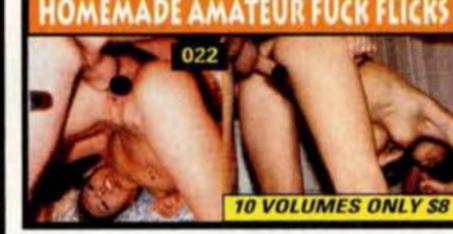
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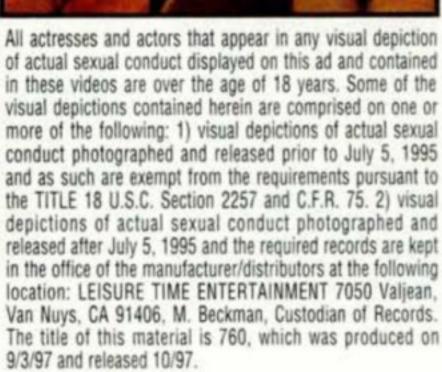
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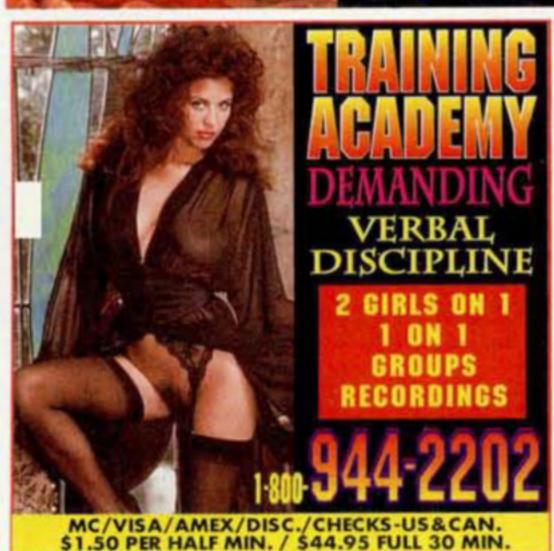


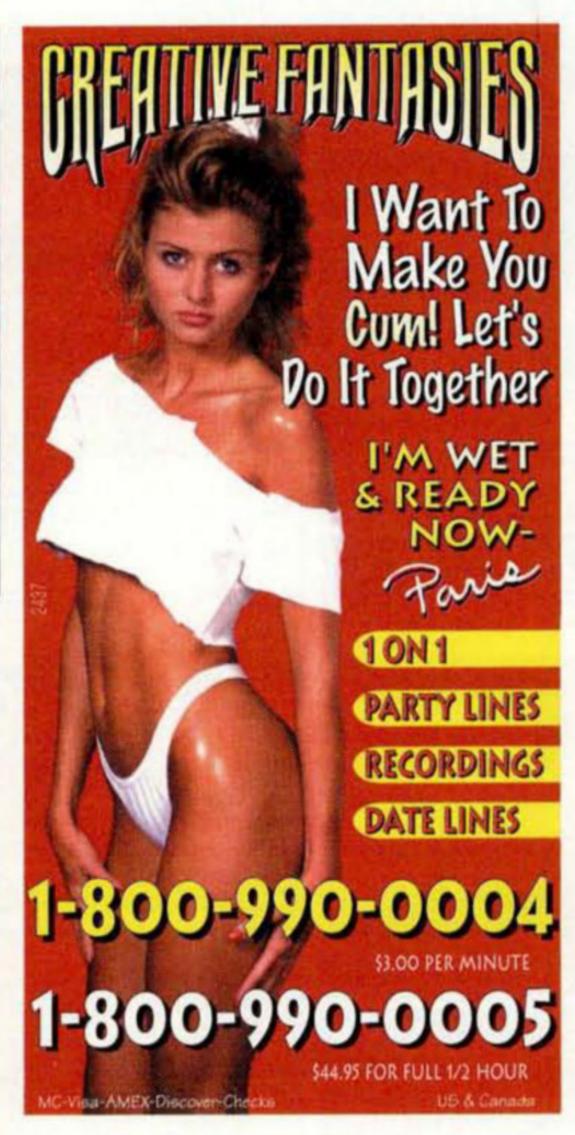










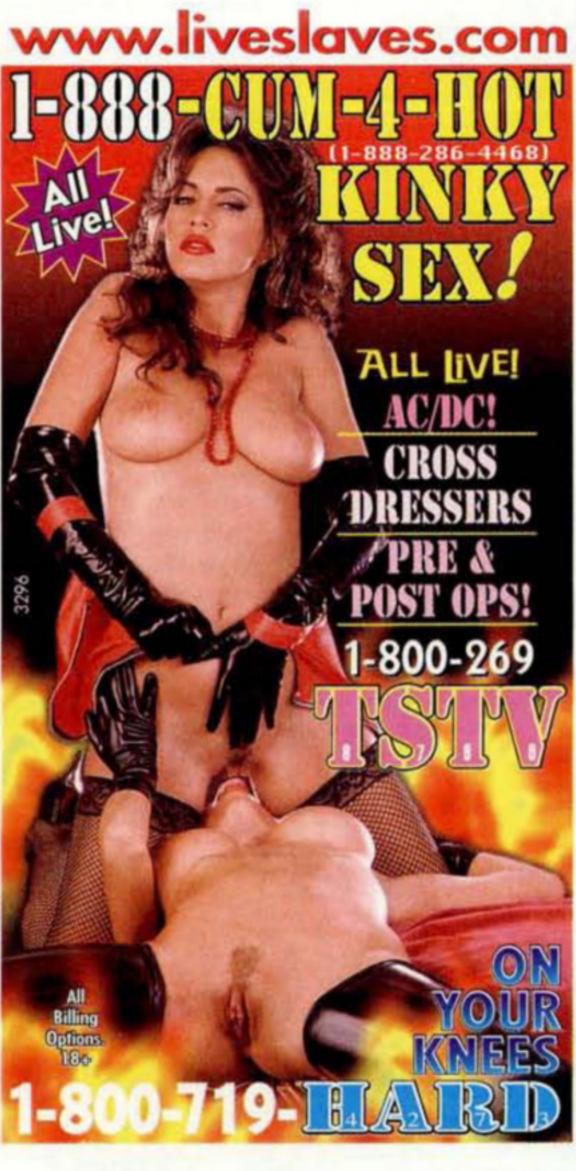


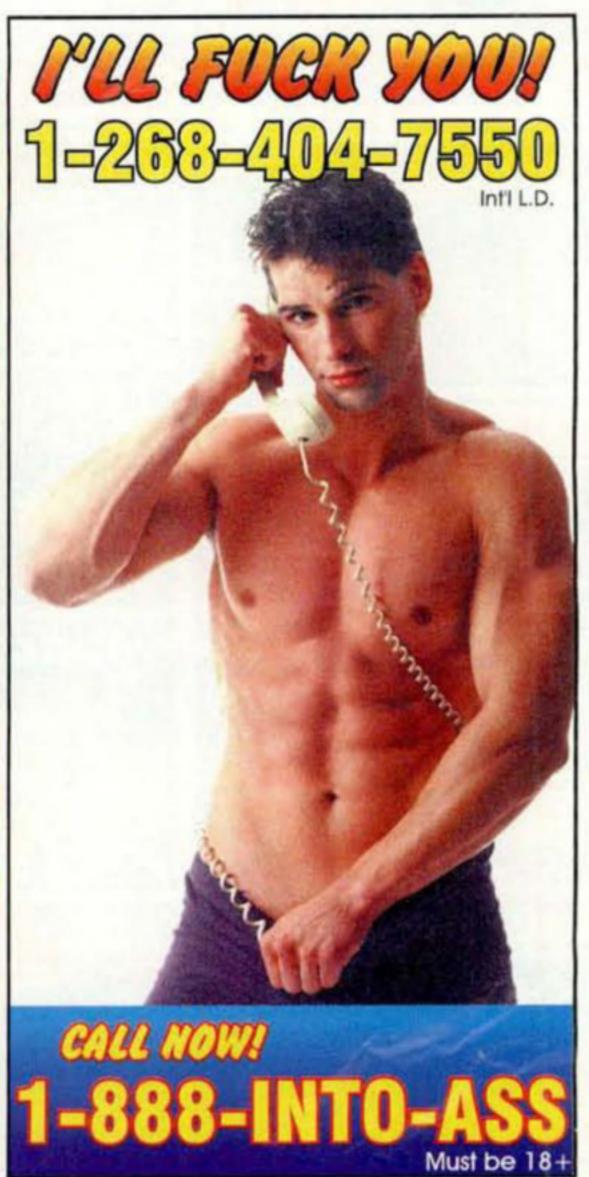


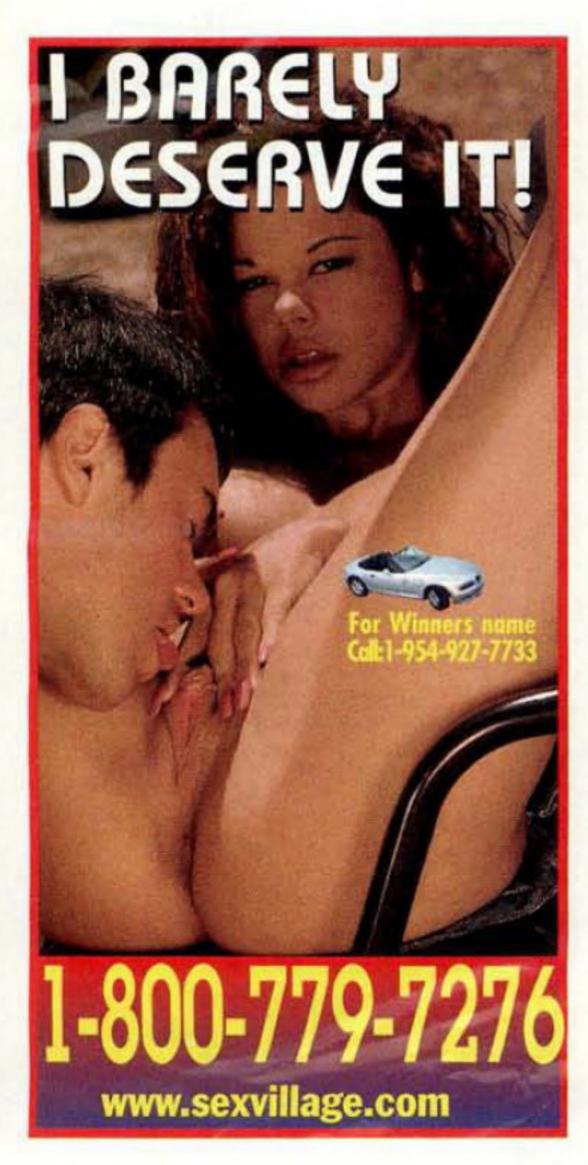


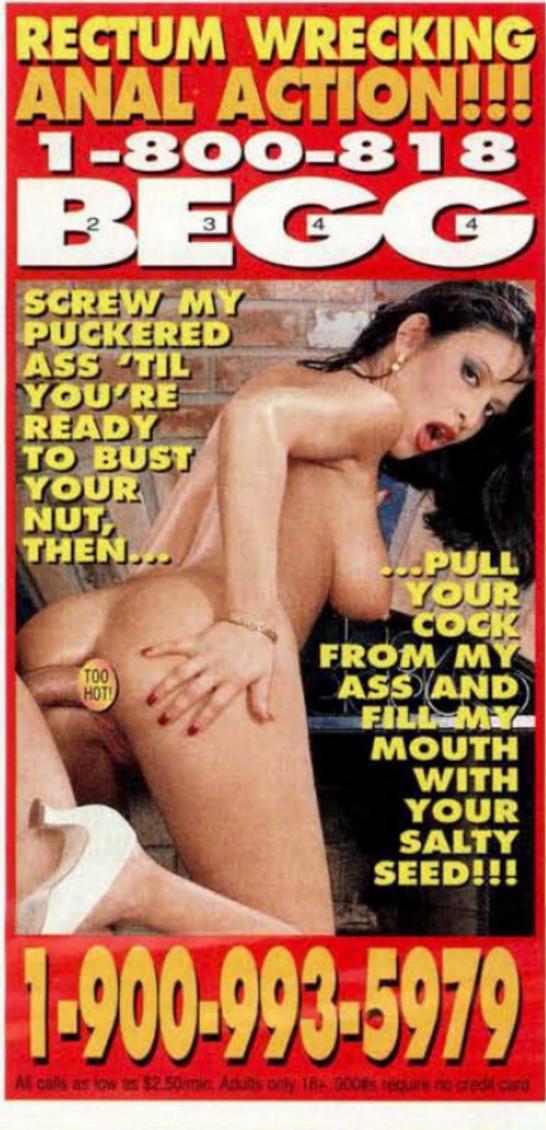


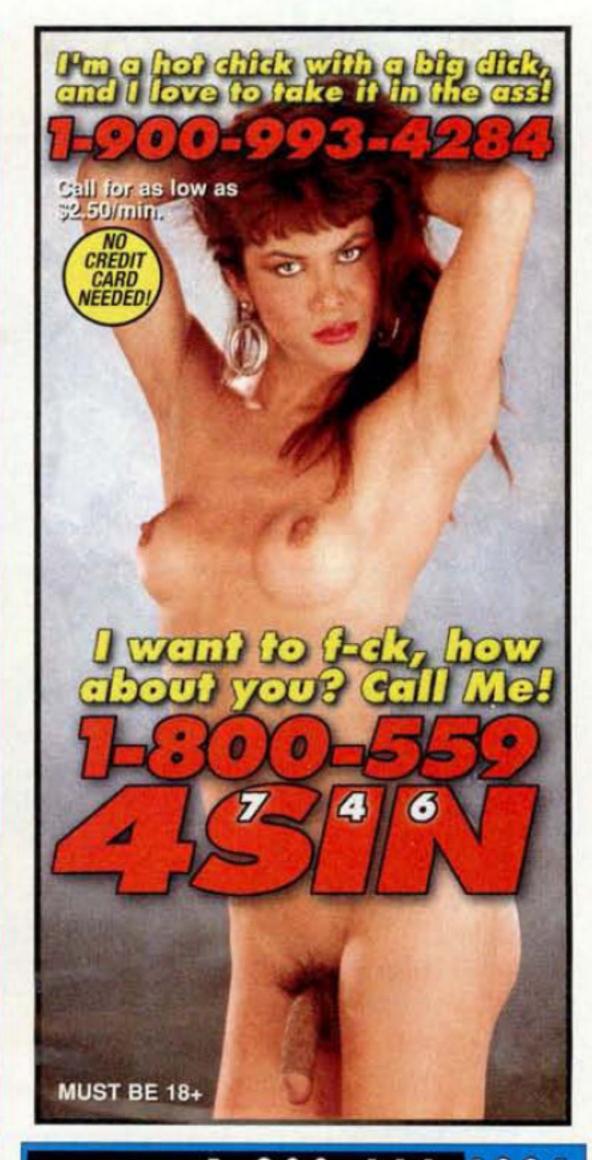














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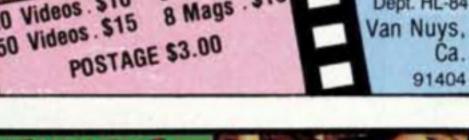


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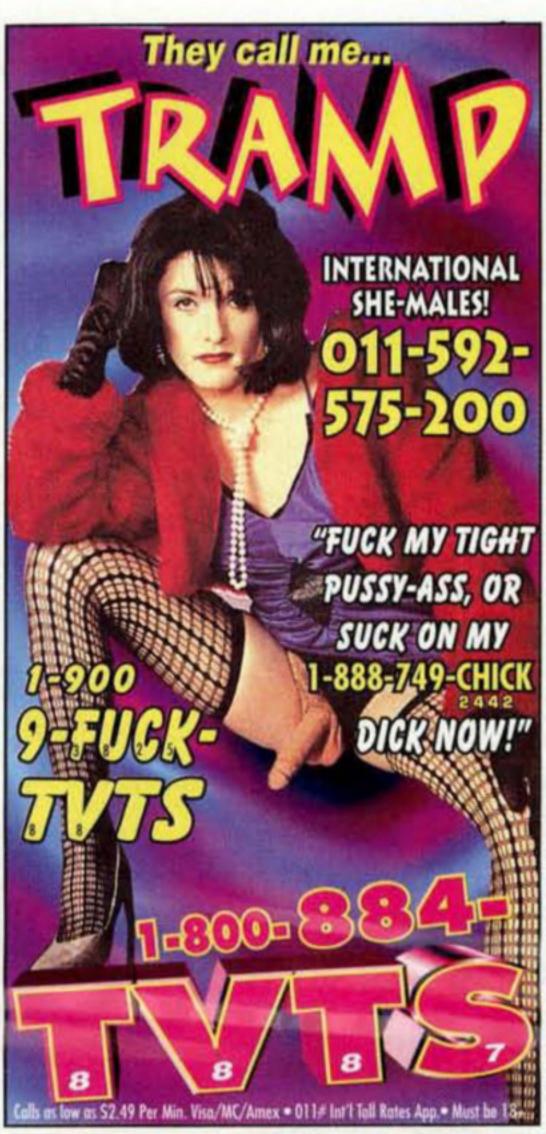




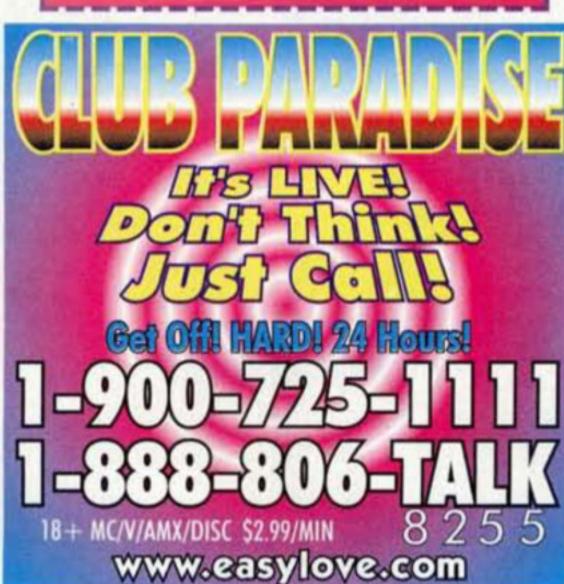


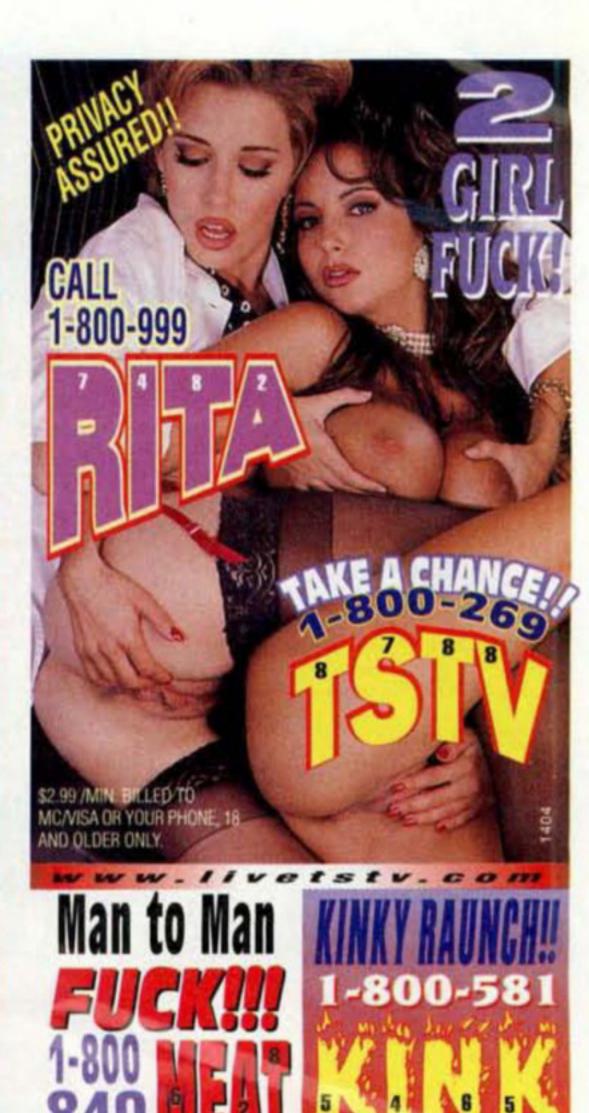






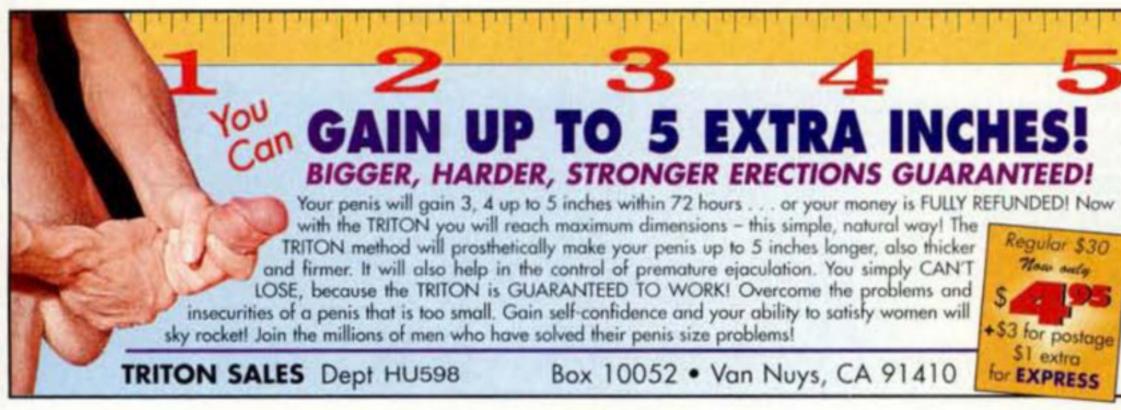


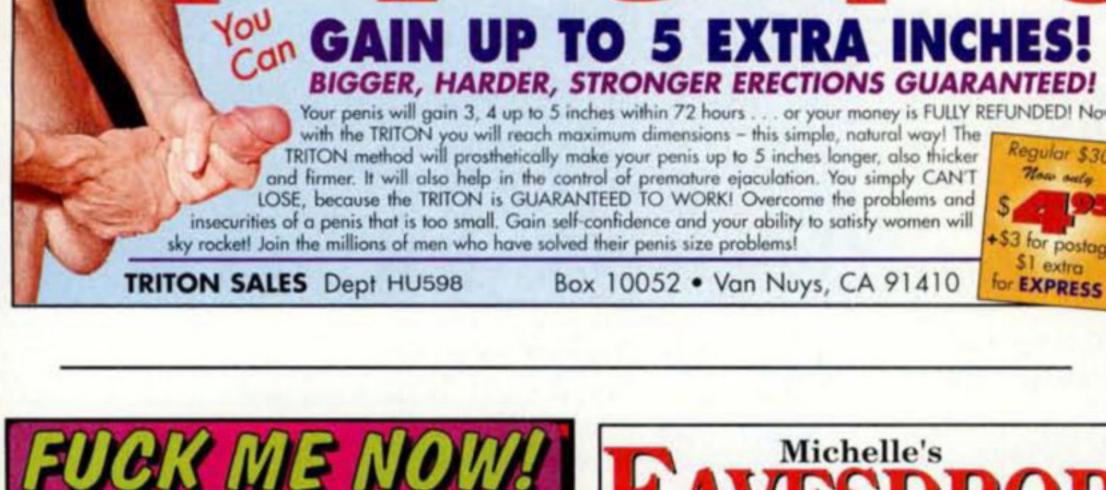














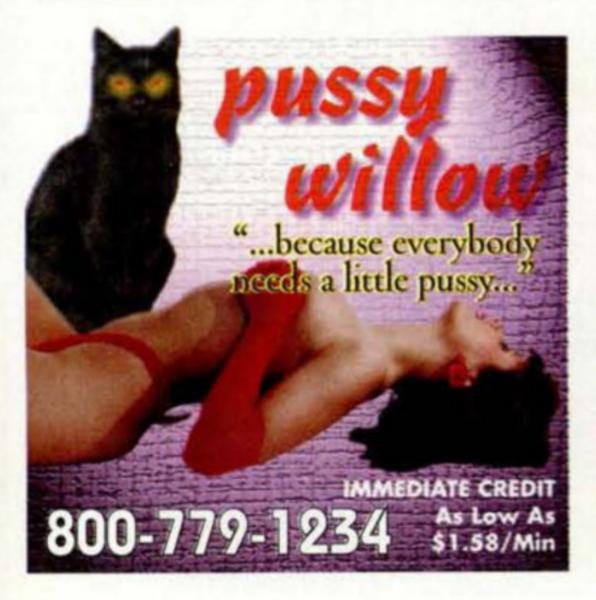




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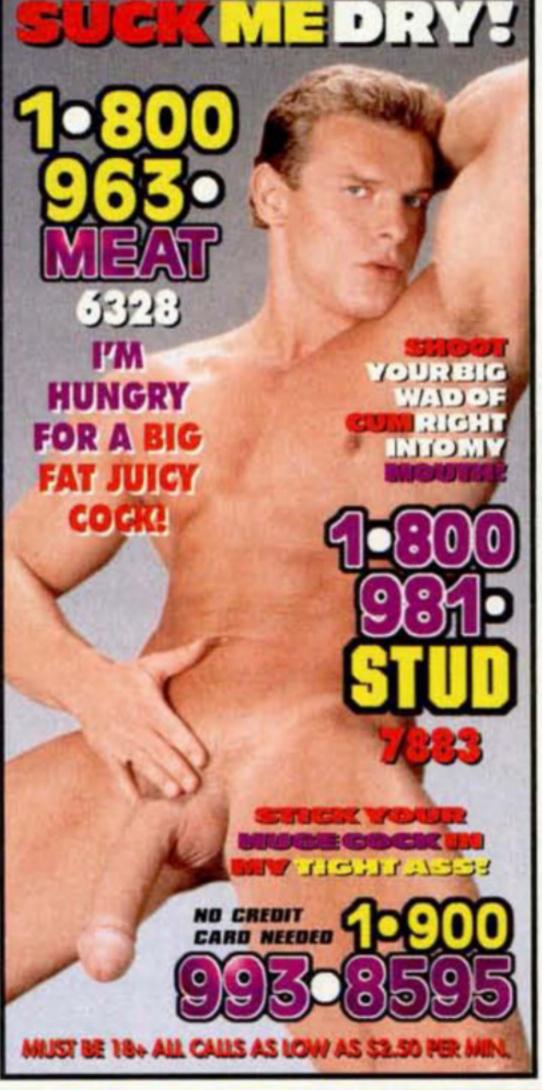
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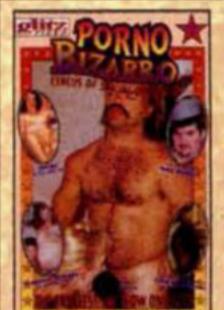






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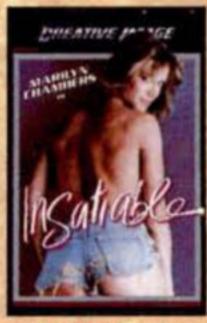
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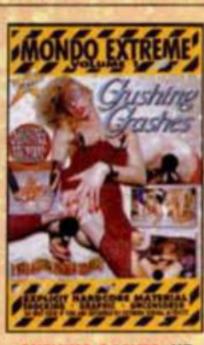
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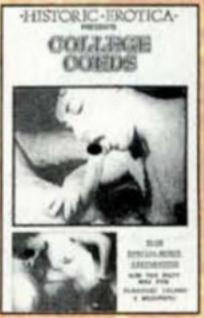
More Mondo madness as toothless tramps gum hard cocks to spurting climaxes!



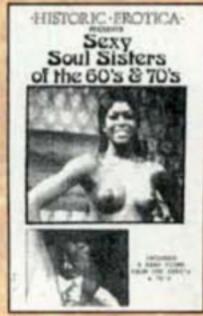
Watch as beautiful babes use hot cum as face cream. It just doesn't get any wetter!



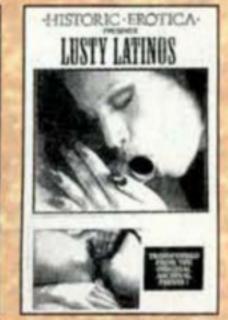
TOILET TARTS Y10 Secret, shameful urges are satisfied as indecent women flush away all inhibitions!



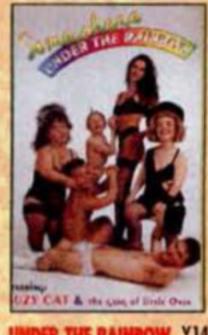
COLLEGE COEDS Y11 **HISTORIC EROTICA presents** footage that still crackles with erotic electricity 30 years later!



SEXY SOUL SISTERS Y12 Black beauties of the 60's and 70's romp in uninhibited indoor/outdoor sex!



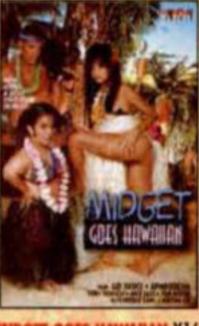
LUSTY LATINOS Y13 Footage so fiery it will set your chili pepper ablaze! South of the Border heat!



After watching these nasty lil fuckers you'll know your'e not in Kansas anymore!



Sexy Sheena takes you on a XXX-rated guided tour of a delightfully dirty fairytale.



You'll think you have island fever as you watch the adventures of a hula dancing honey!



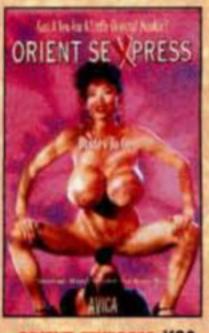
Old pros as nasty as they cum get down and dirty in an anal oral, lesbian cum fest!



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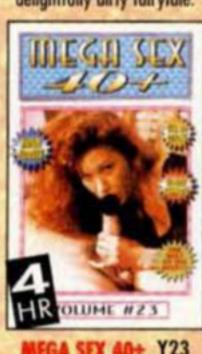
These oriental lovlies will do anything to please their men (and themselves)!



Beautiful pregnant women cought in the acts that got em that way!



Exotic lovlies with a yen for anal sex take their papa-sans cocks deep and hard!



IEGA SEX 40+ Y23 Mature muff matrons who need siff dicks and don't care which hole they go in!



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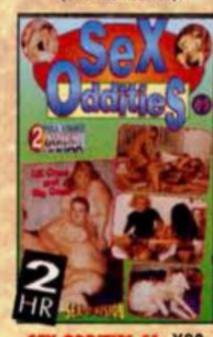
A lesbian gang bang deluxe when a young innocent is schooled by Hollywood lesbos!



These old babes get slammed and jammed in all their ancient get Tucked but good then cum holes and love it!



Big boobs, butts and bellies with enormous ecstasy!



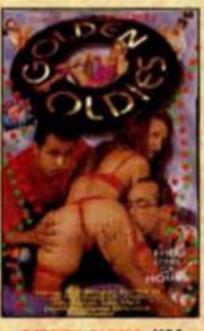
Little ones and big ones mix and mingle as juices flow and hard cocks blow!



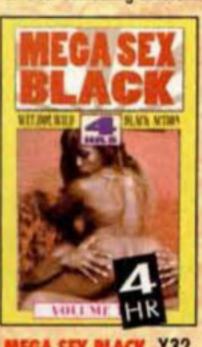
SEX ODDITIES #2 Y29
Lust takes all shapes and sizes as you'll see as you watch this cum drenched fuckathon!



OLD THROAT & D.P. Y30 Iwo female geriatric detectives on their never-ending search for crime and cock!

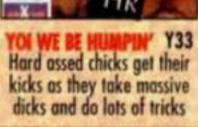


GOLDEN OLDIES Y31 Over forty floozies take face fulls of jiz and go butthole surfing with young studs!



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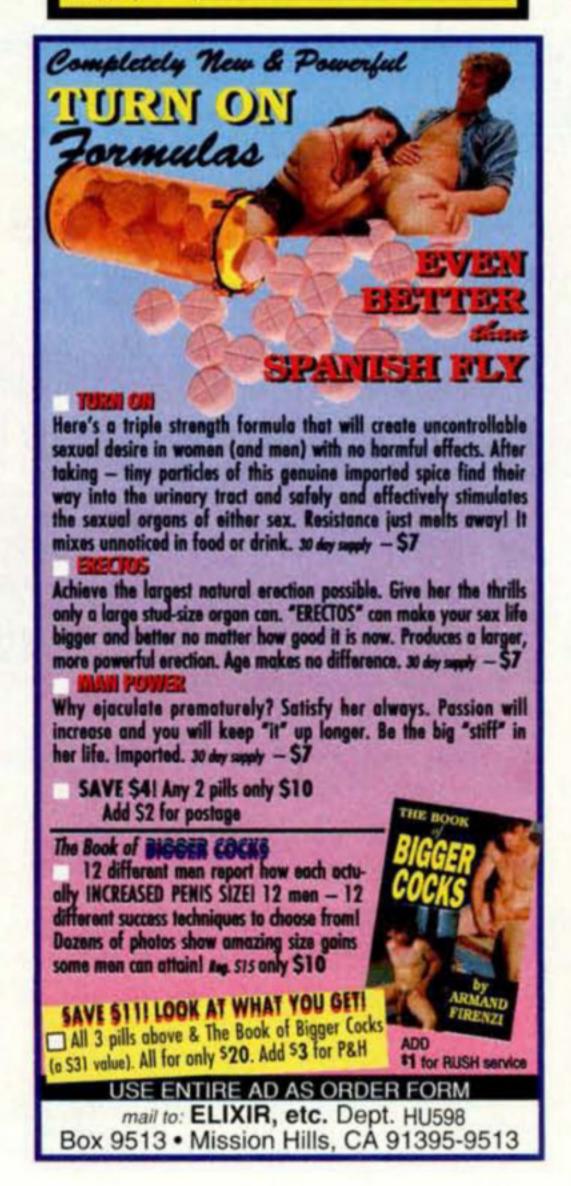
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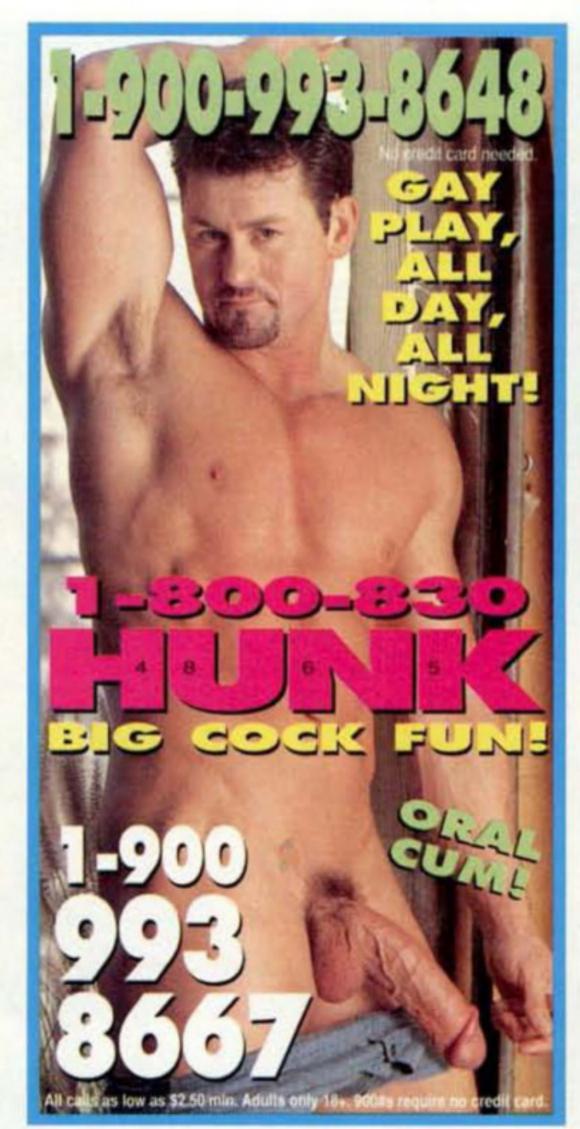
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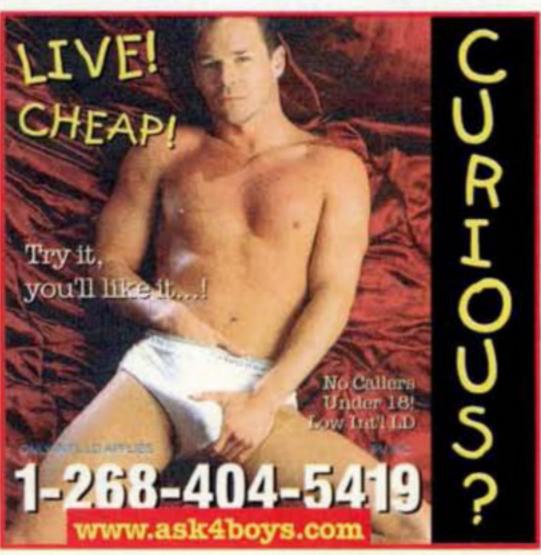
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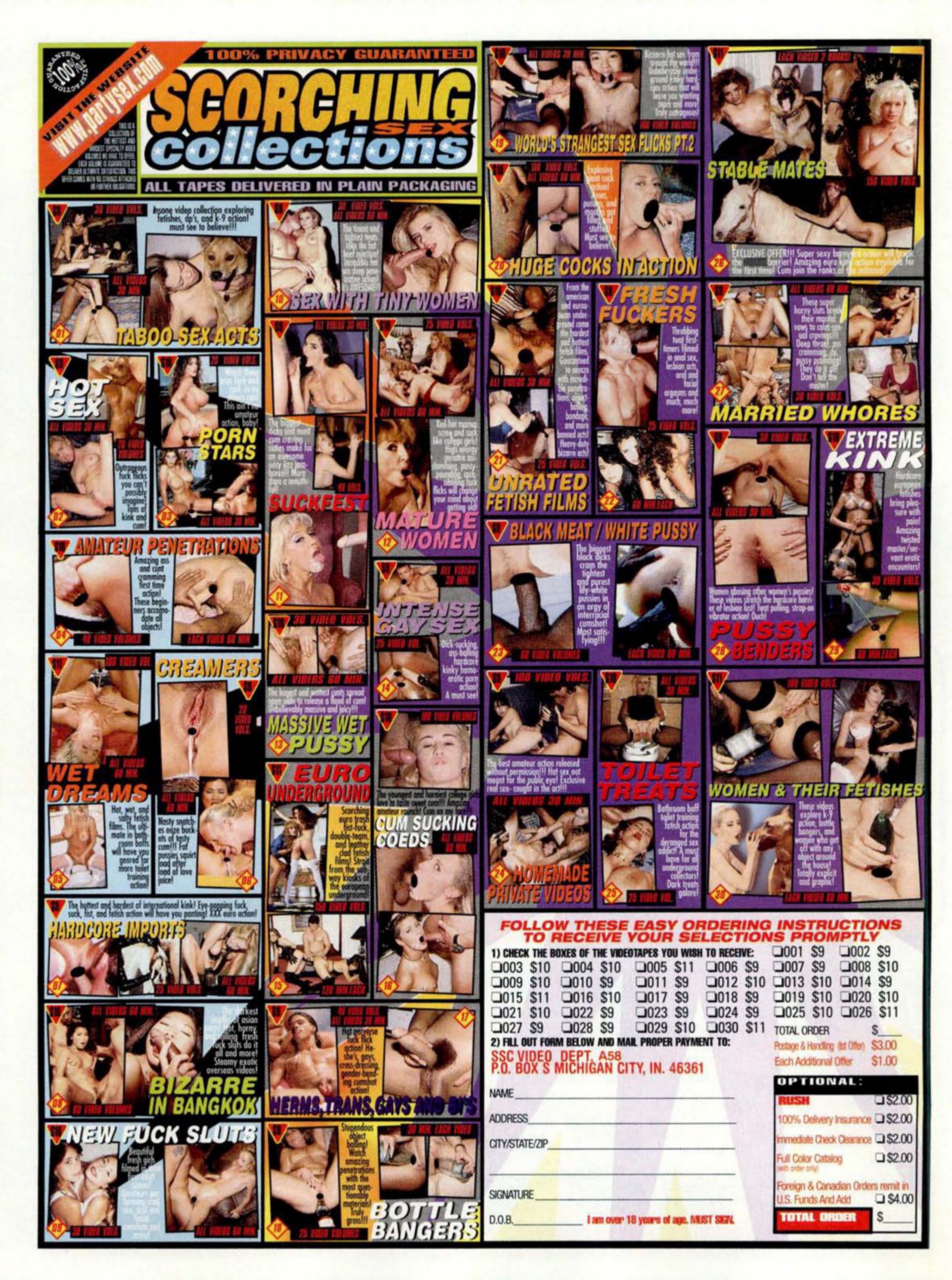


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However, there are some men who would like to maintain an erection for a considerable length of time. You must not use a fixed size tight fitting plastic ring around your penis when you use a penis pump. You could restrict the blood flowing into your penis. Instead, I offer to you Free with any penis enlargement system a Comfort Fit Erection Ring that will adjust to fit any size penis.

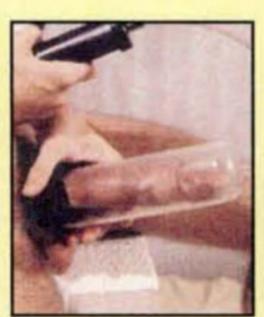
HOW DOES THE ENLARGEMENT PROCESSS WORK?

Approximately 2/3 of your penis is made up of muscle tissue called corpus convernosum and that tissue can expand. The Enlargement process is called hypermiation. Blood rushes into the muscle tissue causing the penis to expand to your maximum potential.

Dr. Joel Bross is a noted sex therapist, clinical sexologist in private practice since 1974. He specializes in sexual concerns for both woman and men. He is responsible for the production of numerous educational sex videos.



The penis about 3 inches is inserted into the clear tube.



After instruction and pumping this man has enlarged his penis to about 10 inches.



AND APPROVEL **FOR PENIS**

ENLARGEMENT

BY DR. BROSS

After more pumping the penis is removed from the tube and the penis is about 11 inches.



15 inch Dick

video feature

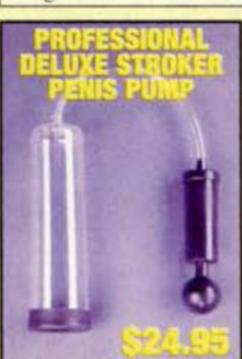
Erotic

Rambone in the

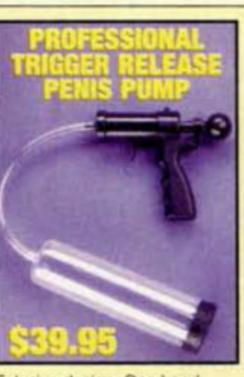
Even when the pump is not used the penis "hangs" thicker and longer.

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(continued from page 43)

Hot Letters Deenie grabbed the back of my head and used my face like a living vibrator. Very little work was required on my part; the aggressive muff lover had no qualms about bucking against my face.

WOMB CAPACITY

My new girlfriend, Tisa, is bisexual. That's a good thing, because she loves to bring home chicks, which means I watch. She even likes to jerk off over each new issue of HUSTLER with me.

There is a dark side to diddling a dyke-a debit nobody will talk about. Chicks who swing both ways have loose pussies! I don't know what the fuck those rug munchers shove into their snatches when nobody's looking, but I suspect Thermos bottles, frozen turkeys and file cabinets. Hell, Tisa has to buy these special tampons that look like rolled-up sleeping bags!

It's not just her. The other night I came home and discovered Deenie, Tisa's gothbabe fuck toy, sitting on our john.

"Hi," said the raven-haired vampire wannabe. She didn't seem to care that I had interrupted such a private moment. Rather, Deenie continued to tinkle and asked me to hand her a few sheets of Charmin.

"In some cultures," I explained, sizing up Deenie's long legs and perky tits, "toilet paper is considered unsanitary. Leftover pulp-mill residue, toxic buildup from the perfumes.... If you think about it, an organic method of cleansing is far preferable." Deenie smiled and swiveled on the toilet to face me. Her fat labes were thick, pink and tempting.

She leered, "My cat cleans himself, and he seems healthy. So why don't you lick this pussy?" The offer came not a moment too soon; my trousers were practically alive with excitement. I fell to a kneeling position on the cold bathroom tile and plunged my face into the stewy wonderland of Deenie's thighs.

Deenie grabbed the back of my head and used my face like a living vibrator. Very little work was required on my part; the aggressive muff lover had no qualms about bucking against my face, even to the point of suffocation. I don't know how Tisa can 69 the big bull dagger without her face turning blue! My chance to find out occurred when Deenie clambered to the floor and freed my profound erection.

We tongued each other's genitals with Deenie on top, but fell into a side-by-side suckfest. Although Deenie is predisposed to clam smacking, she sucks a mean hog. A lot of testicle tickling went down, which I enjoy.

Speaking of manual labor, Deenie paused her humming to ask, "How many fingers do you have in my scrunt?" I counted two. Upon news of the tally,

Deenie scoffed, "You're kidding! No wonder I can hardly feel anything. Work your whole hand in there." The instruction startled me-almost as much as the amazement I felt when two more fingers and a thumb fit in that giant slice like a Yugo in the Grand Canyon.

Now that I was in, I decided to make the best of it. I plowed that twat. Back and forth, wrist-deep and pinky-fingershallow. Goddamn, I tore that motherfucker up! Deenie went berserk on my bozack, sucking as if she were trying to dislodge an internal organ or two. She suckled my balls and tongued my crack. Get these lesbos going, and they're some of the nastiest trims in town.

"I need your cock," begged Deenie, abruptly forsaking her sapphic leanings. Any concern that my meat hammer wouldn't measure up was dispelled by Deenie's sharp, ear-piercing screams. I grabbed her pageboy cut of dyed-black hair and yanked her head back roughly as my joint did nonny damage. In a doggy-style arrangement, with Deenie clinging to the bowl for dear life, she had become the fuck victim who could barely move. Repeatedly, I slammed her uterus with all the strength my narrow ass could muster.

Like I said, Deenie was wide open down

there. I found enough friction, but the sensation of my jimmy floating in space was unmistakable. The only recourse was a stabbing motion that plunged Deenie's opening in the most punishing manner.

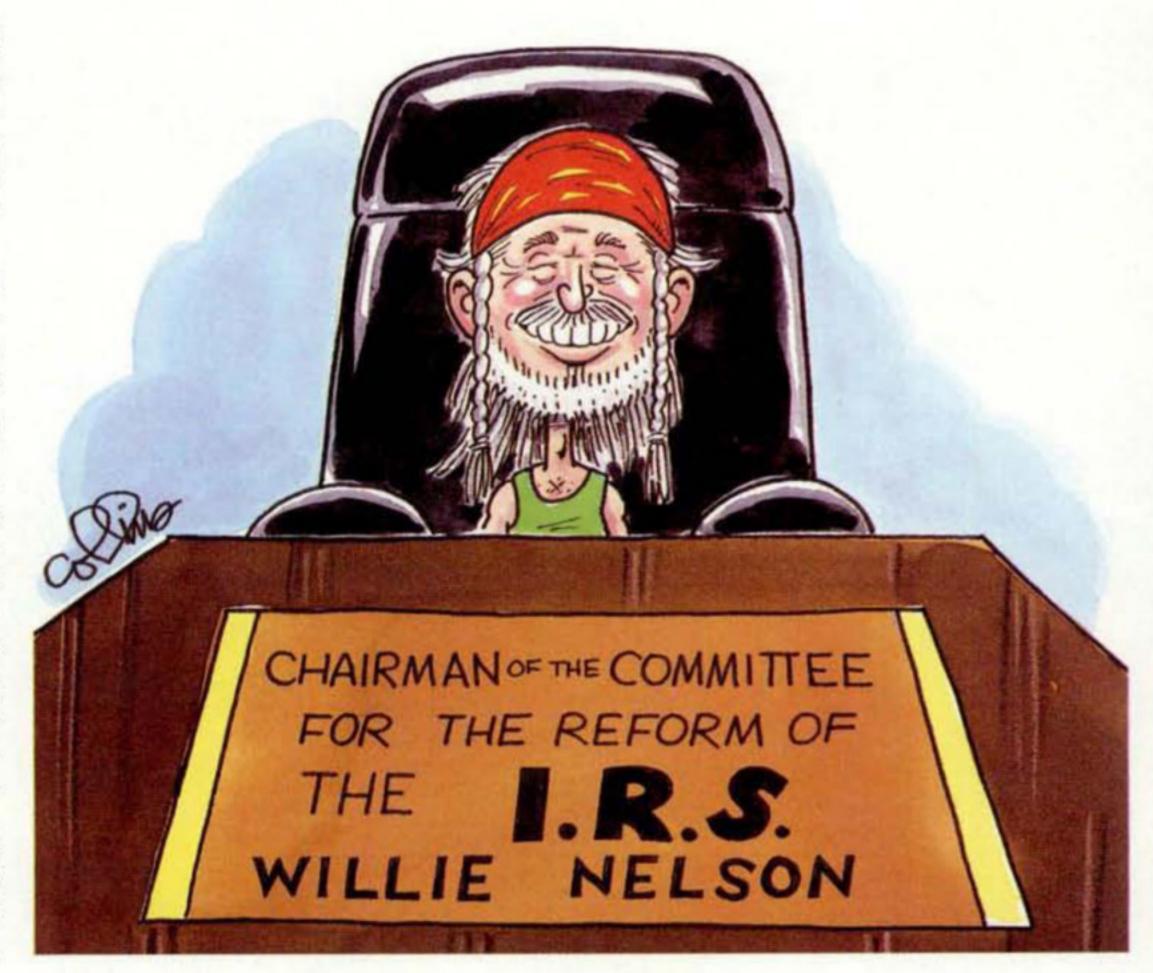
Our privates locked together like a couple of junkyard dogs. Deenie made some effort to clamp her most intimate muscles, meaning an orgasm was imminent.

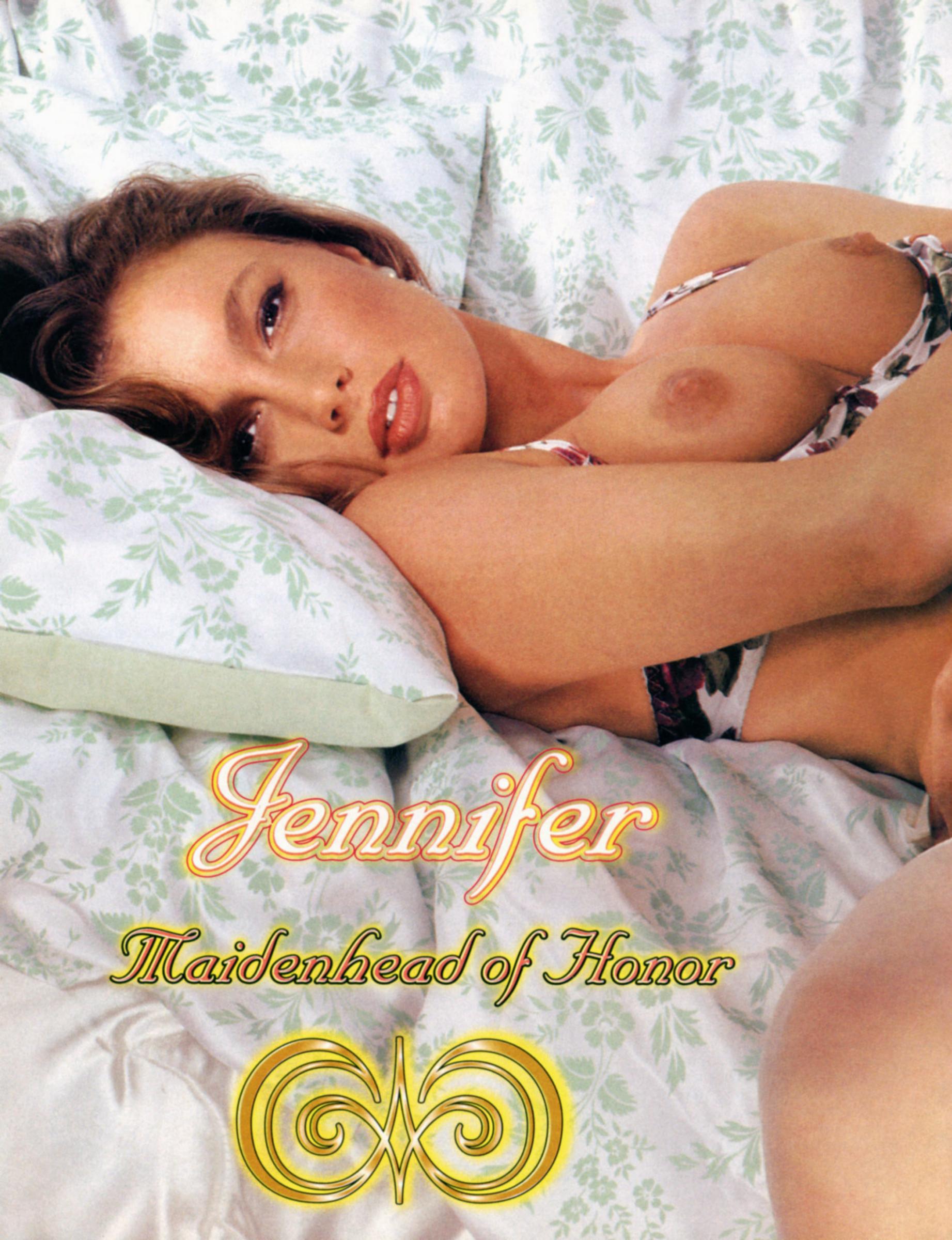
"You're making me come," yelped Deenie. "Ohh! Ohhh! Yahhh!" She slipped off the porcelain ledge and crashed upon the floor, her rump waving high and mighty. I pulled out and splattered her seat meat with sizzling, liquid lust. White chunks dripped from her beaver and down her belly.

Tisa returned home from her convenience-market job to discover Deenie and me going at it in the pantry. If I told you some of the kitchen utensils and appliances Tisa managed to fit inside that greedy hole, you'd never believe me. Frankly, I was mortified. Fisting is one thing, but these fucking dykes are animals! —S. L.

Oradell, New Jersey

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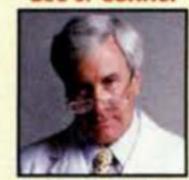
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There is a man behind SUPRA-12... Lee J. Conner



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HUSTLER

DRIPPING PINK

June's HUSTLER gushes with overheated, sweat-soaked slatterns, bored and mischievous during the early-summer doldrums. Best girlfriends steal a fur coat. The fine thieves' punishment: a violent fisting by the long arm of the law. A dirty-blonde plays a practical joke, soaking unsuspecting victims with her yellow-squirting daisy. A nubile groupie flashes her brown, all-access pass to bob her head and rock the cock backstage. A hippie fills her spiritual vortex with crystals, candles and the landscaper's garden weasel. The blazing babes of June HUSTLER demand a wet hosing to cool their jizzy jets.



Before becoming a well-known poet, writer and photographer, a horny and homeless teenage runaway named Lydia Lunch frolicked in the devil's playground. Surviving on the mean streets by scamming male prey, Lunch parlayed her pussy into money and dope while developing a voracious appetite for sexual power and weak souls. Lunch stopped at nothing in her serial seductions for dollars, drugs, drama and dick. Witness a smart slut's depravity and stoned-out scheming in excerpts from her book, Paradoxia: A Predator's Diary.

SIZZLING SEX SCENES FROM CES

The rational world expects porn starlets to spread, fuck and moan on video. Cinema sluts have no business singing on a dance track for top-40 radio. Try telling that to Chloe's manager. HUSTLER's Mack Assarian sniffs out fresh meat at the annual Consumer Electronic Show in Las Vegas. He encounters the putrid aroma of strange fruits cultivated from a blossoming illicit underworld that turns fornication into labor and cunts into a commodity. In The Prostitution of Porn: Cashing In on America's Hard-on for Pussy, HUSTLER takes a look at how far fuck thespians will bend over to make a buck.

BEAT THE HEAT

Many Casanovas claim pricey cologne, a Brooks Brothers suit or a Rolex as the best accessory when dressing to bed beautiful babes. How about a stroller? Correspondent Selwyn Harris fathers the philosophy of using babies as booty bait in June's Sex Play, "Lady's Man Junior: Having Kids Is a Surefire Way to Score Chicks." A Bits & Pieces ad parody burns Winston; Beaver Hunt broadcasts unexpected applicants who will make the White House blush; and Erotic Entertainment zooms in on the zenith of zephyrs. June HUSTLER cures the summertime blueballs.

JUNE HUSTLER ON SALE APRIL 7, 1998. HUSTLER's Web site is coming now at http://www.hustler.com











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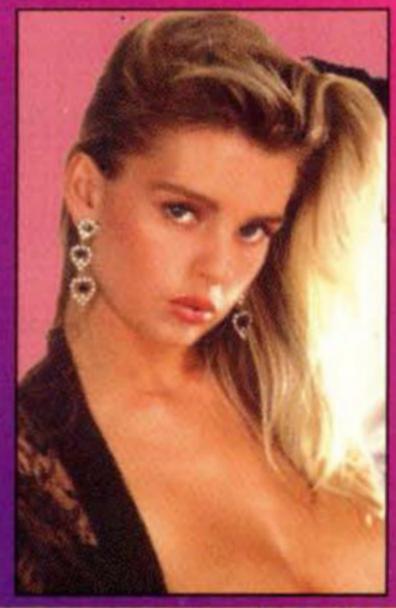


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